

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1923

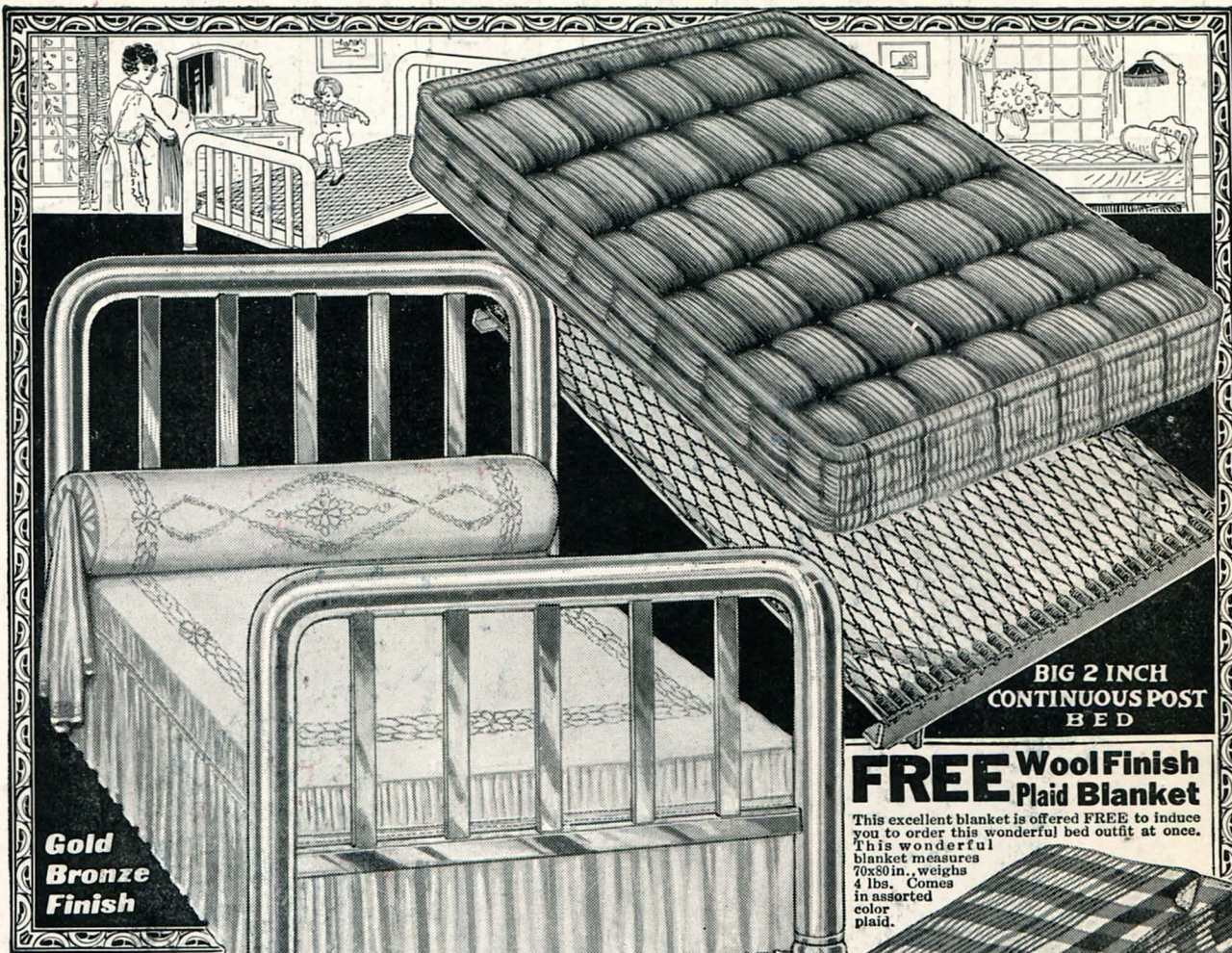
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HENRY
CLIVE

POLA NEGRI

*The
Best
Magazine
of the
Screen*



**Gold
Bronze
Finish**

**BIG 2 INCH
CONTINUOUS POST
BED**

**FREE Wool Finish
Plaid Blanket**

This excellent blanket is offered **FREE** to induce you to order this wonderful bed outfit at once. This wonderful blanket measures 70x80 in., weighs 4 lbs. Comes in assorted color plaid.



**Size
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**Weight
4 Pounds**

\$1

Brings This Bed Outfit

Bed, Spring and Mattress Complete

Just to prove that this is the most amazing, unbeatable bargain ever offered, we will send, with your order for the bed outfit, the above described fine wool finish Blanket, **absolutely FREE**. Not a penny of additional cost above price of bed outfit alone. Send only \$1.00. Then enjoy 30 nights of restful sleep upon the most comfortable bed you ever slept in—**ABSOLUTELY FREE AND AT OUR RISK**. If not satisfied, send it back and we will refund your \$1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep it, our small monthly payments give you

Nearly a Year to Pay!

Note the **solid construction**—the **durability** of this outfit—the amazingly low price and easy terms! Nothing now on the market to compare with it!

2-in. Post Steel Bed Full size, with massive 2-inch continuous steel tubing. Stands rigid—never leans toward center. Head 50 in. high; foot 34 in. Fillers and cross bottom rods, 1½ x ¾ in. Beautiful Gold Bronze Vernis Martin finish.

Spring—Flexible, Easy to Sleep On Strong, durable, flexible; distributes weight of body in any position. Interlaced fabric, famous Garry wishbone link style.

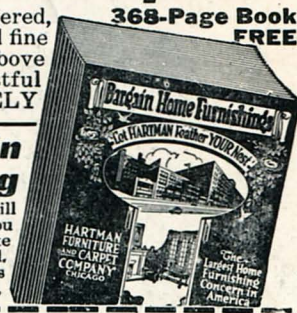
Mattress Reversible and of good quality. Heavy layer of cotton felt on top and bottom. Woven stripe ticking, 2-row stitched edge and strong tufts. A mattress for downright sleeping comfort.

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Mail us a postal for this great book—it will save you many dollars. It will give you thousands of practical hints on how to make your home more comfortable and beautiful. **368 pages**—filled with stunning bargains in furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves, ranges, silverware, watches, dishes, washing machines, sewing machines, aluminum ware, phonographs, gas engines, cream separators, etc. Hundreds of articles to select from—**30 days' free trial** on anything you send for—**everything sold on Hartman's easy monthly payment plan. Postal or letter brings it free.**

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**368-Page Book
FREE**

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Dept. 5152.

Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Send the Bed Outfit No. 160EMA33, Bed, Spring, Mattress and **FREE** Blanket. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, will ship it back and you will refund my \$1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If I keep it, I will pay \$2.50 each month until full price, \$24.50, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

Name.....

Street Address.....

R. F. D. Box No.

Town..... State.....

State Your Occupation and Color.....

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

Dept. 5152

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CHICAGO, ILL.

A DOLLAR will put Yourself in Her Place

MOST women find a lot of fun in window shopping and looking at beautiful styles in catalogs and magazines. But for most of us such fun usually ends in heart aches and even bitterness, because it all seems so far beyond our reach.

No matter who you are or where you live; no matter what your circumstances may be or how little or how much you spend on clothes, I think I can make it all a little pleasanter, easier and more satisfactory in the future. Whatever dreams of stylish clothes you may have, here is an opportunity to make your dream come true. However much you have ever admired some woman of your acquaintance for the clothes she wears, here is an opportunity for you without trouble or bother or extra expense to put yourself in her place.

It seems more like a fairy tale than anything else you can imagine. It may seem almost too good to be true, but I have been doing this for years. Hundreds of thousands of women all over America return to me season after season for all their clothes needs. I never go back on a promise. I guarantee every statement I make.

One Example Among Thousands

On this page I show you a perfectly lovely little model in one of the season's newest fashions, exquisitely tailored in all wool Poiret Twill. It is a gem of a style. And as you examine it on the fashion figure you may wonder how you would look in her place. I'd love to actually put you in her place without promise or obligation, without expense or risk of any sort to you.

It would give me no end of pleasure to send you this charming dress to try on, to examine and compare just as much as you please. My bargains are my pride. I am especially proud of this value. The matter of style has always been second nature to me, and I am glad to submit this model as an example of the thousands shown in my latest and most beautiful style book.

Pin a Dollar to the Coupon

For just one dollar with your request, I'll send you this dress, postage prepaid. In your proper size, to examine as carefully as you please, to try on to your heart's content. The dollar that you send me brings the dress delivered to your home without one further penny's outlay, without the bother of any C. O. D., without even a thought of money until you decide you want it and to keep it.

Take All Spring And Summer to Pay

If you find you would rather return it, do so without question. I'll refund your dollar at once. I'll also pay the return express. Money is the last thing you really need to worry about, because if you are delighted, you can pay balance of my bargain price almost as you please. I want you to spread the cost over all this Spring and Summer, taking a full six months, paying little by little in small sums, evenly divided, coming a month apart.

My whole business is conducted in exactly the same manner as this one example.

A Post Card Brings My Free Style Book

This advertisement is intended simply as an example of my styles, my prices, my credit and my terms. My newest Style Book shows thousands of beautiful fashions, wonderfully complete departments in all lines of women's wear, as well as for the boys, little girls, misses and infants. It is by far the finest and biggest book I have ever issued. It is nearly double the size of former seasons.

All Selections Sent Prepaid on Approval

With it, for a dollar or two you can make every dress dream come true. Everything will be sent you postage prepaid on approval. There will never be any embarrassment or red tape. I always allow a full half year to pay.

This being my greatest book, I anticipate a much larger demand than ever before, so please ask for your copy early. A plain letter or a postcard is enough.

Here Are a Few Departments:

- | | | | |
|------------|----------|------------|-----------|
| Aprons | Corsets | Millinery | Suits |
| Baby Needs | Dresses | Raincoats | Sweaters |
| Bathrobes | Furs | Petticoats | Underwear |
| Bloomers | Gloves | Shoes | Waists |
| Children's | Hair | Skirts | |
| and Boys' | Goods | | |
| Wear | Hosiery | | |
| Wraps | Kimono's | | |
| Coats | Lingerie | | |

All Wool Poiret Twill Dress

I show directly below an exquisite little fashion that I'd like to send you for just a dollar deposit, postage prepaid. The fab-ic is guaranteed to be all wool Poiret Twill exceptionally tailored. It is effectively set off with an all around Bertha collar of dainty lace. Elbow length bell sleeves have attractive knife pleated cuffs. A distinctive all around narrow self material belt, falling in streamers in front, is ornamented with fancy cut steel buttons. Side panels, pleated to match cuffs, drop loosely from the belt at sides to below the hem of skirt. Yoke underlining of good grade satin finish cotton that wears excellently. Dress closes at sides with snap fasteners.

Color: Navy blue only. Sizes: 34 to 44 bust measure. No. E5C10 \$1.00 with coupon Price \$13.85 \$2.00 monthly



MARTHA LANE ADAMS CO.

3921 Mosprat Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Martha Lane Adams Co.

3921 Mosprat Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

I enclose \$1. Send me on approval postage prepaid All Wool Poiret Twill Dress No. E5C10. Size..... If I am not delighted with the dress, I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise I will pay easy terms, \$2.00 monthly until total price, \$13.85, is paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Also Send Me Your Latest Free Style Book

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR

MARCH, 1923

What the Fans Think	8
An open forum of discussion about motion pictures.	
A New and Promising Star	15
A photographic study of Derelys Perdue.	
Magic Shadows of Mystery Edwin Schallert	16
Some of the wonders recently accomplished by means of double exposure.	
Previews and First Impressions Helen Klumph	18
A visitor to Hollywood gets many surprises but few shocks.	
"Our Leading Citizen" Charles Gatchell	22
An intimate chat with and about Thomas Meighan and his friends, the United States' governors.	
The Canterbury Filmgrims Roy Hinds	25
What happened in a drowsy English town when scenes for "If Winter Comes" were filmed there.	
Memories on My Own Screen Norbert Lusk	28
Recalling the fascination of working with gorgeous Geraldine Farrar.	
The Observer	31
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.	
A Cinema Cinderella Barbara Little	33
Norma Talmadge plays fairy godmother to a little English shopgirl.	
Our Greatest Screen Actors	34
A symposium of letters from our readers.	
The Pirates Are Coming Barbara Little	46
Film heroes are going in for buccaneering.	
Old Friends Are Best	48
Early favorites are returning to the screen by popular request.	
What My Movie Adventures Taught Me Ethel Sands	50
Looking back over two years of meeting her favorites of the films, this fan makes many interesting observations.	
Making Nature Over Charles Carter	54
Cecil De Mille transplants prehistoric civilization to the Lasky studio.	
Over the Teacups The Bystander	56
Fanny the Fan discusses everything from ambitions and opinions to the new clothes of her favorite stars.	
Low Comedy As a High Art Malcolm H. Oettinger	59
A glimpse at the methods of our best comedians—particularly those of Buster Keaton.	

Continued on the Second Page Following

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The name that *earned* fame through thousands of hours of wonderful entertainment

THE name that means better pictures to the people who see pictures for entertainment and the people who exhibit pictures for a living.

Not founded on just a few successes but on more than a thousand, over years.

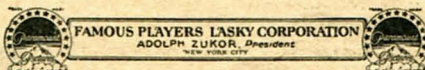
Successes such as the great pictures of Paramount's famous 41 released during the past six months—"Manslaughter," "Blood and Sand," "The Old Homestead," "To Have and To Hold," "Back Home and Broke," "Clarence," "The World's Applause."

Today no good theatre will make up its

program until it knows what Paramount has in store. And what Paramount has in store for 1923 outshines anything in the past!

Back of the name and the fame are an intense ideal and much the largest organization in the industry. An ideal expressed by high standards of production in *every Paramount Picture*—an organization unique in power, finance and personnel,

—and yet, you may miss the benefits unless you choose your pictures by the *brand name* Paramount! An unromantic thing, perhaps, but what thrilling results it ensures!



Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

The Beautiful and Blessed	Constance Palmer	60
A frank and unassuming pen portrait of Marie Prevost.		
John Matches His Name	Caroline Bell	62
John Bowers is the player in question.		
The Indiscretions of a Star	Inez Klumpp	63
Further confidences of a romantic screen hero.		
The News Reel	Edwin and Elsa Schallert	67
Happenings in Hollywood that the camera won't record.		
The Screen in Review	Alison Smith	69
A critical discussion of recent pictures, good and bad.		
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases		73
Guideposts that lead you to films that suit your mood of the moment.		
The Elegy of Pola	Edwin Schallert	74
A sensitive and somewhat cynical meditation on the charms of the renowned Polish star.		
A Letter from a Star		83
Billie Dove tells of some of her experiences on location.		
Versatile Eyes		85
Patsy Ruth Miller demonstrates how much her eyes can say.		
The Picture Oracle		94
Answers to questions of our readers.		

COMING ATTRACTIONS

PICTURE-PLAY has prepared a dazzling program for its readers. Beautiful pictures of the favorite players—interesting layouts that keep you informed of who's who and what's what in the film world; interviews that captivate by their frankness and the glimpse they give into a world of magic and of mystery; articles that exalt the really fine achievements in motion pictures and make you chuckle at the incongruities, general news, and observations on all angles of the motion-picture world. Some of next month's big features are:

Nazimova Looks Back at the Films

Just before her latest film, "Salome," had its sensational opening in New York, Alla Nazimova chatted with Malcolm Oettinger and made many trenchant comments on cross currents of the film world. Coming from the star who, of all, has dared most—just at the time of the launching of her most sensational picture—this article is one of the most interesting and significant that ever appeared in a fan magazine.

Along Came Ruth

For one day a New York girl's dreams came true. She visited the Famous Players-Lasky film studio and met Alice Brady, Leatrice Joy, and several others. She tells about her experiences in original and diverting fashion.

Folks Around the Studio

Some intimate and caustic pen portraits of typical people in motion pictures, written by a prominent studio executive who knows them well. Here are the idiosyncrasies of temperament, exposed in ruthless fashion.

There will be many other interesting articles: "Why Is Screen Acting So Different?" by Edwin Schallert, in which some of the film players' difficulties before an audience are explained; a glimpse at Hollywood's bohemia, with Gordon Gassaway; "Would You Know Lon Chaney?" by Myrtle Gebhart, a fascinating personality sketch of one of the most admired and least known of our actors. And, as usual, there will be the departments that regularly delight our readers—Hollywood comment, "Over the Teacups," "The Observer," and the fans' own letter department.

How I Make \$500 Every Spare Evening -And Have the Best Times of My Life

"It seems almost too good to be true," said Mabel. "A few months ago it took our entire salaries—brother Harry's and mine—to keep the home together and to keep mother comfortable. We dressed so plainly that we didn't care to 'visit,' and we couldn't afford the cheapest of amusements. An occasional trip to the movies represented our limit."

"Now all this is changed. We have all the spare money we need to buy the things we want. Why, we've even made our home as pretty as any home in this town."

"It all began one day when Harry came into supper an hour late. He was more excited than I'd ever seen him before. 'I stopped at Jack Harig's on the way, home,' he fairly shouted, 'and say, he's a wiz on the Saxophone! He's just had it a short time, but he can certainly make that thing talk. He's found a way to learn music that is the quickest, easiest, most fascinating way ever heard of. He says there's no excuse for anyone not being a musician, now that it's been made so easy. He learned so quickly that before even his best girl knew about it he took his saxophone down to her house and gave her family a bang-up entertainment!'"

Quickest Method Ever Known

"He said he learned through a print-and-picture method that took all the hard work out of learning music. Yet he learned real notes—the same kind every musician uses; no figures, trick music or any other stunts! Instead of practising a lot of scales, his practice consisted of real music. Learning in this way, he says, was 'fun' not work!"

"You can guess the rest. What Harry said opened up a vision of endless pleasure. We investigated this astonishing, easy, almost magical, new way at once and we found Jack hadn't exaggerated in the least. I never imagined that one could become a musician so quickly. Why, it seemed no time at all before we were entertaining all our closest friends and our home soon became known as a center of good times. Our music has also caused us to be invited everywhere and to thus make hundreds of new friends in the same way I became acquainted with most of you. It was glorious. It is the most delightful thing in the world to be able to entertain one's friends, and to be the central figure at so many nice events."

A Delightful Way to Make Money

"But, in addition to all this, we soon began to secure the most wonderful financial

benefits from our music. For in a very short time, when I could read almost anything, modern or classic, at first sight, I was asked to play my Flute and Harry his Banjo in a good six-piece orchestra that had engagements almost every night, at parties, weddings, dances, banquets, etc. We got from \$5.00 to \$7.00 on each of these occasions. And we usually got more fun out of it than anyone there. We make enough through our music to buy us almost anything we need."

"This new way, besides being so rapid, is so easy that I find that children of ten and people up to sixty, who cannot concentrate on ordinary methods soon become proficient performers. Mother has been learning to play the piano—which I bought out of my own musical earnings—and she plays splendidly, in spite of her 60 years. She plays our accompaniments now and we have a wonderful little 3-piece orchestra right in our own home."

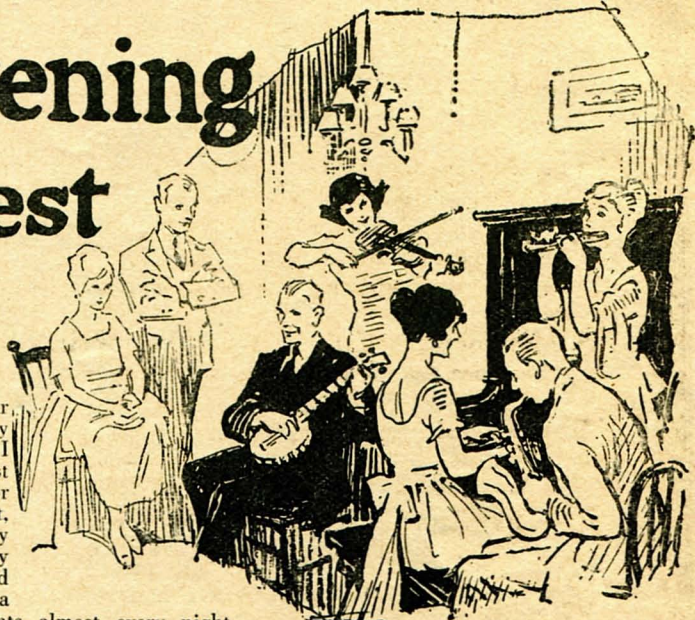
"I'll never cease to bless the day Harry stopped at Jack Harig's on the way home, and learned about this wonderful method taught by mail by the U. S. School of Music. It has brought us a new life, new pleasures and luxuries we never thought we'd be able to afford."

"Harry has made hundreds of friends through his music and it was through one of them that he secured the new position which means such a bright future for him."

Mabel's experience is by no means unusual. Over 300,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60—have learned to play their favorite instrument, or learned to sing, in the same quick, easy, fascinating way she and her brother did. Read the enthusiastic letters which you will find printed here—samples of the kind of letters we are receiving in practically every mail. Largely through the recom-

mendations of satisfied pupils, we have built up the LARGEST SCHOOL OF MUSIC IN THE WORLD.

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement on the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers, and it is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no make-shifts of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut



method, simply because every step is made so simple and clear, and the total cost averages a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

Free Book—Send No Money

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let us send you our free book—absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact? Just now we are making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. Please write your name and address very plainly, so that there will be no difficulty about the booklet reaching you.

U.S. School of Music
533 Brunswick Bldg.
N. Y. C.

What Others Have Done

12 Year Old Girl Becomes Organist

"Our little girl has been elected organist of the Junior Epworth League of M. E. Church South, after taking your lessons and at the age of 12 years. That is speaking well for your school."
J. G. Castle,
Fulton, Mo.

Astonished at Rapid Progress

"I regret that I did not know of you ten years ago. I learned more in 15 minutes one night than I learned in the past year studying various books on Harmony."
Fred A. Reichtel,
Box 83, Rosiclare, Ill.

A Skilled Performer in 3 Months

"Three months ago I didn't know one note from another. Now I can play almost anything. Send me an enrollment blank for my wife, who wants to learn to play the piano."
H. E. Dantz,
301 Glenside Ave.,
W. S. Pittsburg, Pa.

Made Over \$200

"Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over \$200 with my violin. Your lessons are surely fine."
Melvin Freeland,
Macopin, N. J.



Learn to Play by Note

For Beginners or Advanced Pupils

Piano	Cello
Organ	Guitar
Violin	Ukulele
Drums and Traps	Hawaiian
Banjo	Steel Guitar
Tenor Banjo	Harp
Mandolin	Cornet
Clarinet	Piccolo
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Please send your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

(Name of Instrument or Course)

Name _____ (Please Write Plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What the Fans Think



Now, Boosters Fall in Line!

WE certainly think that the idea of "hurling brickbats instead of bouquets" at the stars, as suggested by Ernest Graydon, is pure *bunk*. It certainly isn't necessary while we have the censors and Trix MacKenzie with us. An ounce of encouragement is worth ten pounds of criticism any day. So please let us two movie fans, who think movies are instructive, artistic, and entertaining, give our enthusiastic praise:

To Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Doug Fairbanks, Dick Barthelmess, Harold Lloyd, and Thomas Meighan, because we can always depend on seeing a good play when they are in it.

To Wally Reid, Dorothy Gish, Connie Talmadge, Bert Lytell, Betty Compson, Priscilla Dean, Harrison Ford, Conway Tearle, Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett, Monte Blue, Mae Murray, Lon Chaney, Theodore Kosloff, and Lewis Stone, because, although the pictures they appear in are not always good, they give finished and charming interpretations of their rôles.

To Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, Ralph Graves, Colleen Moore, John Bowers, Cullen Landis, Lila Lee, Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro, Malcolm MacGregor, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Bebe Daniels, Helen Ferguson, and Glenn Hunter, because of the promise they show.

To D. W. Griffith, Rex Ingram, Marshall Neilan, Fred Niblo, William De Mille, George Fitzmaurice, Joseph Schenck, Hugo Ballin, and Robert Leonard, for their directorial and artistic ability, and their efforts for better pictures.

To Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, Wesley Barry, Miriam Batista, and Johnny Jones, because of their naturalness and charm.

Many fans will be furious at the absence of Rodolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson from our lists, but neither happens to appeal to us.

Our toast is: "A good play, a good director, a good cast, and a good scenic artist make a perfect movie." We have them all. All we need is the proper combination.

LENORE AND MILDRED.

No. 2540 Fifth Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Dearest Daddy.

Of course Thomas Meighan has known this long time how the girls rave over him, how the men envy him his good looks and the way he wears his clothes. Also he must know how the middle-aged folks respect him and admire his very real acting.

Now I wish he could know how he impressed a little girl as a screen daddy. She sat next to me the day I saw him in "The Prince Chap." When we came to the part where he cuddles the little girl in his arms and tells her a story at bedtime, I saw my little neighbor crying and asked her what the trouble was. She said: "Oh, is that his really, truly little girl?"

I told her he had no little girl of his own—only borrowed one to make the picture. She said, "Oh, how sorry I am! I think he would make the dearest

daddy, and I just know his truly little girl would love him to pieces."

Later I found out she was an orphan adopted by people who gave her everything she needed except affection. She told me she had never been cuddled in all her life.

MRS. GENE STEWART.

Mason, Ohio.

"The Female of the Species is——"

Gr-r-r-r! I'm a tiger! Golly, *gosh*, gee WHIZZ! I'm mad!

Now what do you know about this? I have just read that a French actor, one Charles de Roche, is going to take Valentino's place in "The Spanish Cavalier!"

Our club had it all down pat—Rodolph Valentino in "The Spanish Cavalier." Now that's blooie.

Wasn't Monsieur de Roche lucky that I never saw him when he was in Chicago?

Here's what it said under Monsieur's picture: "A New 'Sheik'—Girls! He's in Chicago! It's Charles de Roche, the movie actor imported from France to replace Rodolph Valentino in your hearts, if possible." Monsieur can't do that, can he? Fickle fans! Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! *Gr-r-r-r!* Now I am the whole jungle! Girls, you won't turn Valentino down now, will you? If any of you want to know, Monsieur de Roche is to appear in a picture with Dorothy Dalton. Do you know what the papers said he said when he arrived here? "Ze tender, ze romantic lovaire. Zat ees—ahh, so nice. The womans, zis wild, quick, pop-pop love, they doan like eet." Well, now what have the rest of you to say?

MLLE. LORINE JAKUES.

2044 West Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago, Illinois

After Seeing "The Young Rajah."

Extraordinary artistry! that brings
Before my eyes, in place of clanging streets
And six o'clock umbrellas homeward bound
To glassed-in porches and the evening meal—
India—and strange palaces of kings;
The gods, slow lidded on their ancient seats
Flute playing down the ages; and the sound
Of conches, with the clash of crescent steel.
And moving in that incense silvered light,
Dark in pale splendor—Krishna, warrior bright
Steps from the heavens, glorious in bells,
A god of love—with honey lovely eyes,
Beauty incarnate, casting timeless spells—
Gathering old worship in a thousand sighs.

JEANNETTE TOMKINS.

No. 1904 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Continued on page 10



Here's the modern flapper sitting on a million year old dinosaur, powdering her nose—and the first flapper, the kitten girl of prehistoric times!

Jesse L Lasky presents

Cecil B. DeMille's Production "ADAM'S RIB"

By
Jeanie
Macpherson

with Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Pauline Garon

CECIL DEMILLE shows the modern girl in a new light. In "Manslaughter" he showed her as a thrill-seeker; here she is in a far finer vein.

To protect her mother's honor, she draws to herself the attentions of a courtly lover, almost mortally misleading her own true love!

With all the luxury of beautiful gowns and magnificent sets that are an integral part of Cecil DeMille's art, "Adam's Rib" reveals the modern girl in her true colors, and in a story crammed

with action interprets her impulsive heart to all who wish to appreciate her for what she really is.

Don't miss the wonderful scene of social life in prehistoric times in a great forest!

Cecil B. DeMille

—whose screen record literally glitters with successes—such as "Male and Female," "Forbidden Fruit," "Something to Think About," "The Affairs of Anatol," "Fool's Paradise," "Manslaughter"—who commands all the resources of the greatest motion picture organization and who places his art before anything else—and now producer of the finest picture of the year—"Adam's Rib."

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY



It's a Paramount Picture



"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well.

"But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. I knew your employers couldn't help but notice the difference in your work.

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on that I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

\$500.00 "EMPTY ARMS" Prize Contest

THE Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to

"Empty Arms" Contest Editor
World M. P. Corporation
245 West 47th Street, Dept. 692M, New York, N. Y.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

A Rival for this Department.

The past few months have disclosed, for me, an energetic rival for what I once thought the best department in PICTURE-PLAY, the fan-letter page. The rival is Alison Smith's "Screen in Review." Miss Smith's reviews make me chuckle—her style is delightful and her judgment, for the most part, to be relied upon.

JEAN LAROE.

3212 Parkwood Avenue, Toledo, O.

Here's a Way to Help a Favorite.

I cannot see why "Jim" Kirkwood isn't one of the favorites of the screen. The other day I was talking to one of my girl friends about Jim, and she asked me who he was. Well, it made me just too mad for words, because he is my favorite actor. So the next day he was in town in "Pink Gods." I had seen the play before and liked it so well that I thought it would be a good time to demonstrate to her who Jim was. So she and I got a couple more girl friends who didn't know Jim and took them along. Well! When the show was over they couldn't find enough words to rave about him with. The consequences are, seven of us girls have formed a club and we call it the "Jim Club." We have made it our duty to see that Jim will be one of the favorite actors of Pomona. We have, in one day, made twenty-two people promise they would see "Pink Gods" before it leaves Pomona!

VERNA CLARK.

395 East Holt Street, Pomona, Cal.

An Appreciation of Delicacy and Refinement.

I sometimes write you when I am disgusted with the screen or its players, so why not write when I am delighted? Just now I am more than delighted, and here's the reason: I have seen Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," which was marvelous from every point of view.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" also was splendid, but I liked even better "The Prisoner of Zenda." Alice Terry was so beautiful, and such an actress! What impressed lots of people most was Rex Ingram's respect for the public's intelligence and sense of decency. I really shiver to think what De Mille would have made of the scene between Barbara La Marr and Ramon, when the latter enters her room through a window. No doubt some people present were disappointed, but I can safely say the majority admired Ingram for his delicacy and refinement. After all, thank goodness, there are lots of gentlemen in the world as well as villains.

MARGARET O'FLAHERTY.

Field Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Is It Narrow to Have a Favorite Star?

Every little while I read some letter in your magazine that raves and raves about some one's favorite star. How do they do it? I can't for the life of me see how any one can have one favorite above all others. I'd as soon try to pick my favorite day of the month, or my favorite food. There are days when I like Mary Pickford and days when I simply worship Lillian Gish; on the other hand, there are days when I'm simply crazy about Constance Talmadge and think that Marie Prevost is almost too cute to live. My interest in Leatrice Joy is growing all the time, and no matter how bad her Realart pictures were, I always had a sneaking fondness for Bebe Daniels.

But I'm determined not to be any less whole-souled in my devotion than other

fans. I'm going to have one favorite, too. It won't be Norma, because she has made so many poor pictures, and it won't be her sister, because that would be too frivolous; it won't be Lillian Gish, because there wouldn't be anything breathlessly exciting about following her career; she's too perfect. She's the screen's greatest actress, certainly, and I wouldn't miss one of her pictures for worlds, but what's the use of plugging for somebody who has already reached the top? Betty Compson is the nearest to a favorite that I have. I think she is lovable and beautiful and talented.

But just adoring her isn't going to make me narrow about admitting good points in other stars. And I think that ought to be a word of warning to some of your other correspondents. They are simply too silly for words when they try to corral all the superlatives in the language for one player.

AGATHA JOHNSTON

Denver, Colorado.

High Praise—But Well Deserved.

I have watched your columns, waiting for some one to praise Mabel Ballin. Since no one has, I will do so myself.

After seeing "Jane Eyre," who would not sing praises for Mabel; yes, and Hugo, too?

Mabel as the wistful and appealing Jane is superb. She is as Charlotte Brontë meant her.

Hugo as a director is marvelous. He has a very vivid imagination and uses it to good advantage.

His sets are suitable for the picture—not a conglomeration and hodge-podge of everything from Babylonian to 1922 Sears-Robuck.

Another thing, he "keeps to the book." All of the people who read and loved "Jane Eyre" will find it as they did in the book, not changed beyond recognition as most of the movies have been lately.

My only hope is that "Vanity Fair" will hit the mark set by "Jane Eyre."

GERTRUDE GALE

Great Barrington, Mass.

Two Opinions of Nazimova.

I can't see why people rave about Nazimova. I have just seen her version of "Camille," and I wasn't a bit impressed with it. Nazimova's acting, her style of dress, in fact, her very movements were hopelessly exaggerated. In my opinion, she was not to be compared with Theda Bara in the Fox version of the same story. Theda Bara made *Marguerite Gautier* simply live. Nazimova's performance almost bordered on caricature.

To me, Elsie Ferguson is the greatest actress on the screen to-day. She is so dignified, so reserved. Her emotional acting is delicate and restrained. I shall never forget her as *Carlotta* in "Sacred and Profane Love." Nigel Barrie, I think, is the most perfect leading man I have ever seen, and he ought to be made a star.

SIDNEY YOUNG.

39 Monkgate, York, Yorkshire, England

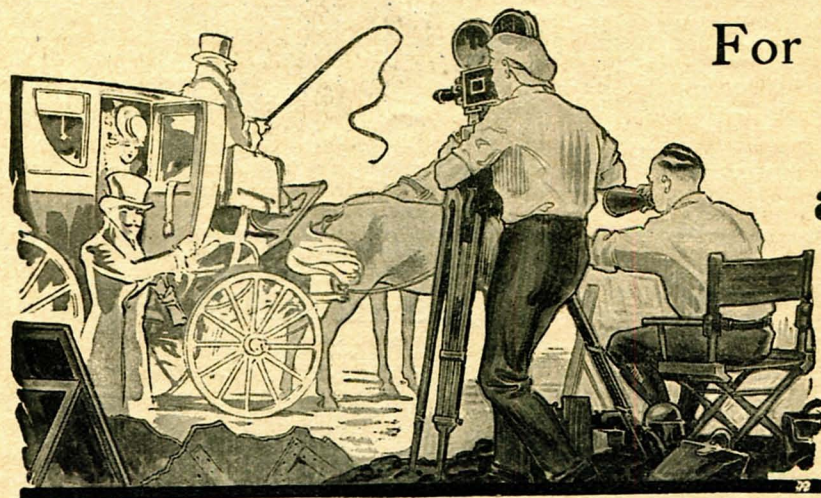
In the December PICTURE-PLAY Stanton Leeds practically says that America has no actress as great as Bernhardt.

What an awful insult to Madame Nazimova and Lillian Gish!

Of course, Bernhardt is a great actress, but there are many American actresses who are by far her superiors. It is no longer a theory, but a fact, that Nazimova

Continued on page 12

A Nation-Wide Call



For New Ideas
for the Screen—
and New Writers to
Supply Them

Producers are Searching
Everywhere for New and
Original Stories for Their
Productions

THE call is for *new writers* who can write *new stories* that these producers can use to meet the public demand for better stories.

And there is a *new opportunity* for those who have thought of writing for the screen—a wide open field for new talent yet undiscovered. This talent may be anywhere—in people who may least suspect that they possess it. Recently a California school teacher; a New York society woman; a Montana housewife; an underpaid office man in Utah; a Pennsylvania newspaperman and many others discovered by this corporation in ordinary walks of life, and *trained* by us, have sold their stories or become staff writers to prominent producers.

It is a fact, well known in the industry, that adapted books and short stories already written by the professional writers of today, are insufficient, and in most cases *unsuitable* for use; and scores of men high in authority in the studios are buying these published stories—written to read, not to screen—because they cannot get enough suitable original material written directly for the screen.

The producing companies in Los Angeles today can use scores of new stories immediately, and yet they cannot find them anywhere.

A great director recently paid \$8,000 cash for merely an *idea* that one of his trained scenario writers could make into a photoplay.

It is *stories* that producers want, not well known *authors* with famous names—stories written by anyone so long as they are good ones and are written with a *knowledge of screen technique*.

Now most people know life for they live it. And most people also will find that they have good basic story ideas, if they only stop to think. Many, too, are naturally endowed with Creative Imagination, that most important of all qualifications for screen writing.

What most people *do not* know is what they really *do* know, and frequently never find out merely because they never try to do the things they might do quite successfully.

Is screen writing *your* ability—could you help supply producers with these wanted stories?

Have you that essential, natural endowment, *Creative Imagination*? Don't answer negatively, even to yourself, until you really know. There's a very simple, interesting and reliable way to find out all about yourself in this respect.

The way is through the famous Palmer Creative Test—the most successful method ever

devised to sift out and clearly indicate a natural aptitude for a certain kind of work.

If you have thought that you could write better photoplays than many you have seen, or could change scenes here and there to make a picture better, send for this free test.

If you believe that you know life and have some ideas that could be adapted to the screen, send for this free test and learn the truth.

If you are conscious of an active *creative imagination*, send for this set of simple questions and see what score you make.

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We will tell you frankly just what chance you have.

It is not our purpose to encourage anyone who lacks the essentials of success in writing photoplays. Our aim is to develop more writers who can supply the great demand and reduce a serious shortage of good photoplays.

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royalty basis of payment with a minimum of \$1000 in advance. So photoplay writers, now for the first time, can share in the *profits* from their plays.

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It is worth while to develop Creative Imagination even though you don't wish to write photoplays as a profession because this power is the greatest of all in the making of success in *any line* of work, art, or profession.

So send now for this free test, made in the privacy of your home without cost or obligation.

We will tell you frankly what your answers indicate. All correspondence, of course, is strictly confidential.

According to the way in which you answer, we will send you complete information about the Palmer Course, or advise you not to take it.

The main thing is to get the Creative Test and *try your hand—know* if you have ability of this kind, and *capitalise* on it if you have.

Know also if you haven't it, for that may save you time and money later.

This advertising is most profitable to us only if we develop writers whose product we can use or sell to others for their use. So mail the coupon now.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 1303,

Palmer Building,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Creative Test, which I am to fill out and return to you for your perusal and subsequent advice to me without charge. Also send your interesting booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

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By J. E. GREENSLADE

FIRST let me ask you two questions. One: Do you consider that you are as intelligent as the average mail-clerk, farmhand, office clerk, mechanic or book-keeper? I ask you this because most of the men whose salaries have been jumped are just ordinary, every-day sort of men.

Second: If you suddenly found yourself with all the money you needed to spend, wearing the best clothes, living in the finest neighborhood, driving a good car and belonging to the best clubs—but having to make good in a job that paid \$10,000 a year, would it scare you? Since my work in life is to take ordinary men from blind-alley jobs and show them how they can quickly make more money than they ever dreamed possible, I'm going to show you how it's done!

Now, in one quick step, you can fairly jump from low pay to magnificent earnings in the field where opportunities in your favor are ten to one—the Selling field. You know, don't you, that Salesmen top the list of money-makers—that the salesman is his own boss—that his work is fascinating, interesting and highly profitable?

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Well you might laugh if I told you that in a few weeks or months you could be making good in a big way in the Selling field. Thousands before you have laughed—perhaps bitterly at the idea, but many of these thousands are now making big money as salesmen. Thousands of men who had never sold a dime's worth of goods in their lives, a few months after writing to the National Salesmen's Training Association, are out in the field selling—and making more money than they had ever hoped to make in their former vocations.

A Life-time of Selling Experience in a Few Weeks—Then Success

No matter what you are doing now, I can prove to you that you can gain years of selling experience in a few weeks—that you can go out and successfully sell goods—that you can make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

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With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship." It will show you how you can easily become a Master Salesman—a big money-maker, how our FREE employment service will help select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon to-day for the interesting FREE book. It may be the turning-point in your life.

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Name.....

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City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

is the greatest actress in the world. She is no longer a Russian, but an American, a real American, to be sure. I firmly believe that that foolish "Nazimova craze" is over, but that people really have great respect for this great artist. Possibly Lillian Gish is the next greatest actress; her emotions probably appeal to the entire public more than the emotions of Nazimova. However this may be, the fact remains that Nazimova is, has been, and probably will always be the greatest actress.

Why, if every actor or actress had the power of acting as Nazimova, there would be no need of words being thrown on the screen.

ALEXANDER ARNOLD.

468 Dayton Avenue, Apartment 7, St. Paul, Minn.

"The Bernhardt of the Movies."

I am usually too busy with other more important matters to write many letters, but after reading your article in the December PICTURE-PLAY entitled "Who's the Bernhardt of the Movies?" I couldn't refrain from answering. The author said: "What a *Duchesse de Langlais* Claire Windsor would have made!" He also said: "Claire Windsor may touch the heights Norma is aiming for." Could anything be more ridiculous? I can't understand how any one could ever consider Claire Windsor an actress. She is pretty—if one likes the rice-pudding prettiness. I think Norma Talmadge's work in "The Eternal Flame" was perfect. Her portrayal of the nun! I defy any one to do better. As for reaching the heights, Norma Talmadge has already reached the heights, provided she has the right material to work with, and she certainly doesn't depend on a dressmaker. I admit Claire Windsor is getting better. Her work with Lois Weber was perfectly terrible. She evidently has some one very much interested in her, from the amount of press notices she gets. I hope you won't be offended by my frankness. I couldn't help but defend one so lovable and talented as Norma Talmadge.

I think the Bernhardt of the movies is Pola Negri, but, as you say, she is a foreigner. Then my opinion is that Norma Talmadge comes as near it as any one else.

W. T. MAYS.

San Francisco, Cal.

A Plea for Reform.

As an ardent admirer of Helen Ferguson, I want to criticize a fan's statement that her name be dropped from the list of coming stars. This fan from Boulder, Colorado, could not have witnessed "Hungry Hearts." There is real depth to her work in this picture.

Oh, why do picture fans condemn so cruelly?

We always judge from the worst pictures. I am reforming. Won't others?

Elburn, Ill.

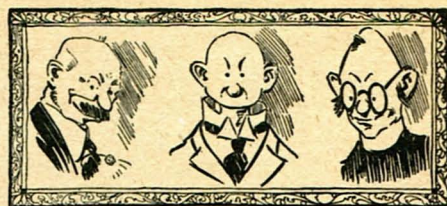
M. G.

An Ardent Fan, Indeed!

For months I have been reading your magazine and find pleasure in reading "What the Fans Think," which is strictly a department for fans, and for real fans only.

Of late I have noticed that some fans of an untrue sort have wedged their way into this department. There are persons of all ages who go to the movies and find great pleasure in worshipping the stars. And when I say worship I mean literally that they cherish each picture and fondly

Continued on page 103



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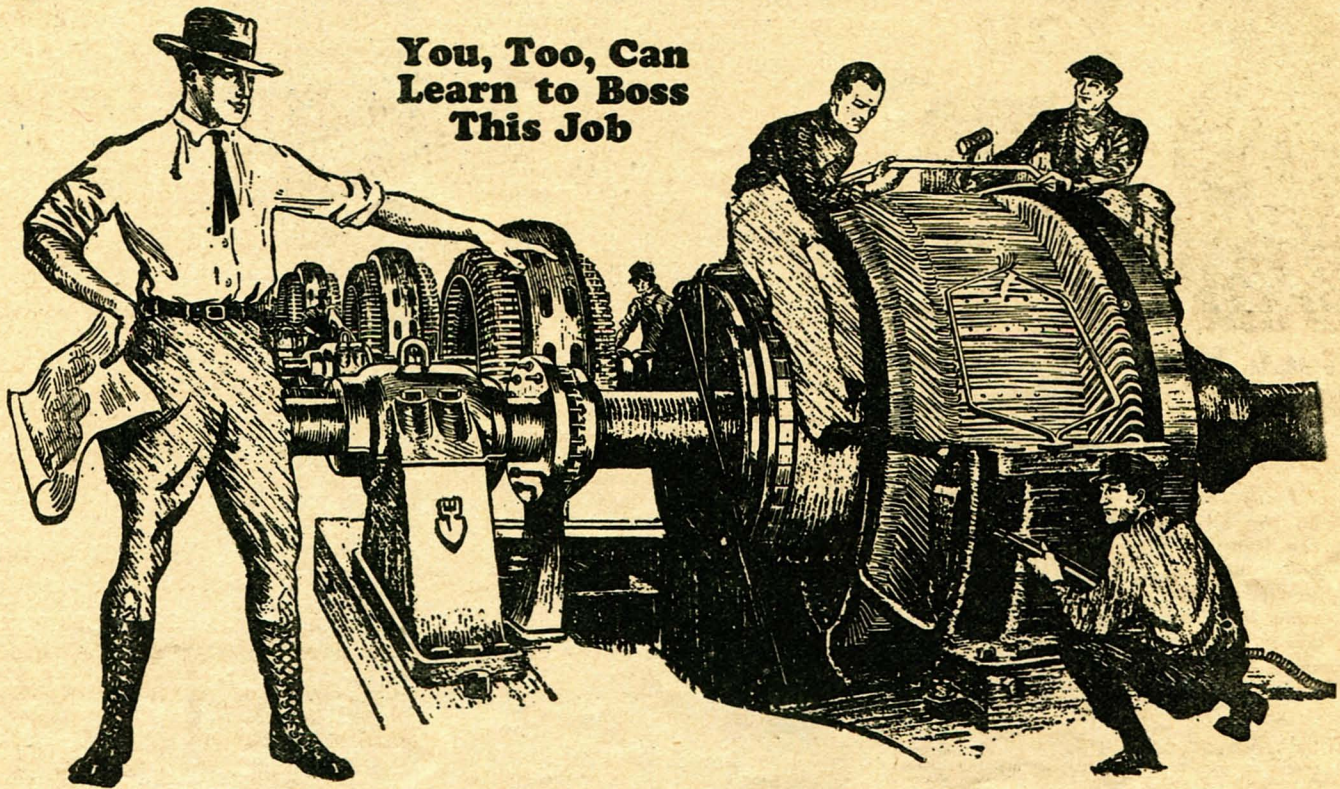
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I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools,

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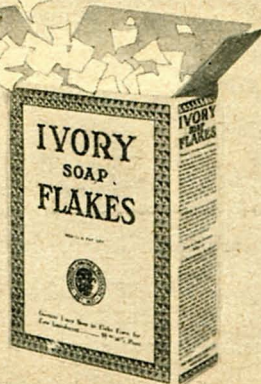
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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No. 1



WHEN Pauline Frederick left pictures to go on the stage the R-C company began looking about for a girl to play the parts originally intended for her. Here is the lucky girl—her name is Derelys Perdue.



This remarkable piece of quadruple exposure in "Omar the Tentmaker" is one of the finest examples of how trick photography is being used to obtain imaginative and artistic effects.

WITH fiercely flaming eyes, the sheiky Oriental leaned forward. His whole bearing was menacing. His nostrils twitched, while his flowing robes shook with the anger that seemed to fill his soul. A snarl distorted his lips, as he lifted his hand, clutching tightly, to the level of his shoulder. For one instant he held it poised there, and then brought it down as if to crush the tiny earthen jar which stood on the potter's wheel beside him.

The next instant I expected to see the vessel shiver and fall to pieces, but—

Instead the swarthy threatening hand seemed to waver momentarily, an inch above the dull gray of the jar's substance; then slowly relax. The sheikish face lost its hard lines and a half smile hovered about the lips.

"C'est ca! That's-a eet!" A voice tinged with accent of French broke the stillness. The speaker, I noted, was not the director. No. It was the camera man, who had been gazing intently at the enacting of the scene directly through the aperture of his instrument. He seemed to be in authority.

I had watched the proceeding—which took place, of course, on a picture set—attentively, but its purport puzzled me. First of all, the wrath of the sheik, who, I afterward learned, was in reality a shah; second, his sudden change of disposition, which had evidently saved the newly finished earthen vessel from destruction; lastly, the camera man's assumption of command. What did it all signify? Why was the scene so incomplete? Was this all there—

And then I remembered that double exposures sometimes look rather funny if you only see one phase of

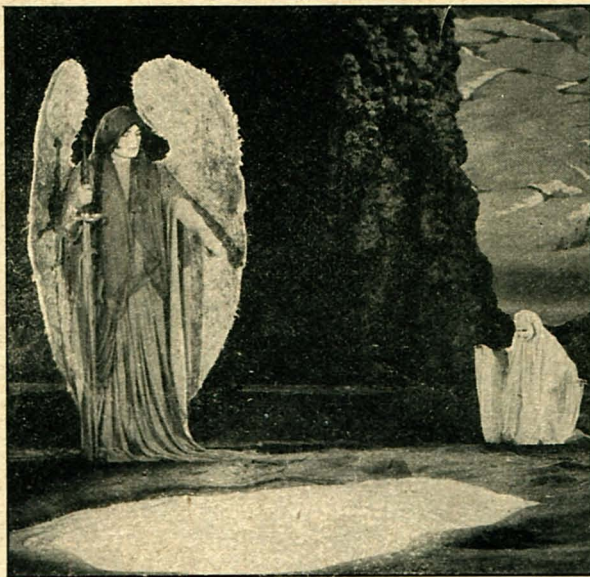
of the room sits *Omar* dreaming. He sees suddenly glimmering on the surface of one of the earthen pots a miniature shadowy semblance of his beloved *Shireen*. He beholds also the potter studying the result of his craft. In a twinkling this potter is transformed in *Omar's* reverie into his arch-enemy, the *Shah*. The ghostly robed figure rises threateningly above the earthen vessel whereon *Omar's* imagination conjures the figure of his beloved. The *Shah* raises his hand as if to crush

the image. But as he starts to do so, the potter himself supplants the vision, and in an abrupt fit of dissatisfaction, demolishes his own work. His action, of course, has mingled strangely with the dream of the poet, even as actual happenings like the shutting of a door, or the clangor of an alarm clock, become part of our own dreams during sleep.

I cite this example because it so aptly represents a new tendency in double-exposure photography. It discloses a spirit artistic and at once popularly appealing. It demonstrates that like the miniature, and other devices, so-called trick photography is assuming its rightful place in the ornamenting and adorning of the purposes of the story, by kindling the im-

agination, and luring the muse of poetry from her high domain.

Some years ago double exposures generally meant to the fan just two things—a single actor playing two rôles and the somewhat phony airplane and wild-animal thrills in slapstick comedies. Later, this sort of photography also permitted the taking of spiritistic pictures, of which "Earthbound" was undoubtedly the most significant.



Double exposure made possible some of the most effective scenes in "Borderland."

Magic Shadows

What double exposure photography

By Edwin

of Mystery

is doing for the art of the screen.

Schallert

Basically, the same principles are being exploited now, but for the purpose of invoking a higher artistic imagination.

There was a time, of course, when everybody was mad on the subject of dual rôles. Producers and directors broke their necks to outdo each other in the number of such pictures. They had actors shaking hands with themselves, handing themselves books and papers, and—thanks oftentimes to the presence of a real living double—even falling on their own necks or fighting themselves.

No double exposure of this kind—provided it is a double exposure, and most of them are—can be made successfully unless the movements of the actor portraying the two rôles are timed to the fraction of a second. In very difficult scenes a metronome aids in keeping the proper tempo, and always, when the action is in progress the camera man counts one, two, three, four, et cetera. The actor will be instructed to speak on the count of twenty, to laugh on the count of twenty-four, to look insulted at thirty, and to "shake hands with himself" at thirty-five. Record is kept of this count, so that when the second exposure is made—on the same film, of course—the actions of both characters which a star plays, may, by identical timing, be made to synchronize. Even with these precautions a man playing two rôles will occasionally get angry a bit too soon or become insulted too late, or else shake hands with himself at the wrong time—with very weird results of dismemberment, owing to the division of the scene into two parts. Then the entire proceeding will have to be gone through again.

Picture technicians nearly all agree that one of the cleverest dual-rôle features was Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Here Miss Pickford played two



Double exposure was used very effectively in "All Souls Eve."

widely varying characters, and in many scenes these appeared together. The young *Lord Fauntleroy* was seen to pass behind a chair in which *Dearest*, his mother, was sitting, and in one scene had apparently to kiss her affectionately. To celluloid the embrace, Mary as *Dearest* was photographed first. Then a silhouette of her face was cut out of cardboard, so that it exactly corresponded to the position of *Dearest's* head when she was filmed, and Miss Pickford as the young peer then had to place a kiss upon the cardboard lips, properly timed and photographed.

In nearly all such scenes, perfect as they may be technically, there is wanting the true objectives—artistic reality. You know that one person is playing two rôles, and in watching the adroit piece of technical business you lose sight of the meaning of the scene. It is a case of the house divided against itself, and no matter how furiously a person may seem to argue with himself, or how fervently he may seem to protest devotion for himself, you feel as if the dramatic action would benefit if the identity of the two characters were really distinct. It is for

this reason that dual rôles have lost their popularity with the best producers, and the technical wizards are

Continued on page 96



The dignified use of double exposure in "Earthbound" opened up a new era for trick photography.

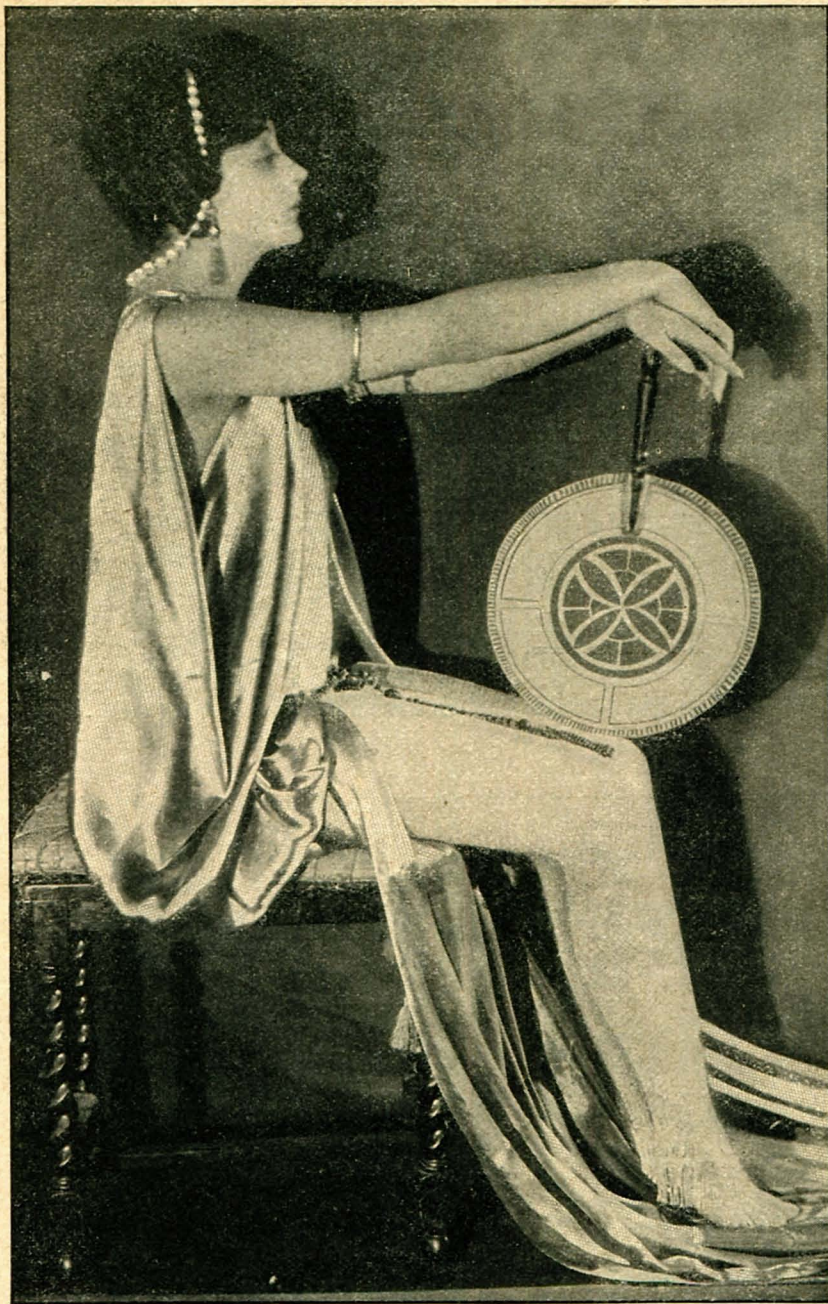


Photo by Evans

One expects Barbara La Marr to be as bizarre as some of her pictures.

Pre-Views and First Impressions

A few simple confessions of an interviewer who is also a fan and some sidelights on a star-strewn pilgrimage through Hollywood.

By Helen Klumph

IN a world where politicians have to declare a party platform, ministers a dogma, and workmen their union cards, something ought to be done about interviewers and critics. Before accepting Miss Blanks' verdict that handsome Harold would make an ideal husband, people ought to find out whether her notion of an ideal husband is Warren G. Harding, Willard Mack, or Landru. And before swallowing Mr. Quibble's lush remarks about Miss Follies' beautiful character, the casual reader really ought to know just how immune he is to prop smile number three. Every interviewer has his prejudices; if he hadn't

he wouldn't be an interviewer, he'd be an angel.

So before presenting to you half-minute interviews with some of the most interesting people in Hollywood, I will admit that my judgment is sadly warped. I am the sort of person who writhes whenever a tear-stained blond kiddie comes on the screen and prays. I take a keen delight in the sinister villainies of Erich von Stroheim. I am in favor of unhappy endings for all heroines who bounce about kissing everything but the kitchen stove good-by whenever they are going away for five minutes. I think Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy are better screen actors than most of the veterans from the stage will ever be. Marshall Neilan's ingenuity means much more in my life than all the exquisite landscapes Maurice Tourneur ever filmed. I am in favor of slaughtering the scenario writers responsible for the recent pictures of Gloria Swanson and Viola Dana, because I harbor a belief that they are both good actors. And though I always join in the chorus that proclaims "William is greater than Cecil," I often miss seeing a William de Mille production, but never one of Cecil's.

But this is the most illuminating confession of all. Unlike *Merton* who went to Hollywood and stumbled over a studio full of feet of clay belonging to his former screen idols, I went to Hollywood and liked many of my screen favorites in person even better than I had on the screen. Hollywood held many surprises for me, but few shocks.

Exit Incense, Purple Plush, and Hokum.

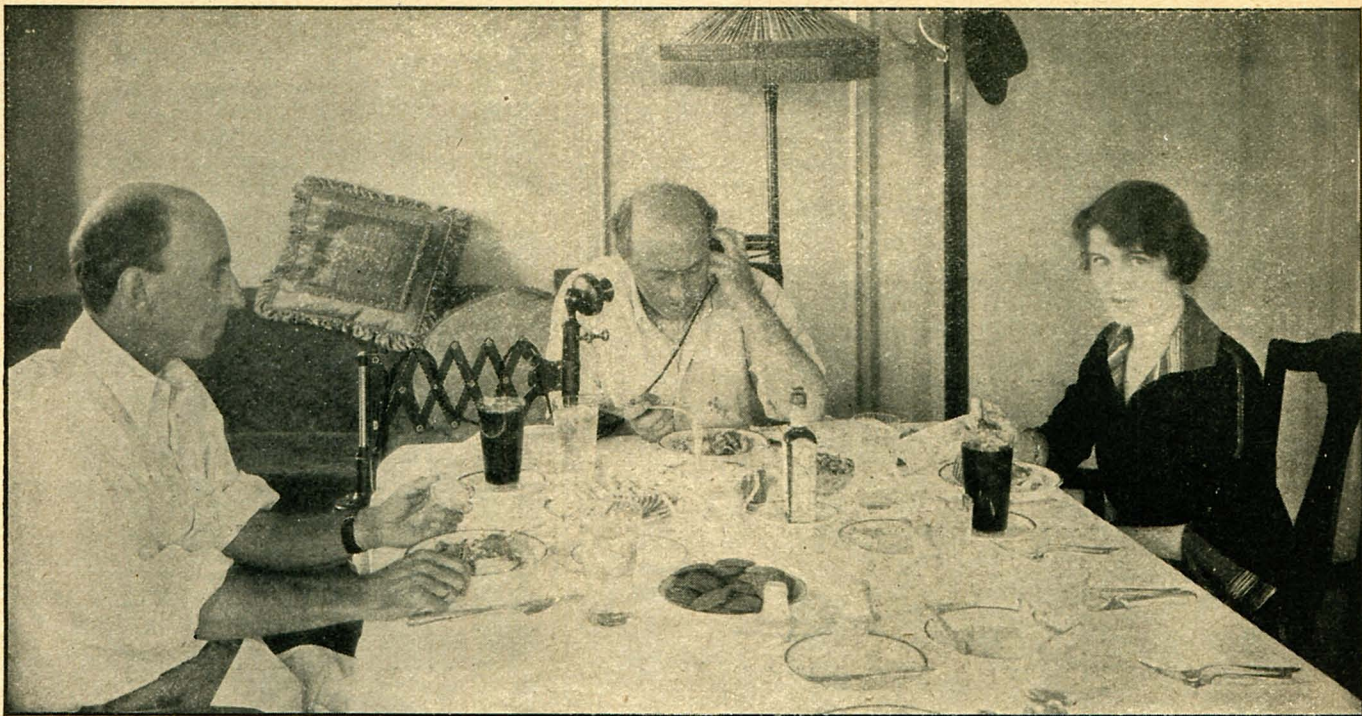
There was Barbara La Marr, for instance, who is one of the most gorgeous sights that ever graced a screen. I fully expected to find her in real life rather like her *Zareda* in "Trifling Women," a queen of hokum comparable to the best efforts ever put out by Theda Bara. I planned to ask her press agent to introduce me some day when I felt strong enough to survive a cloud of incense. But I met her quite by accident out on the Louis B. Mayer lot where she was working in a scene of "The Hero." Dressed in gingham and looking rather plaintive after a wearing day of heavy scenes, she gave none of the impression of hauteur that her pictures give.

Seeing a book under her arm, I thought, "Oh, why can't *she* be more original?"

They all are using the bookworm pose this season!" She smiled understandingly.

"I never really read this," she confided to me in a rich, slightly accented voice. "I haven't the faintest idea what it is about. I can't read between scenes because it takes my mind off my part. But I always hold a book open on my lap because it keeps people from interrupting me."

A few days later I saw her just after she had been interviewed. The interviewer had expected some strange apparition and was obviously disconcerted by hearing Miss La Marr remark that she simply couldn't diet so long as she had such a good cook. The inter-



Here is a surprise for people who think that Cecil De Mille's taste always runs to splendor. This is the little dining room where William and Cecil De Mille and Jeanie Macpherson plan their productions.

viewer wanted opinions on Oriental philosophy, not food. "But isn't it true that you just adore the Koran?" she asked anxiously. "I may enjoy reading it," admitted the far-from-fulsome Miss La Marr, "but please don't say that I *adore* a great religious work."

"Then isn't it true that you go in for all sorts of unusual things?" the interviewer asked desperately.

At that the beautiful Barbara's temper and her sense of humor had a stiff battle. Her sense of humor won, and she didn't walk out on the interview. "Unusual? Well, I can stand on my head for you, if that would be sufficiently unusual."

Her sense of humor was put under an even more severe strain one afternoon when she was driving me to my hotel after an afternoon spent together. Her car, a stunning big roadster was almost new, and she showed her pride in it in a naïve, outspoken way. As she drove past a corner, a car shot from the side street and in turning crashed into us broadside. Barbara was furious. The driver rushed up to see how badly he had hit us. He apologized profusely, admitted that the blame was all his, and then as he was fishing around in his pockets for a card and explaining that he would pay all damages, he recognized her, and an effulgent

smile spread over his face. "Oh, Miss La Marr," he beamed, "you'll never know what this means to me."

Her lips curved quizzically in her characteristic smile, and she got back in the car trembling with mingled indignation and laughter.

And that is Barbara, as she really is. She does her posing where it belongs—before the camera.



Photo by Richee

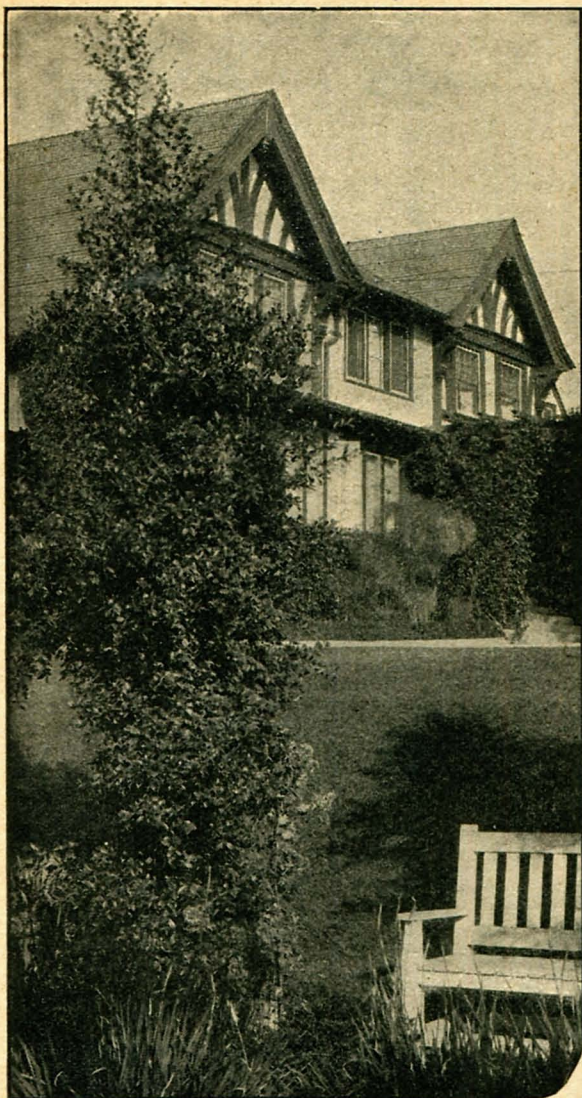
Only recently has the camera begun to do justice to Agnes Ayres.

An Intelligence Test.

Another surprise was in store for me when I met Agnes Ayres. Some flip-pant friends had suggested that I take her an intelligence test, and I thought it a pretty good idea myself. That is, until I met her. How the camera managed until "Borderland" to conceal her nimble intelligence I'll never understand.

Hollywood Fidelity.

Most of the husbands and wives I met in the motion-picture colony seemed to hold each other in high regard, and that wasn't at all what I had expected. There must be something in these wild tales of infidelity that the newspapers feature so strongly. "Yes, there must be," Mabel Ballin admitted, when I asked her if Hollywood lived down to her expectations. "Just



A glimpse of Pola Negri's Hollywood home from the garden.

this morning Hugo went out of our apartment at the Hollywood Hotel with some suit cases of costumes he had offered to take over to the studio for me. And the chambermaid jumped to conclusions right away. She must have seen something like that before. She told me that she was terribly sorry to see that the mister was leaving me."

Early Hours.

Curiously enough, although I used to believe that there was some truth in the wild tales that newspapers told of Hollywood, I never swallowed some of the other legends about the place. There was the one, for instance, about the girls who rarely go to parties, much as they want to, but who always go to bed at nine o'clock. To my amazement I found when I reached Hollywood that it was really true. While they are working on a picture, the really ambitious young players such as Pauline Starke, Helen Ferguson, Patsy Ruth Miller and others actually retire at nine o'clock. All, that is, except Colleen Moore. She goes to bed as soon as she comes home from the studio—about seven-thirty. "We are just a hick town," Colleen assured me, "that dresses up on Saturday night, steps out, and tries to look accustomed to it."

Avid followers of stars' beauty recipes might try this early retiring. The players say it works wonders.

Where De Mille's Orgies Begin.

A fascinating pastime is trying to piece together a portrait of a man from his work. One can imagine Cecil De Mille in the midst of perfume, music, dim lights, chiffon curtains, big floor cushions, and sinuous pets. In fact, so many people have imagined it, that a legend has grown up to the effect that he works amid Lucullan splendors. It was an impressive fable, but only that. Herewith is presented a photograph that tells the crude truth. It shows William and Cecil De Mille and Jeanie Macpherson in the little apartment at the top of the laboratory building on the Lasky lot where they have luncheon every day and plan their productions.

But since I've taken away the legendary Mr. De Mille suggested by his extravagant productions, let me introduce as a substitute, the real Mr. De Mille. The difference between him and the average man you meet is the difference between a diplomat and a politician. He talks with such great charm that everything he says seems important. His brother William retires behind a mask of somewhat cryptic and sour remarks. Miss Macpherson cheerily urges them on and makes suggestions. And this is where and how the spectacular scenes of the De Mille pictures are planned.

A Little Friendly Criticism.

Charles Ray doesn't have quite so many close-ups of himself in his pictures as he used to, but he is still open to criticism. Hearing that Patsy Ruth Miller was going to play with him in "The Girl I Loved" her friends chorused, "Isn't it too bad? We won't see much of Pat on the screen for a while."

A Friend in Need.

Cullen Landis is the sort of friend to have. He will do anything, even to endangering his position with a company if it will help some one he likes. One day the girl playing opposite him wanted to go to the train to meet her fiancé who was returning from a long trip. There was just a possibility, though, that the director would need her that afternoon, so he insisted that she should stay in the studio. There were three or four scenes of Cullen alone to be taken, after which she came in. Cullen took her aside and told her to go to the train, and he would make it all right. Then he began to stall. Each time a scene was taken he would do something wrong. After a little while one of the electricians caught on to what he was doing and helped him by putting one of the lights out of commission and spending a long time fixing it. The director hadn't a chance in the world of getting to the girl's scenes that afternoon.

On another occasion the obliging Mr. Landis had a scene with a girl where he was supposed to grab her by the shoulder and shake her. The dress she had on was an old evening gown of her own, and the company had guaranteed that if it got damaged or torn in any way they would pay her the original purchase price. So, when the fight scene



Claire Windsor would be readily forgiven if she put on a few duds in real life.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

came Cullen grabbed hold of the trimming on the front of her dress and tore for dear life.

And he is such an earnest and hard-working young man most of the time that neither of the directors suspected him of guile.

The Formal Miss Windsor.

The distinction of being one of the few girls on the screen who really look aristocratic has so long belonged to Claire Windsor that one could easily forgive her if she were a little formal and distant in real life. But she isn't. Knowing that I was going out to the Goldwyn studio to visit one morning, she offered to come and call for me. She arrived, a veritable fashion picture. But under her arm there was a crumpled brown paper package, which she deposited on my dresser. Out of it she drew a bottle of milk, a somewhat bashed-in lemon, and a straw.

"I'm on a diet, you know," she announced quite casually, after we had exchanged the conventional Awfully-glad-to-meet-you. "And I have to drink this every half hour. I thought you'd rather have me bring it in here than pull up along the side of the road somewhere. But if you're around with me long enough, you'll get used to that. I have four bottles more down in the car that I have to drink to-day."

There is always much speculation about Miss Windsor getting married again. She is very popular, and some prominent wealthy men are numbered among her admirers. When she took me up to the estate of a wealthy bachelor to show me his wonderful gardens, I remarked that it would be thrilling to spend money so lavishly as he did. "Not for me," Claire objected. "I wouldn't give up working in pictures; I enjoy it. And when you're in pictures you don't have time to spend much."

Spare Time Occupations.

Ruth Roland is so busy most of the time that a little leisure palls upon her. So whenever she has some spare time she sells the house she is living in, buys another, and starts remodeling it. Accompanying this article is her latest acquisition. And speaking of homes, every one, apparently, wants to see what Pola Negri's looks like. The street is thronged with sightseers almost every day, who are greatly impressed by the big, rambling old English structure.

Hollywood Idols.

I have often wondered if the fans' favorite star was also the favorite of the motion-picture industry. For Mary Pickford every one in the Western motion-picture colony has the greatest respect and admiration, but Norma Talmadge seems to be more genuinely popular. Pressed for a reason for this, some one told me that it all depended on how fond you were of democracy. As a typical illustration he told of the Will Hays dinner. After every one was seated, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford

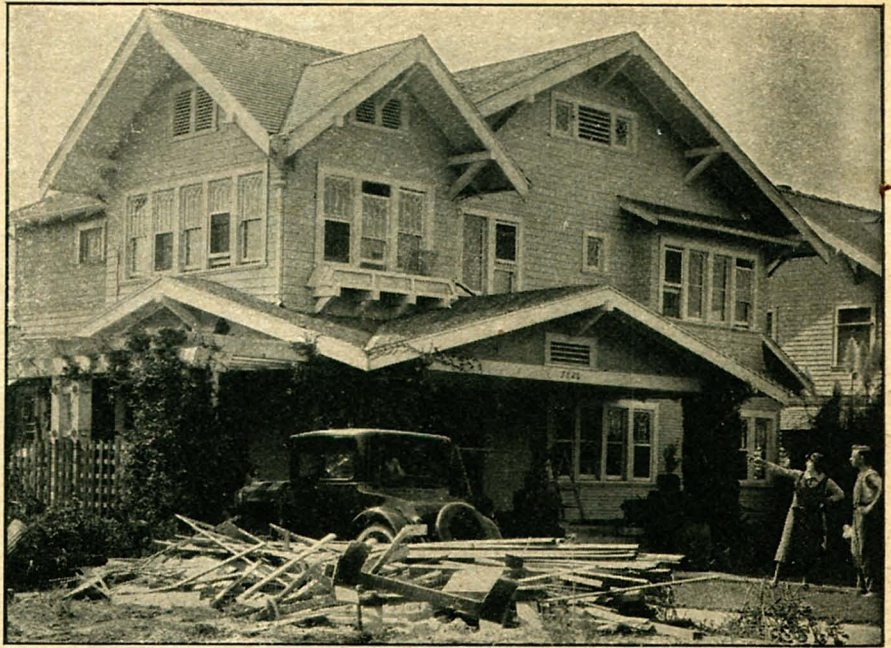


Photo by Woodbury

When Ruth Roland has a little spare time she buys a new home and starts remodeling it.

arrived, smiled and bowed to every one, exchanged greetings with Mr. Hays, and took their departure. An attractive young woman named Norma Talmadge had been there ever since the hour specified on the invitations, mingling around with the crowd, looking up old friends and making many new ones.

Here and There.

Now it is far from my intention to tell you that all motion-picture players are like these—unassuming, modest, unselfish, young people. There are any number of preposterously conceited, theatrical hams. There is one man, for instance, once a star, but now just a supporting player who recently complained to his director that a scene must be written into the picture showing him with his shirt torn open at the throat and the bellows of his abnormal chest expansion at work. "My fans will rise up in revolt if they don't see me at my best," he assured every one within hearing, in all seriousness. There are brawny Western heroes who use perfume. In fact, one cannot half appreciate the utter genuineness of Art Acord until he has met some of the other cowboy players. There are innumerable young women who are listed by the casting director as extras, but who have the hauteur of comedy duchesses. There are people who boast of Rolls-Royces and furtively ride on street cars.

These people have provided some great material of late for the satirical fiction writers. They are a rapidly passing type, however. The really big favorites among the players are genuinely charming. If you met them, you might be surprised—as I was frequently, but you wouldn't be disillusioned. They are worthy of the admiration lavished upon them.



Photo by Freulich

You cannot appreciate the utter genuineness of Art Acord until you have met some of the other cowboy players.



Photo (c) Underwood & Underwood

Tommy and a group of governors at White Sulphur Springs. The second man on his right is George Ade.

"Our Leading Citizen"

And how it came to be made as a picture, together with some things you may be interested in knowing about its hero, Thomas Meighan.

By Charles Gatchell

A FEW months ago a picture was released called "Our Leading Citizen," starring Thomas Meighan. It was from an original story by George Ade, and a reviewer, in commenting on it, said, "If your father or brother doesn't like the movies on the ground that they are oversentimental and untrue to life, take him to 'Our Leading Citizen.' If that picture doesn't convert him, nothing will." For this was no fantastic tale of a *Cinderella* caught up in gay cabaret life—of a criminal, battling his way to romance and riches—of hectic love in the South Sea Isles. It was just a human story of a likable but lazy lawyer in a typical American small town who woke up to his responsibilities—a quiet comedy in homespun—a McCutcheon cartoon in five reels.

Ordinarily this picture would have come and gone without further comment—a delight to many, and, of course, a disappointment to some—like the majority of pictures which invite no heated discussions either by being superlatively good, or exceedingly bad.

But shortly after its release a bomb was exploded in the pages of this magazine in the form of a letter from a fan, a young woman who had seen the film and who could not contain her indignation over the fact that so likable a star as Thomas Meighan "should be wasted by having to appear in such a tiresome and stupid story—a story which, she believed, could appeal to no one but middle-aged men, and which, therefore, was not worth doing. The criticism, from the point of view of her likes and dislikes, was sincerely and convincingly presented, and as I read it—having enjoyed "Our Leading Citizen" almost well enough to place it in my own private list of the "ten best" of the year—my heart sank. That this opinion would be

shared by other fans I did not doubt. But could it be, I asked myself, the verdict of a majority?

The answer came in the form of letters from other fans—some of which you have read—who had liked the picture as well as the first fan critic had disliked it; and since I chanced to know something about the unusual circumstances surrounding the making of this picture, and of how these were bound up in the hopes and plans of the star who played in it, it occurred to me that all this would interest the many admirers of Thomas Meighan.

The reason for this was emphasized when the papers recently announced that Thomas Meighan had been asked to give a special showing of his second George Ade picture, then just completed, before the State governors who had gathered from all parts of the country at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, to hold their annual conference for the discussion of national problems. This was an honor unique in the annals of motion pictures. To understand just how it came about we must go back and tell some things not generally known about Thomas Meighan and his career.

I wonder that some one has not used Meighan's career as one of those object lessons to young men just starting out in life, of how, by using good judgment in the seizing of the right opportunities when they come along, and by letting go by those which give the promise of fortune without sound basis beneath them, a man may achieve success. For Meighan is one of the few stars who has worked wisely toward the end of controlling his own destiny. Few of the stars, as you know, have either the disposition or the ability to do this. Too often fate suddenly lifts them up, and as suddenly lets them drop—bewildered, scarcely under-

standing what has happened. Or if they try to control their own destiny, they botch the job.

It wasn't that way with Tommy—not on the upgrade. And I predict that he'll not descend on any toboggan.

To begin—he was a trained actor before he ever faced a camera. He had played with many of the big stage stars—notably with David Warfield—and had had the leading rôle in George Ade's "The College Widow," both here and in England.

Then he began in pictures and after playing acceptably in several productions he burst into sudden prominence that insured his being starred when "The Miracle Man" came as a miracle indeed to the motion-picture industry. Other screen players have undergone similar experiences. Charles Ray was made by a part in a single picture, "The Coward," Valentino by "The Four Horsemen," and Betty Compson by the same stroke of fortune that gave Tommy his big boost, to name but a few.

But the difference between Meighan and the others was that he had not been merely a pawn in the hands of destiny. Several years before, while on his way to Europe to play in "The College Widow" he became acquainted with Robert H. Davis, the magazine editor, who, at that time, had just purchased the famous story by Frank L. Packard, and who let him read it. Meighan always kept the story in mind, and when George M. Cohan procured the dramatic rights for it Tommy went to him. "George," he said, "I wish you'd make me a promise that no matter who you sell the movie rights of 'The Miracle Man' to, you'll put in a provision that I'm to play the part of the crook." Cohan is a man of generous impulses. Also a man of his word. He thrust out his hand. "It's a bargain," he said.

Then Meighan began campaigning to find some one who would undertake to make the picture with him. By good fortune, he was able to interest George Loane Tucker, after failing to interest others. What "The Miracle Man" did both for those who appeared in it and for motion pictures in general, you already know.

Then Famous Players starred him, and he might easily have gone the way of many another, either taking contentedly what came his way until a monotonous succession of similar pictures wore out the interest of the fans, or he might have gone out to found his "own company," with about one chance out of ten of surviving.

Instead, he began to put his time and thought upon the job he had, believing that the opportunity was there

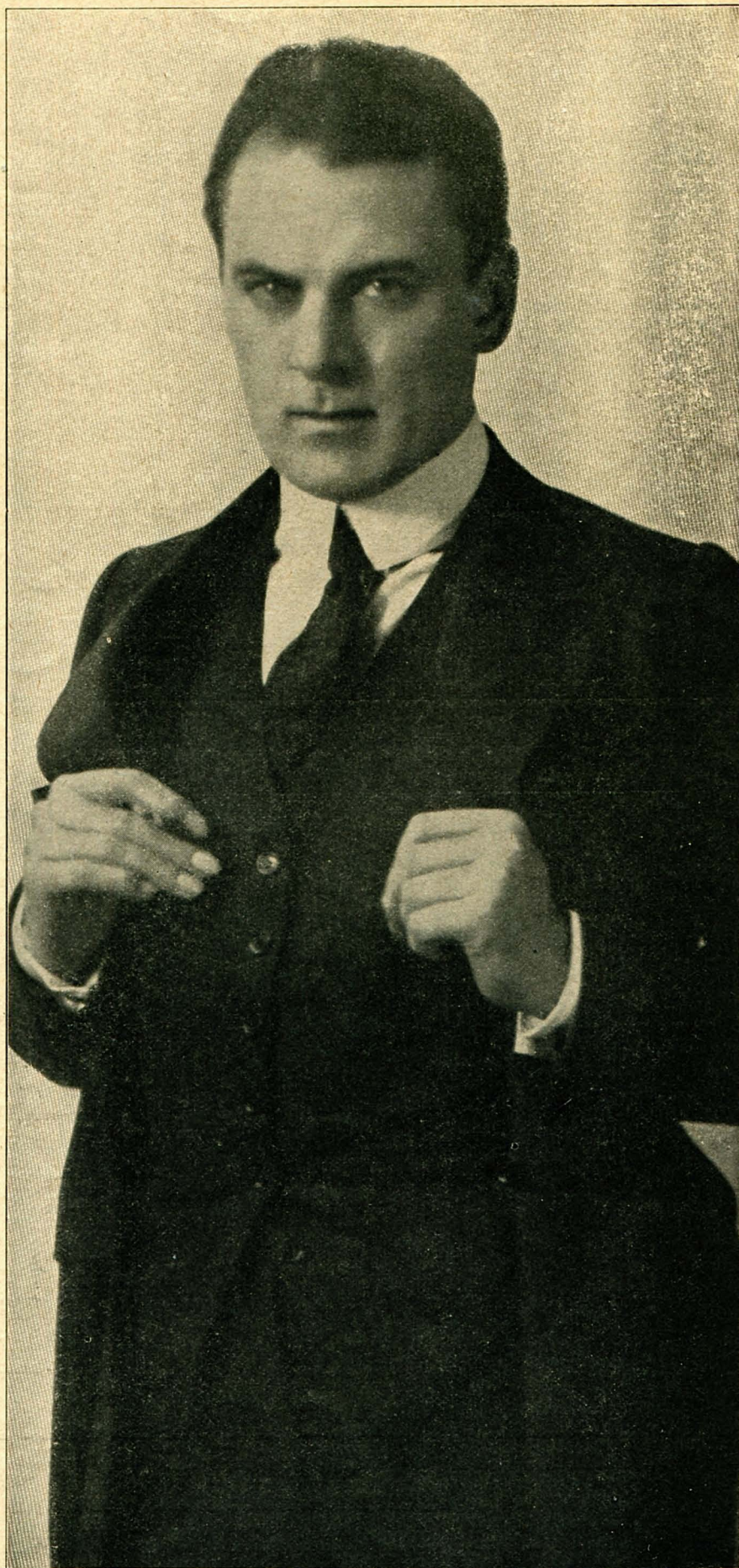


Photo by Puch Bros.

Meighan is a difficult subject for the casual interviewer. You have to catch him off his guard to get him to talk about himself.

if he wanted to make it. Without making any preposterous demands, he started to offer suggestions, to confer with the directors and with the heads of the company about every phase of the work—his stories, his casts, and so on. When he saw a thing which he thought might be improved he tried to convince the person in authority as to *how* it could be improved.

On one occasion, for example, he was told that the company had been obliged suddenly to make up and announce their program of pictures for the next six months, and that they had selected two stories—the best they could get at the moment—for him.

"Will you give me forty-eight hours to see if I can't get two that will be more satisfactory to all of us?"

The time was granted, and two days later he appeared with two other stories for the procuring of which the production manager thanked him, for he agreed that Meighan had brought forward better material than they had been able to offer at the time.

As a result of that sort of coöperation he gradually took on more and more responsibility, and as the company heads found his judgment to be good they were glad to give him the chance to do so, with the final result that he was given practically full authority to select his stories, his cast, and his director, except when he is asked to appear in one of the big Paramount or De Mille specials, such as "Manslaughter," or that hodgepodge, "The Man Who Saw To-morrow," in which several stars appear. That means more work, but it also means that the person doing it is looking far ahead toward his own future, not merely at the thing at hand.

And so, a few months ago, he decided to try to get the coöperation of some of the biggest writers in the country.

He turned first to George Ade. He had known Ade for several years, ever since he had acted in Ade's stage productions, not in a mere casual way, but as a pal, a guest at Ade's big country estate in Indiana. And straight out to Ade's home he went again, determined to induce him to write an original story.

At first Ade demurred. Like many an author, he had been disappointed at the way his earlier stories had been garbled on the screen. The money was no inducement to him. And he was booked up by magazines and syndicates to do as much work as he wanted to undertake for some time to come. But Meighan insisted. "If you'll do it, George," he said, "I'll give you my personal guarantee that nothing will be altered without your O. K., that the titles will be your titles, and that the final production will be edited to meet your requirements."

"All right, Tommy," said Ade. "I'll do it—for you."

And so "Our Leading Citizen" was made, and Ade was well enough satisfied with it to agree to write another, and when production began he came to New York to watch it in the making and to offer suggestions, as he had gone to California to help with the first one.

When the picture was completed—the title is "Back Home and Broke"—Ade and Meighan ran down to White Sulphur Springs for a few days' rest. And while there Meighan met Ephraim F. Morgan, governor of West Virginia. The talk turned one evening to motion pictures, and the governor said that he regretted not having seen some of Tommy's recent pictures. Whereupon Meighan telephoned the Paramount exchange at Philadelphia and asked them to express at once a print of "Manslaughter." The print arrived the next day and was shown to the governor and his guests that night at the hotel. And that gave the governor an idea.

"Haven't you got a new picture—one that hasn't

had a showing anywhere," he inquired, "that you could show to all the governors during the conference?"

"Sure!" said Meighan.

A few minutes later a wire was sent to the New York Paramount office. It asked, not only for a print of "Back Home and Broke," but for a full evening's program, including an orchestra.

The home office had found in the past that Meighan's ideas usually were good ones, and they felt that this one was. So they called up Doctor Hugo Reisenfeld, manager of the Rialto, Rivoli, and Criterion theaters, and conductor of the Rialto's famous orchestra, and asked him if he would go down and put on the show. Doctor Reisenfeld was only too glad to do anything for Tommy Meighan. He made up an orchestra of hand-picked musicians—the most capable ones he could get—he engaged the best singer and the best dancer available—he took his own staff of men to handle the projection and the lighting effects, and there in the ballroom of the Greenbriar Hotel, before the governors assembled, the showing was given with as much style as could have been obtained in the most glittering motion-picture palace on Broadway.

What the governors said afterward might be summed up in the words that the governor of North Carolina was reported to have whispered to the governor of South Carolina, namely, that it was a long time between pictures as good as that one.

But more important, perhaps, was the speech that Meighan made when they turned the spotlight on him and made him come forward. It was a short speech. He acknowledged his indebtedness to Al Green, his director, and to the others who had coöperated with him, and then said that it had been a great pleasure to make that picture. "It's always a pleasure to make a picture from one of Mr. Ade's stories," he concluded, "because they're so human—and so clean."

That last phrase characterizes not only Mr. Ade's stories, but Meighan's work on the screen and the man himself in the minds of his loyal personal following. The letters from his admirers that come to this and other magazines speak of his acting, his personality, his looks, but above all, they emphasize an unbounded admiration for him because his marriage has endured, because they believe him to be a loyal husband, a clean-living man. Though his constituency is by no means confined to mature persons, I have an idea his followers include a larger proportion of married persons than is the case with most of the popular stars. Certainly he seems to have a special appeal for the people who love the screen, but who have lost faith in many of the players. Other stars may prove a disappointment and a disillusionment, but Tommy Meighan is one on whom they feel they can depend absolutely. The following letter from a woman in New York City is an example of this attitude:

The other day I read that Mr. Meighan was thinking of deserting the screen for the speaking stage. The news was very disappointing. When I told this to my husband, who is a Meighan fan, he said, "Well, I don't blame him if he does. The man is simply too decent for the conditions in the movies." This is a manly man's opinion of screen folk, and incidentally, of Mr. Meighan.

But Tommy has no intention of deserting the screen. And though he is deserving of all the faith his followers have in him he would be the first to spring to the defense of his associates against the criticism of even his own most loyal admirers. Few of us have any conception of what a difficult thing it is to go through the first few years of being a star; to be flattered, to be admired, to be sought after by would-be parasites under the guise of friendship, to be badly advised, to

Continued on page 101

The Canterbury Filmgrims

The old cathedral town was jarred out of its usual quietude when an American company came there to make "If Winter Comes."

By Roy W. Hinds

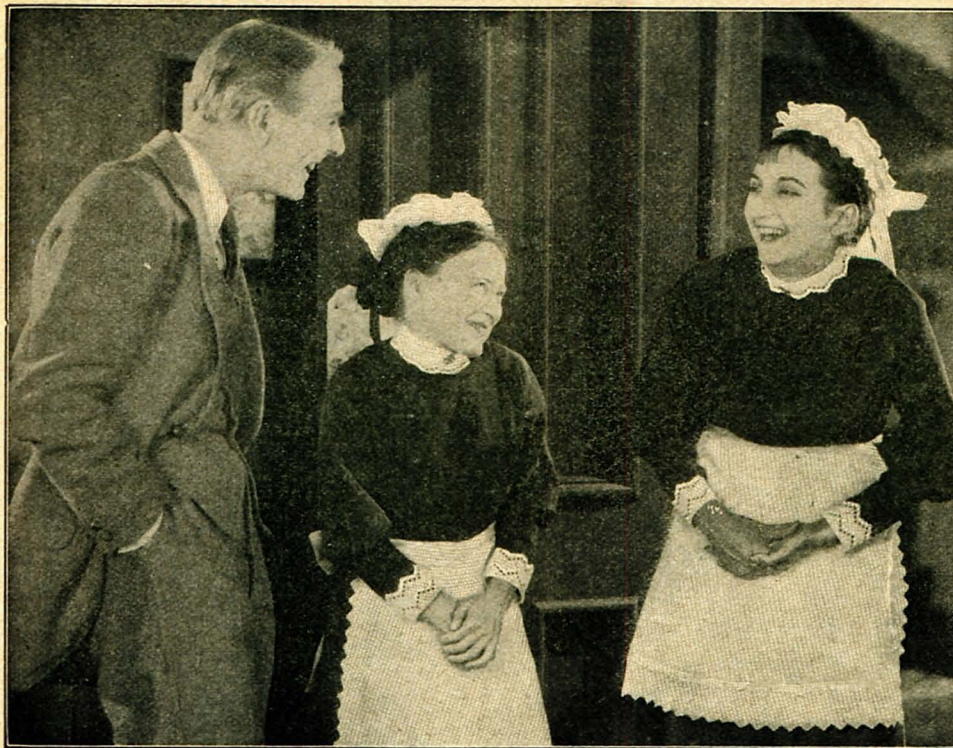


Percy Marmont, who plays "Mark Sabre," as he appeared in a real Canterbury street, after the trial scene.

THE ancient city of Canterbury, rooted in the traditions which surround its cathedral and the layers of British history which lie upon its walls and crumbling ruins, has grown complacent toward tourists from far and wide. Since the remote pilgrimage sung of by Chaucer, Canterbury has been the object of one pilgrimage after another. People have swarmed into its crooked streets and lanes on foot and staff, astride the humble donkey, in gay and drab equip-

ages of the Elizabethan and Victorian periods, atop picturesque tallyhos—and now in our times in charabancs—motorbuses—in palatial limousines and flivvers. Canterbury knows tourists as Washington knows politicians, and pays no more attention.

It remained for Harry Millarde, director of the Fox film production of "If Winter Comes," to lead into Canterbury a different sort of pilgrimage and for a time to stir the ancient city out of its complacency.



If you read the book you'll know at once that here are "High and Low Jinks."

To an American, Canterbury is a sleepy town. They lock up the shops for lunch in Canterbury, and they lunch in a leisurely manner that would drive despair into the heart of an American business man, even the American small-town business man. Food in Canterbury is an enjoyment as well as a necessity. Imagine what it would take to set such a town on its toes, to bring a tremendous outpouring from homes and shops, to fill the streets with an eager, gesticulating throng. I saw that happen in Canterbury, and knowing Canterbury fairly well, I marveled. I asked myself if the cathedral had collapsed or had the Normans landed again on the Kentish shore. Neither. The excitement was occasioned by the coming of "The Canterbury Filmgrims."

I found myself in the midst of the uproar. Every one talked. I talked. Of course my manner of speech set me down at once as an American. I was the object of more interest than I had ever kindled before. Women asked me about Los Angeles. Boys offered to sell me post cards at cut rates. Men offered to buy me drinks. The excitement was without rhyme or reason. There seemed to be an idea that all the wonders of American moviedom were to be unfolded that day. They expected Charley Chaplin and Norma Talmadge to step right out of the cameras.

It happened that I was in Canterbury as a tourist during the period last summer in which Mr. Millarde and his company were shooting the exterior scenes for "If Winter Comes." Announcement of their coming

had been printed in the papers, and it was to be expected that more or less interest would be aroused. But none imagined that the event was to be the talk of the town not only during the shooting, but for days and days afterward; none knew that clerks were to desert their counters, that housewives were to drop their brooms, that troops of British youngsters were to skip school, that Kentish farmers were to drive in in such numbers. In short, none knew that Canterbury was to lock up shop, as it virtually did one day, to see just how an American film company translated into the popular language of celluloid a British literary achievement.

It saw. They are keen observers, the British, and to my surprise they turned out to be enthusiastic. It was the first burst of enthusiasm I had encountered in England. It was soon apparent that this enthusiasm was not stirred any more by the novelty of the occasion

than it was by the entrance of the people of Canterbury into the very spirit of the production.

Unlike the American crowd, a British throng such as that does not have to be held back by police or guards. They do not interfere with the business in hand. They push and jostle, they talk excitedly and they jam and squeeze forward, but seemingly of their own accord they set an imaginary line beyond which they must not step. They sense the atmosphere of the occasion, the technical requirements, and they stay within bounds.

Now and again the crowd was made aware that sections of it were being photographed as a background for the actors, and it was then that the populace flung itself into "If Winter Comes." If the director wanted excitement, he got it by a word; if he wanted quiet



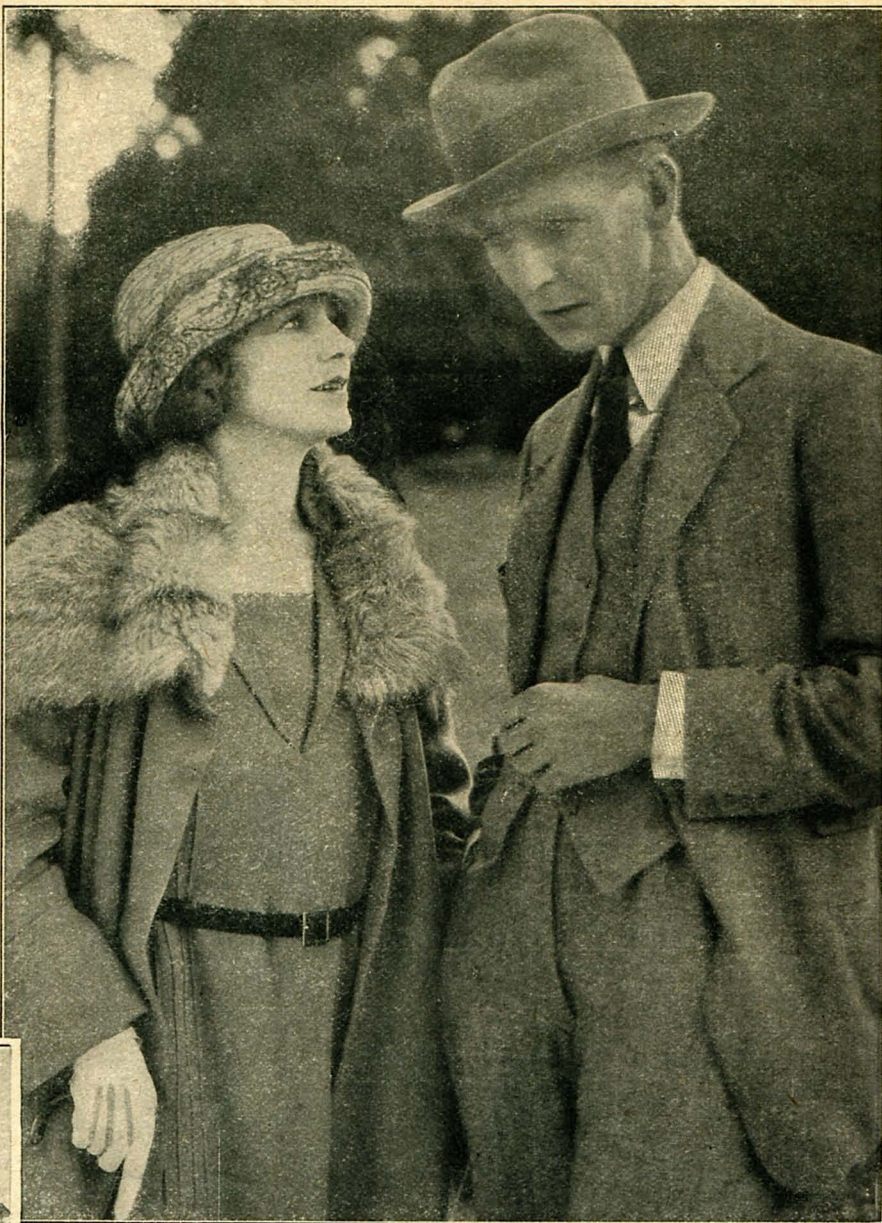
The Kentish Buffs, stationed in Canterbury, were called upon to impersonate the "Pinks" of Hutchinson's story.

and passivity, he got it by a word. It appeared to me that the British crowd is an unusually intelligent crowd and admirably suited to the purposes of a motion-picture director. At any rate, the populace of Canterbury leaped into the spirit of "If Winter Comes" in an extraordinary fashion.

For two weeks I had been something of a mystery about Canterbury, particularly in my hotel. I was known of course as an American. Other Americans came to Canterbury, visited the cathedral, rambled over the old town, and departed. But I remained. I performed mysterious rites with a typewriter for hours at a time in my hotel room. When Mr. Millarde and his company arrived, two and two were put together by the hotel porter and a maid. I was an American. I wrote things on a typewriter. They decided I was connected with the films. Americans and films became synonymous for the time. They spread their story. My statements to the contrary were not believed. I was followed about the streets by youngsters. The hotel maid asked me if I knew Wallace Reid.

I hadn't then read "If Winter Comes." The arrival of the film

The scene in front of the newspaper office. British crowds usually are better for a director to work with than American crowds.



Ann Forrest plays the part of "Lady Tybar."



company whetted my interest in the book, and I bought a copy. That settled it. My denials became more futile than ever. The young lady who sold me the book asked if I would read a scenario she had written. I remained in Canterbury two weeks after the Millarde company departed. It dawned on the folks around me then that perhaps I had been truthful in saying I was not connected with the movies. The youngsters no longer followed me about the streets. Young ladies no longer smiled at me. There was no crowd at the station to see me off, as there had been when Mr. Millarde and his company departed. I had become once more a plain American.

Canterbury is the Tidborough of "If Winter Comes." The author of the book told Mr. Millarde that he had no particular city in mind as Tidborough, but the wisdom of the selection is apparent to one who has read the book and seen Canterbury. Canterbury has the Tidborough atmosphere. Due to the courtesy of Major Guy Leigh, of the Kentish Buffs, stationed in Canterbury, detachments of that regiment were utilized by Mr. Millarde as the "Pinks" of Hutchinson's story.

Continued on page 100



Photo (c) by Edwin F. Townsend

Geraldine Farrar's radiance never leaves her. Even in a blond wig, she is brilliant, intense.

HARDLY a pretty woman," said Geraldine Farrar, looking in her mirror, "but shall we say *interesting*?" With that she flashed at me a quizzical twinkle out of gray-blue eyes. "Then you agree!" she teased, going on with her make-up. One always agrees with her. Forceful, compelling, she is irresistible, if not on that score, then because of her magnetic graciousness. Clever and wise, she knows that hearts are won by a smile, and a frown may lose an empire. Invariably she is gracious; infallibly she wins. But she saw far less in her mirror that day than was there. Let me tell you what I saw.

Perhaps not pretty in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but a woman radiant, alive. That radiance never leaves her. At all hours, morning, noon, and night, at the studio and elsewhere, it is part of herself. As if she had plunged her face in some magic bath and raised it, clear-eyed, tingling, satinsmooth. However, it was no miraculous water she employed, no secret lotion of a court beauty long since gone, but a simple prescription to be had by any one for the asking. Even I can

Memories on My

The fifth installment of a series of reminiscence pictures of some of the film favorites of a few one of the most compelling personalities of closed as a heroine even to

By Norbert

give it. Careful living and mental hygiene. The practice of either demands the exercise of a will. Combining the two, and resisting temptation, turns the will to iron. Behind Madame Geraldine's smile the iron will is there.

It makes her rise at seven every day in the year. Coffee, bath, and an hour at her piano. In this she never falters. At home in New York, in California for a celluloid summer, even on a ranch in Wyoming, her routine is the same. Further, it means good, though not elaborate, food at hours regular as a clock's chime, no stimulants at all and, unless she is singing, bed at ten.

This is the ordered routine of a prima donna. We like to think of them carrying on life in a whirl of excitement—orchids, limousines, champagne, and terrapin. More than once have I seen this one decline champagne for milk, but never refuse Irish stew. Orchids

she dislikes because they're "soulless" and her car is built for service. She is intensely practical, rational. Life to her is a business, a manifold business, and she is its alert executive.

Often indeed I have thought of her at the presidential desk of a big corporation. It would have to be a far-reaching concern, though, engaged in supplying a needed commodity such as steel, or iron rails, or the building of bridges and her desk the helm. "Gerry" Farrar must wield power. She is unimaginable otherwise.

Her vigor, zest, and spirit of conquest are amazing. It comes, of course, from abundant good health and that mental hygiene. Her mind is looked after as carefully as her body.

Wasteful habits of introspection, criticism, dwelling in the past or future, find no place in her strictly sanitary mentality. Each day is hers to live fully. To-morrow will take care of itself as yesterday did. She has made of herself an astonishing success.



Invariably Miss Farrar's manner is gracious.

Photo by Hartsook

Own Screen

cences giving an intimate years ago. Geraldine Farrar, this generation, is herein dis-her press-agent.

Lusk

You remember one of her pictures dating back four years, "The Hell Cat?" Not a pretty title, not to her taste, but she gave her best to its making. To me she gave no end of illuminating flashes of herself.

Every scene was made where the action was written to take place, in Wyoming. The upper reaches of the Hudson River would have done as well—she said so herself—but that country would have not shown her a prima donna roughing it. Wyoming was rough as its native cactus and dry as its alkali that rasped nose and throat and eyes. The star had reason to live up to the title of her picture and to make this a turbulent memoir rather than what it is.

"Why should I make myself disagreeable to you who are in the same boat?" she asked. So she wrote letters that snapped the lash at those actually responsible for exiling her to a place without baths, situated on a stream called the Stinking River.

The company left New York in July, to be joined by Tom Santschi and Milton Sills who were dispatched from Los Angeles to play principal rôles in "The Hell Cat." Before we reached Chicago Madame Geraldine's roses were parched by the heat, and her hampers of fruit dissolved into pulpy refuse. Westward Ho! is not a pleasant path to take when Sirius rules the heavens. The tour was so routed that we changed four times, once at three in the morning to await a train connecting at seven, but through it all she remained serene. Not that changing trains is a hardship amounting to martyrdom, but in this instance it was one of life's little ironies. Farrar, the singer, always travels in a private car. The difference was calculated to temperamentalize a prima donna into a maniac. That is, some prima donnas. But when ours strolled through the day coach in a cotton kimono, singing "Poor Butterfly" and balancing a glass of lemonade, I knew once and for all she hadn't forgotten how to be an American girl. I



Photo (c) by Edwin F. Townsend

Forceful, compelling, Geraldine Farrar is irresistible.

may add that the lemonade, which she shared with me, was a pledge of friendship that even now tastes delicious.

In Cody—named after "Buffalo Bill," not Lew—there was much to try the patience and test the endurance of a woman used to rather more comforts than were to be found on the main street of a little Western town like nothing so much as a setting for a William S. Hart picture. Cowboys, horses, Indians, factory-made souvenirs of leather and beads, flies and speckled fruit—all under a blazing sun. Thus "The Hell Cat" began. It lasted five weeks.

A ranch on the outskirts of the town was the scene of the first episode. It was there Madame Geraldine's strenuousness hurled her into conflict with Tom Santschi. That she emerged only with blackened eyes, dislocated nose and minus a lot of blood was an instance of the Farrar luck—and pluck.

Right now Tom Santschi must be absolved of all blame. Staggering, her own words cleared him then. "My fault," she gasped. "Don't worry, anybody." Then fainted. It all came about through her miscalculation of distance in their tussle. He, as the villain, was attempting to abduct her and bear her away on his horse. Rehearsal of the scene went well, but in playing it she put up such a wild fight that all was forgotten but the real desperation of her mimic plight. She struck her face against a table. In a flash she was all blood. It was then Madame Geraldine blamed herself. People do not, as a rule, keep any sort of control when sustaining physical shock. Still more seldom do they blame themselves when in pain. Stars, so far as I have seen, blame every one but themselves for anything.

So this, then, was the famous singer, nourished on praise and plaudits, living in the rarefied atmosphere of song and artifice. No amateur, staking all on a chance to make good, could have borne more than this star did to "put it across." Indeed, with camera cranking, stunned, bleeding, she went on with the scene rather than cry out and stop it. Her unerring sense of values told her that the wound would add realism to her acting. She paid for the realism by remaining three days in a darkened room.

Tom Santschi suffered mentally as much as she did physically. His silence and aloofness, childlike in spite of his aggressive acting, won us all from the start. He was such an excellent actor that you would have excused him for telling you so. But good actors never do. Instead, he seemed not to know anything about it. Times were when Madame Geraldine tried to coax him to talk, or join her party at lunch, but without being brusque he showed that he preferred to be alone. Plainly he was a bit awed by the easy fluency of this woman from another world. She liked him all the more for it and never lessened her enthusiasm for his virile acting. She said that he, Hobart Bosworth—who played with her in "Joan the Woman"—Raymond Hatton and Hassard Short—in "The Turn of the Wheel"—were the most accomplished actors, of widely differing methods, she'd ever played with in pictures. I cannot understand why Santschi is seldom seen nowadays, unless it is that his retiring nature makes difficult the pushing necessary for success.

Work in Cody completed, the company moved on to a more distant location. Five hours' riding over mountain roads rocky as a quarry, with such prodigious jouncing that I feared our star's strong teeth would be clapped from her head, brought us at supper time to a ranch in the very heart of primitive Wyoming.

It had been extolled as a garden spot, abounding in comforts, a fitting aftermath to the stark ugliness of the town. All this was only a vain illusion.

Madame Geraldine was quartered in a tent with an oil lantern and many moths. In a near-by brook, kneeling, she bathed her face every morning for two weeks in water colder than ice. The choice delicacies said to abound were eggs fried on the stove lid and coffee in granite pitchers on the big ranch table. The chivalrous workers on the place were waiting to pounce on it before the gong sounded its summons to actors in the midst of a distant scene.

It was *real* life all right, and if the favorite of Broadway tried to seem at home by wearing gingham dresses—made by Henri Bendel—her palate was in a state of revolt. However, she smiled humorously and talked a great deal about the baths in which she meant to luxuriate when she got back home, and the food she would enjoy. She described dishes with such gusto that I knew she must be a good New England cook. Later she showed her book of recipes. More than once when seeing her, shimmering in magnificence and a-glitter with jewels, I have "broken her up" by recalling the distant day when she couldn't bathe for two weeks! Indelicate perhaps, but Madame Geraldine's sense of humor is one of hearty understanding.

In the long waits between scenes, when a cloud was coquetting with the sun and work was out of the question, she would seat herself at the ranch-house piano and play through an entire opera. Not only her own operas, but more than one in which she has never appeared and at times no opera at all, but Tchaikowsky, Chopin, Debussy. A musician as well as a singing actress. She says she is that, not a prima donna. Milton Sills, leading man as well as high-brow of the company, labored with French conversation. When he lapsed into English one learned that he was a scientist, educated at the University

of Chicago, and intended for a professorship, still absorbed in biology, anthropology, sociology, pathology, actorology. Since then he has perhaps added the theory of relativity to his curriculum, and I dare say radio in its more technical aspects.

The Wyoming experience demonstrated to me Madame Geraldine's ability to adapt herself to surroundings strange and uncomfortable, to maintain her poise in periods of tedium, and to make herself *one* of the group of exiles instead of becoming the star refugee and assuming a martyr's crown. Understanding how all felt she did not pretend that acrid coffee, alkali dust, and a tent were more acutely an affront to her because her services happened to be paid for in thousand-dollar bills. This may not be such a lofty virtue after all, when you think of the financial rewards, but that's because you don't know stars when affairs are not go-

Continued on page 90



Out in the Wyoming desert making "The Hell Cat" with Milton Sills, Miss Farrar proved her ability to adapt herself to surroundings strange and uncomfortable.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

The Ten Best Pictures of 1922

A year ago, in an unguarded moment, The Observer made out and printed in this department a list of what he considered the ten best pictures of 1921, thereby making himself a target.

Critics told him that some of his selections compromised too much with popular taste. Fans wrote in, ridiculing the list and calling it "the ten worst."

This year we have asked four persons who look at pictures from widely varying points of view each to contribute a list.

Alison Smith, PICTURE-PLAY's film reviewer, names eight American-made pictures and two foreign ones. They are "Nanook of the North," "Robin Hood," "One Glorious Day," "Blood and Sand," "Tol'able David," "Orphans of the Storm," "Smilin' Through," "Oliver Twist," "The Loves of Pharaoh," and the Asta Nielsen "Hamlet."

Now for a Different List

A very different list was offered by Miss Trix Mackenzie, a critical fan of Atlanta, Georgia, whose very decided opinions usually manage to start a good deal of discussion. She says:

The pictures this year have not pleased me half as much as the ones last year, and for this reason I have found it a hard task to select even ten that I liked all through. So, I am sending also a list of the ten worst pictures. This I made with no difficulty whatever. In fact, I could have added ten more pictures which, I think, deserve a place on this list.

Her list of the ten worst films includes "Nanook of the North," "Foolish Wives," "The Queen of Sheba," "Forever," "If You Believe It, It's So," "To Have and to Hold," "Our Leading Citizen," "The Woman Who Walked Alone," "The Lotus Eaters," and "Moran of the Lady Letty." The ten pictures which were the best in her estimation were, "Smilin' Through," "Blood and Sand," "East Is West," "Broadway Rose," "Grandma's Boy," "The Primitive Lover," "The Ghost Breaker," "The Green Temptation," "The Bachelor Daddy," and "Peacock Alley."

Agnes Smith's Selections

Agnes Smith, a writer who has been actively engaged in film editing and titling for the last year and who, as our readers know, always has decided and interesting opinions, finds it necessary to give the reasons for her very unusual selections. A great many persons will disagree with her selections. She says:

I have purposely omitted all the big spectacles from my list of the ten best pictures of the year. The sight of falling scenery doesn't thrill me any more, nor am I particularly impressed by scenes in which thousands of extras appear in fancy costume. I'd rather see a picture with four or five good subtitles and several cleverly worked out situations than one with a lot of expensive backgrounds designed by Joseph Urban.

I'd like to turn my entire list of best pictures over to Mack

Sennett. Mr. Sennett is to me what Mr. Griffith is to most movie fans—the Master Mind of the Movies. It's harder to make a good comedy than a good drama; in a drama you can appeal to the emotions and to sentiment. In comedy, you must produce the rarest quality in entertainment—good ideas. And so I lead my list with "Home Made Movies." It isn't Mack Sennett's best picture, but it is the best current contribution of the man who made "A Small Town Idol." And I enjoyed it more than any other picture of the year.

Next comes "Grandma's Boy." No wonderful scenery, no expensive settings, no beauty chorus. But it's a picture with a charming plot, excellent titles, good business and Harold Lloyd for its star.

The third selection is another comedy—"The Paleface." I saw this Buster Keaton comedy after sitting through an intolerably silly "feature." I shall always remember it with a feeling of gratitude.

"Nanook of the North" is one of the prize pictures of this or any other year. And so is "Tol'able David." I don't have to explain why I selected these pictures.

My next choice is George Arliss in "Disraeli." It was the most intelligent picture of the year from the point of view of editing, selection of dramatic material, and acting.

"One Glorious Day" had a quality which most pictures lack—imagination. And in it Will Rogers did his best acting. Norma Talmadge did her best work of the year in "Smilin' Through," and so I put the picture on my list. It was beautifully produced though a little too sweet for my taste. Nevertheless it is worth shouting about.

I liked "The Loves of Pharaoh" because it, too, showed imagination. If we must have spectacle, let us soften it with plenty of imagination. The editing of the American version of this German picture was especially fine. The titles were short, dignified, and impressive.

When I come to "Blood and Sand," I hesitate. This should have been a finer picture than "The Four Horsemen," but it wasn't. The story, which should have been told at length, was cut, and so the picture seemed choppy and episodic. However, remembering the performance of Rodolph Valentino, I make it tenth on my list.

Another Critic's Selections

Edwin Schallert, music critic and dramatic editor of the Los Angeles Times, has still another point of view, another set of standards which have to be taken into account in order to understand his selections. He writes as follows:

If all picture-goers were like myself the exhibitors would, as a safety expedient, eliminate from their programs all scenic and photography of real life. It is the only way they could protect the majority of their features. For few of the features will stand comparison with the real life stuff in their attempt to depict what is vitally interesting.

Pictures that tell stories must appeal from an entirely different angle. Either that, or they must so closely approximate life as to make you believe that you are actually seeing things happen that would happen. In either instance there must be a definite lure for the imagination. In one case it is accomplished through a fine simulation of reality, in the other by a stirring of fancy that lifts the observer above the plane of ordinary affairs, and evokes in him an emotion of pleasure from the contemplation of beauty, either for its own sake or because of its underlying significance. Most pictures mingle this realism and idealism.

Here is his list of the best ten:

Of the strictly realistic pictures the most noteworthy—and I might say the only artistically successful one

--was "Tol'able David." A picture which you had to take seriously because it made you think you were viewing things actually happening.

There are artistic objections to the Sherwood portion of "Robin Hood," where tricks are indulged in. Nevertheless the entire story is a glorious whimsy. The chivalric atmosphere is so filled with tapestried beauty and throbbing romance that I feel the picture is deserving to be acclaimed as perhaps the greatest to date.

"To Have and to Hold." Dramatically a truer picture of the costume type, perhaps, than "Robin Hood," because it does not resort to such obvious trickery to maintain suspense. It is not, however, so revolutionary in its employment of the art resources of the camera, nor is it so rich in fantasy.

"Blood and Sand." A feature grossly defying the best traditions of its Spanish locale, yet worthy of a place among the ten best because of its sincere tragedy. There is little to mar its definite march toward a sinister goal.

"Kick In." If a melodrama can ever be artistic this one is.

"The Beggar Maid." This unpretentious little two-reeler reflects a true artistic spirit.

"Oliver Twist." As in the instance of "Robin Hood," the subject is important and the atmosphere of the period Dickensonian. Large opportunities for the various principals and skilled acting by them save any tendency toward sacrificing to the star, who, in this picture, is exceptional.

"Omar, the Tentmaker." Another picture that sounds the note of beauty and poetry. One overlooks its affectations for its charm.

"The Eternal Flame." I admit this to the list only because I am beginning to run short of good ones. The picture is untrue to its purpose, but is attractively garbed. "Smilin' Through" was in many respects a better Talmadge picture, but I doubt its artistic veracity because of its odd mingling of the real and unreal, in a sentimental hodgepodge.

"Grandma's Boy." Reluctantly I admit this Harold Lloyd picture to a classification of the artistic. But I have applied the acid test to nearly twenty possible candidates and have found them wanting. Apart from its comedy, "Grandma's Boy" succeeds in giving shape and form and substance to a much-beloved attribute of the American—courage. Though with syncopated harmonies, it sings a lyric song of bravery.

Mr. Schallert Concludes

The conclusion at which Mr. Schallert arrives after having made his selection is that the really artistic picture is sadly lacking on our screens, even with the improvements in craftsmanship. "I could take almost any one of the ten features I have named," he says, "and on the grounds of artistic principle rend it to pieces. 'Tol'able David,' for instance, lacks that elevation of mind which should back-ground any art work. Beauty is the ever-living thing in art, and it is for that beauty that the film producers and their directors should quest.

"A picture like 'The Beggar Maid,' or another little film which I saw called by the rather stupid title, 'Hope,' or say 'The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House,' come nearer to the true artistic spirit at times than do all the others combined.

"The reason for eliminating certain pictures like 'Hungry Hearts,' 'At the Stroke of Midnight,' 'The Old Homestead,' 'Tess of the Storm Country,' 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' 'Manslaughter,' 'Fascination,' 'Sonny,' 'When Knighthood was in Flower,' and others of undoubted worth, are many and various. Some of

these pictures I can't see at all because of their lack of logic. In respect to gorgeousness 'When Knighthood was in Flower' might well qualify and even take the place say of 'The Eternal Flame' on the foregoing list, but I felt that the real emotion of romance was lacking in this film, and that it adapted a period to the needs of a star in an even greater degree than did 'The Eternal Flame.' 'The Prisoner of Zenda' failed utterly to produce an illusion corresponding to the romance of its theme. 'The Old Homestead' was overburdened with hokum. 'Hungry Hearts' had one of the best chances of getting on the list, but unfortunately I have seen only the version which is being generally shown, and which discloses the effects of having been tampered with. In 'Tess of the Storm Country' Mary Pickford was not true to her character. 'The Glorious Fool' was a very worthy picture, giving lots of play to the imagination. 'Fascination' I regard as entertainment of an excellent order, simply because it defies all laws of logic. I even gave a thought to the much-panned 'Lotus Eaters,' because it broke with conventions, but too often this break resulted in sheer idiocy. Barrymore saved it from being a sham. 'Orphans of the Storm' perhaps should have been included in the list. Certainly it is worthy of consideration as a serious work of art because, though it adapts a period to an art, rather than an art to a period, it discloses real feeling for the beautiful in its settings and its romance."

Addition for the Fans' Vocabulary

A word has been introduced by Quinn Martin, the erudite young film reviewer of the New York *World*, which The Observer believes ought to be adopted by every motion-picture fan. The word is hoko-drama, and it is applied to those sickeningly false and sentimental dramas which revel in the old stock situations which are guaranteed sure-fire instead of portraying life in a genuine and sincere fashion.

Children's Matinees

The Paramount company believes that in "The Covered Wagon" they have a picture which every child should see, so they are doing everything in their power to make it possible. In leasing the film to theaters they are asking that the theater give special matinees for children with a maximum admission fee of ten cents.

It is important that future American citizens should see this picture because it gives a vivid and authentic presentation of pioneer life on the plains. It brings to life a period in American history which school histories usually treat in a dull and lifeless fashion.

These are not the first children's matinees to be instituted. All over the country, theaters have been giving special Saturday morning performances of the serial "The Adventures of Buffalo Bill," which Universal is putting out. The historical value of these two, however, is not to be compared.

The Camera as Historian

An interesting and unique motion picture is being assembled by Cecil M. Hepworth which it has taken twenty-four years to film. The picture is called "Through Three Reigns," and it is made up of news reels showing all the most important events in England during the reigns of Victoria, Edward VII., and George V. Coronations, reviews of troops, great trade expositions, and various visits that these rulers made to cities in their realm are graphically recorded.

Here is a history for future generations that will hold their interest as no printed page could!

A Cinema Cinderella

Norma Talmadge plays Fairy Queen to a little English shopgirl, makes her the sensation of London, and brings her to America to be given every opportunity to become a motion-picture star.

By Barbara Little

WHEN the Fairy Queen dressed Cinderella up and sent her to a ball, Cinderella wouldn't have thought of asking any more of her. In her quaint old-fashioned way she was quite content to have one fling in society, marry the Prince, and settle down to being one of the younger married set.

Fortunately, Fairy Queens change with the times and now they realize that in order to thrill even the most beauty-starved of Cinderellas, dozen of balls, hundreds of dresses, and a glittering career in motion pictures are necessary. And that is just what a Fairy Queen, in the person of Norma Talmadge, gave to Margaret Leahy, the Cinderella of our story.

A few months ago when Norma and Constance Talmadge and their mother were traveling abroad, the *Daily Sketch* in London was conducting a contest to determine who was the most beautiful girl in all England. "Let's take the winner home with us and give her a big part in my next picture," Norma suggested. "Fine," the rest of the family agreed. And so the newspapers made the sensational announcement next day that the winner of the contest would not only be acclaimed the most beautiful girl in all England, but would go to America to play *Aggie* in "Within the Law."

There were eighty thousand entrants in the contest, and the work of eliminating down to one hundred took several weeks. Then there was a great Victory Ball for these one hundred, presided over by Lord Ashfield, the chairman of the competition committee of London, and with Norma and Constance Talmadge in the royal box. The next day screen tests were made of these one hundred, and of them all, Margaret Leahy was chosen.

She is just twenty years old, slight of build, and has very large blue eyes. She hasn't the birdlike deftness of movement that Norma Talmadge has, but she has a quiet dignity and poise that is characteristic of the star.

Now the tyranny of Cinderella's older sisters was never worse than the conditions Margaret Leahy had to face before her big chance came. She was left at fourteen with a frail little mother to support. She had had no business training and there was no one

to help her. But she managed to get a job as general office girl in a typewriter store, and when she wasn't busy at anything else, she used to practice typing. She was much the prettiest girl in the shop, so when a photographer came to take some pictures for some advertisements, he asked her to pose. That good fortune was her undoing, for the other girls, jealous of her, made her position so unpleasant that she had to give it up.

She decided to make the most of her good looks then, so with all the dignity she could muster she went to a shop and asked for a position as model. Eventually, she got one. But a model's salary in an obscure little shop doesn't support two people in comfort and elegance, so Margaret had to keep looking ahead. She studied the manager of her department, how she handled problems and how she managed people, and pretty soon when the manager left, little Miss Leahy applied for her job and got it.

But alas! even that was short-lived. For when her employer saw that she had entered a picture in the *Daily Sketch* beauty contest he fired her!

Jobless, discouraged, poor, she had only one chance in eighty thousand of winning the contest and getting taken to America.

Her hopes rose when she was one of the one hundred chosen for the Victory Ball. She sat up all night the night before making herself a party dress. And then Cinderella went to the party and wasn't the belle at all; she was a wall flower. People hardly noticed her. And she went home dejectedly wondering what was to become of her.

The next morning when she received a summons to come to the Gaumont studio for a test, she could hardly believe that it was true. But when she learned that she was the winner of the contest, she began to feel that her long-dreamed-of success was at last assured. Emerging from obscurity just a few short months ago, she takes adulation now pretty much as a matter of course.

But she hasn't forgotten her struggles entirely. When Mr. Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband, gave her a lot of money with which to buy clothes, she went right to the store from which she had so recently been fired, stalked in and bought out the stock of evening dresses



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Our Greatest Screen Actors

A summary of thousands of letters from our readers telling whom they consider the greatest screen actors, and some reasons for their choice.

THE whole subject of what is, and what is not, good screen acting can be answered by the old-fashioned method of asking another question. At least, that is the theory of Lyla Hoppin of Minneapolis, Minnesota, advanced in response to our recent invitation to our readers to tell whom they consider our greatest screen actors and why.

"When you hear the name of a well-known actor mentioned, what do you immediately visualize?" Miss Hoppin asks. "If you remember the person, as he or she appears in photographs, it is the personal charm, not the ability to act which has attracted you. If you remember a situation, or are gripped by an emotion you saw portrayed, then it was truly effective acting on the part of the player that you recall."

Applying this test to herself she says, "When I see Gloria Swanson's name in print there flashes before my mind the spectacle of a magnificent fashion show. On the other hand when I hear Norma Talmadge mentioned I immediately visualize the look of frightened longing in her eyes as she watches for her faithless lover in 'The Eternal Flame' and realizes that he will never return. In this play Miss Talmadge wears some of the most exquisite gowns I have ever seen and yet I do not remember a single detail of these gowns, but rather the superb acting of the woman who wore them."

Stella Meade of Winnipeg outlined a similar test and went on to point out that make-up should not be confused with acting. "Thinking a part and feeling it, so that expressions come to the face and postures to the body as a natural result of feeling and not of muscular training is what acting should mean. By the aid of clothes, false hair, painted wrinkles, and strapped-up limbs many actors achieve effects that are different, but their way of expressing anger, surprise, or amusement remains the same. That is not acting, but mechanical ingenuity."

Another conviction which is held by many of our correspondents was interestingly set forth by S. F. C. of Washington, D. C., who said:

"In considering the best screen acting, it seems to me that versatility and ability to sink one's identity in the part are beside the mark. It is an age-old argument whether the subjective or the objective treatment is the better acting. To my mind acting is the power to make a character live, either of itself or by the successful transference of the actor's personality. Any screen player who has won and held popular favor for any length of time must necessarily have this power and the degree to which it is shown is so largely measured by opportunity that it seems invidious to select a few fortunate examples. It takes a particularly fortunate combination of skill, personality, and opportunity

to strike the spark of genius which lights up a long period of merely capable and reliable acting."

And many others pointed out that it should be borne in mind in choosing the greatest actors that the ones who have played the most colorful rôles are likely to be favored unduly. It requires more real skill, they say, to put over a straight rôle than a strongly marked character part.

This then was the basis of choice, that emotion should be made more memorable than appearance, that the influence of make-up should be discounted, and that the number of opportunities an actor had had should be considered.

OUR READERS AS CRITICS

For the past two years a discussion of screen acting, what it is and who its greatest exponents are, has been raging in the columns of "What the Fans Think." So great an interest in the subject was shown, and such varying opinions expressed from time to time, that we recently invited our readers all to contribute at once to a general discussion of the subject.

Here is a digest of the thousands of letters that came in response to that invitation. They show, not only that fans the country over are giving serious thought to this subject and developing sophisticated taste, but also that they are capable of penetrating and trenchant criticism of screen acting.

Certain players were adjudged by them unique personalities rather than great actors, though in some cases they were considered both; six only were selected as truly great actors. Photographs of the players mentioned in these classifications appear in the rotogravure pages following.

Almost every actor of note on the screen had his champions among the people who contributed to this discussion on acting. Many there were who considered Henry Walthall the most significant figure among our screen performers, and Wyndham Standing had almost as many enthusiasts in his favor. But the choice of the majority included out of all the performers on the screen only six persons. The players who were adjudged truly great actors in every sense of the word by the majority of our correspondents were Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Richard Barthelmess, Rodolph Valentino, and John and Lionel Barrymore.

But this verdict is misleading. "In considering the greatest actors," as Olga Larson of Denver, Colorado, pointed out, "I have simply had to ignore several of the greatest performers. There are certain players whose work is so distinctive, so individual that they can be considered only as personalities, not as actors. Mary Pickford is a great actor, but she is more than that. She is an individualist of the highest order."

This was the consensus of opinion—that certain individuals—players of great reputation and of large following—were to be put in a special category by themselves. They were not to be classed among the greatest actors, because they were greater as personalities. One is blinded to their skill, through their charm—their personal appeal—so that they have little or no opportunity to prove that they are versatile. The public wants them in the type of rôle that best brings out their own personalities. In addition to Mary Pickford, the ones elected to this category by the majority of votes include Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Jackie Coogan, Madame Nazimova, Baby Peggy, Constance Talmadge, Mabel Normand, and Erich von Stroheim. Elsie Ferguson just failed to receive enough tributes to put her in the list, as did Wallace Reid.

An imposing list that, and one that many fans would like to augment with their own particular favorites.

Continued on page 43



Photo by Royal Atoller

Mary Pickford was adjudged by our readers a personality so captivating that her ability to act was of only secondary importance.



Photo by Abbe

Perhaps the greatest screen actor of all is Charles Chaplin, shown at the left as he appears in his new picture, "The Pilgrim." Our readers who participated in the selection of our best screen actors proclaim that he is one of those rare individuals—inimitable, ingratiating, compelling—who is more than a great actor. Little Jackie Coogan, shown below, is another of the favored few. From the day when he appeared in "The Kid" to his present triumphs in "Oliver Twist" he has had a tremendous following.



Photo by Edwin Sower Hesser



The rules of acting were made to be broken, our readers say, by such ingratiating individuals as Douglas Fairbanks. In his early pictures he endeared himself by his breezy, rollicking manner, and now that he is seriously applying himself to such trying rôles as *Robin Hood*, his audiences still refuse to consider him as an actor. Baby Peggy, at the right, a pert and whimsical infant, is skilled beyond her years, but it is her personality that counts, say the fans. Not yet four years old, she ranks among the greatest film attractions.





A clever comedian must be able to put over his effects deftly. Constance Talmadge and Harold Lloyd are past masters at this. They, too, stand among the elect, for they are not only the best of their kind, they are the only ones of their kind. She is appearing in "East Is West" and Harold Lloyd in "Dr. Jack."



Photo by Gene Koruman



Madame Alla Nazimova, above, is a unique figure whose fantastic productions such as "Camille" and "Salome" have won for her a place apart in the affections of motion-picture audiences. Mabel Normand, at the left, appears infrequently, but never loses her grip on the heart of the fun-loving public which has admired her for years.



Photo by Abbe

John Barrymore's appearances on the screen are all too infrequent. His record is unique in that one picture, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," established him as the supreme character actor of the screen. The picture at the right shows him as he appears in "Sherlock Holmes," a recent Goldwyn picture.

Conceded by box-office observers to be the reigning matinée idol of the day, it may surprise those who have not seen most of his varied characterizations that Rodolph Valentino was adjudged by our readers one of the few really great actors on the screen. His performances in "Blood and Sand" and "The Four Horsemen" prove him an actor, not a type, they believe.



Richard Barthelmess has long been acclaimed one of the most gifted actors on the screen. Our readers chose him without dissent as the leading screen actor. He is ranked superior to all others, not only because of his powers of expression, but also because of the greater number and variety of his portrayals. He is the most unmannered and the most mental of our actors.



Photo by Abbe



Lionel Barrymore, like his brother, frequently forsakes the screen for long periods at a stretch. The power and depth of his occasional appearances, however, make him a compelling figure among our truly great screen actors. He is shown here as he will appear in "Enemies of Women," a Cosmopolitan production.



When it came to selecting the two most eminent screen actors among the women, there was no disagreement. Lillian Gish and Norma Talmadge were universally acclaimed. Pola Negri was not considered because, as one of our correspondents pointed out, quoting from Sarah Bernhardt, "It is the spiritual, keen-edged humor of refinement and sorrow akin to the divine that test the artist, not the coarse, vulgar, or animal."



Continued from page 34

But these are the outstanding personalities of filmdom according to the majority of our readers who contributed their opinions for this symposium.

"You have set us an almost impossible task," Helen Dayton, of Louisville, Kentucky, wrote, and there were many who agreed with her, "for though it is easy enough to tell which actors I consider truly great and why I think so, I don't want to stop with that. There are certain other players whose work is so consistently good that I rank them next to the immortal Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. Chief among them is Lewis Stone, and Monte Blue is a close second."

Almost every one paid tribute in his letter to one or more players just as Miss Dayton did. To mention them all would be to catalog nearly all of the principal players in pictures, and for that reason it has been necessary, of course, to limit the results to those selected by the majority as "the best." But there are a few who were so almost universally acclaimed as "old-reliables" that they should not be ignored. The aforementioned Lewis Stone and Monte Blue rank high as actors in the minds of our correspondents, and so do Henry Walthall, Kathryn Williams, Helen Jerome Eddy, ZaSu Pitts, Theodore Kosloff, George Fawcett, Adolphe Menjou, Leatrice Joy, Colleen Moore, and Mary Alden.

"I wish that six or eight months from now you would ask us all to write again," a former student at the Sargent Dramatic School wrote, "because I am inclined to believe that with the big opportunities that are promised her, Leatrice Joy will prove herself a contender for Norma Talmadge's honors. She has both delicacy and

More than one writer expressed a belief that Leatrice Joy was destined to hold a position as one of our greatest actors before long.



Nearly every one seemed undecided as to whether Wallace Reid should be classed as "one of the best actors" or placed in the group of those whose personalities outshine their talents.

power, and the same amazing ability to suggest varying shades of emotion that Miss Talmadge has. It wouldn't surprise me at all if she had crowded into the ranks of the very greatest by that time."

But with all these reservations, and with all these secondary awards to the nearly great, the majority of our correspondents insist that there are only the six who are truly great.

Perhaps the most surprising and interesting of these elections is that of Rodolph Valentino, for only a short time ago people were saying that he was only a type. People expected that in "Blood and Sand" he would but repeat his characterization of *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen"—but now most of them admit that their judgment was wrong.

One of the most thorough analyses of his art came from a woman who prefers to remain anonymous. She said, "He is a born pantomimist. His muscular, graceful body instinctively adapts itself to expressing moods. His strong but sensitive and extremely plastic face can be molded apparently at will from the frank-eyed, eager ingenuousness so characteristic of Richard Barthelmess and Charles Ray to a calculating sophistication and subtle brutality befitting *Don Juan* himself. This range of facial expression—without the aid of make-up—is so rare on the screen as to be almost unprecedented. Most players



The sincerity of Helen Jerome Eddy has made a wide appeal if we may judge by the letters we have received.

can be labeled on sight as heroes or villains. Valentino has the velvet paws through which claws occasionally flash without warning, so fascinating to watch and speculate upon. His gestures are free, spontaneous, and illustrative. He can talk with his hands.

"His strongly developed emotional intensity and sex appeal are well balanced by a very human warmth and tenderness, shown in his scenes with his mother in 'Blood and Sand.'

"He has impersonated both aristocrats and gamins with fidelity. He has dramatic power and a flair for comedy. He is utterly unself-conscious while at work, and especially noteworthy is his freedom from the overemphasis and exaggeration of look and gesture which are the prime vices of screen acting.

"I do not want to be misunderstood as saying that Valentino is the best actor on the screen. I have seen many bits of acting as satisfying as anything he has given us. But with other actors the bull's-eye was due to physical and

mental adaptability and little variation of this type was within the actor's powers. But Valentino gives us a strikingly original characterization every time."

Nearly every one seemed to be troubled about classifying Wallace Reid. Opinions differed widely even among his greatest boosters. There were many who insisted that he would be one of our finest actors if given more opportunities for real acting such as he had in "Peter Ibbetson" and "Clarence." But there was almost an equal number who loved Wally for himself alone and wanted to place him with Mary Pickford and the rest whose personalities outshine their parts.

There was little controversy over what girl stands greatest among our screen actors.

Henry Walthall has not fulfilled all the promise of his early career; nevertheless he ranks as one of our finest actors, in the opinion of the fans.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr



in 'Broken Blossoms.' Miss Gish's portrayals are great art because they seem more poignant and touching than the tragic figures we see in real life."

To that tribute little can be added even from among the thousands of letters which acclaimed her. It strikes the keynote of her amazing ability.

In Norma Talmadge's work the quality that most impresses her admirers is the immediate response which she compels. "Miss Talmadge has perfected the quality and shading of her emotional portrayals," Audrey Crabb, of Long Beach, California, believes, and "There is never a waver in her movements," Trix Mackenzie, of Atlanta, Georgia, maintains. "They are always definite and sure. She is intelligent and versatile." And

Few would dissent from giving George Fawcett a place near the top.

Lillian Gish is hailed almost universally as the greatest. Only a few who wish to consider Mary Pickford on the basis of acting ability rather than as a unique and appealing personality, contend that she is the greater. And a few would rank Norma Talmadge first.

"Of the girl Lillian Gish I know little," a student at the University of Illinois wrote, "but never will I forget anything about Anna Moore or Henriette or the poor little waif

N. M. Fort, of Waco, Texas, adds, "Her sophis-

ticated rôles often give her opportunity for wearing lovely clothes, and Norma is beautiful in them, but luxurious parts and apparel cannot dim the luster of her dark eyes, nor change the sincerity of all her efforts."

The same correspondent made some interesting remarks about the art of Richard Barthelmess. "For the kind of acting that holds a person's rapt attention and causes forgetfulness of everything but the scene being enacted, I give the blue ribbon to Richard Barthelmess. Realistic, natural, sincere, and with a personality so convincing that one's interest never fails, I wonder sometimes if he wouldn't always hold us enthralled no matter what the play."

ZaSu Pitts has appeared in very few pictures, but she seems to have impressed a surprisingly large number of persons by her acting ability.



Photo by Hoover

In spite of their infrequent migrations to the screen John and Lionel Barrymore are recognized among the greatest. "I consider John Barrymore the greatest actor on the screen," Audrey Crabb wrote. "Not for his personality, which seems somewhat cold and aloof, nor for his perfect characterizations, but because he has the power to transfer his thought processes to his audience. The sympathy he draws is not purely emotional, but mental as well. One seems to think with him, which tends to make every action of his convincing."

His utter naturalness and economy of effort is what impresses people most about Lionel Barrymore. "He never overacts," Evelyn Bowen, of Anoka, Minnesota, pointed out. "His slightest gesture or change of expression conveys more meaning than most actors can reveal in several feet of film." "He has a dignity unsurpassed among our film players," was reiterated over and over again.

Strangely enough, among these letters there was little mention of Pola Negri. Some spoke of her as a future possibility, some passed her by with saying that they could never consider an unsympathetic personality truly great. "She has to act hard," one correspondent wrote, "to hide an indifferent manner that almost betrays boredom. She seems to me cruelly polite sometimes

Lewis Stone was selected because "his work is so consistently good."

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes



Photo by Bangs

That Mary Alden should have a position among our best actors might have been guessed before the returns were tabulated.

when the action calls for real warmth and cordiality."

One of the most gratifying results of this expression of critical opinion from our readers is the assurance it gives the players that to a great degree their problems are understood, and their shortcomings blamed on their lack of opportunity rather than on themselves. "The tragedies of filmdom," one girl declared in her letter, "are the gifted players whose talents are wasted on unworthy vehicles. Give Wallace Reid more real parts like *Clarence* and *Peter Ibbetson*, give Alma Rubens a chance and *Alice Lake* and *George Hackathorne*. Last but not least take *Gloria Swanson's* trick costumes away and give her a simple human rôle."

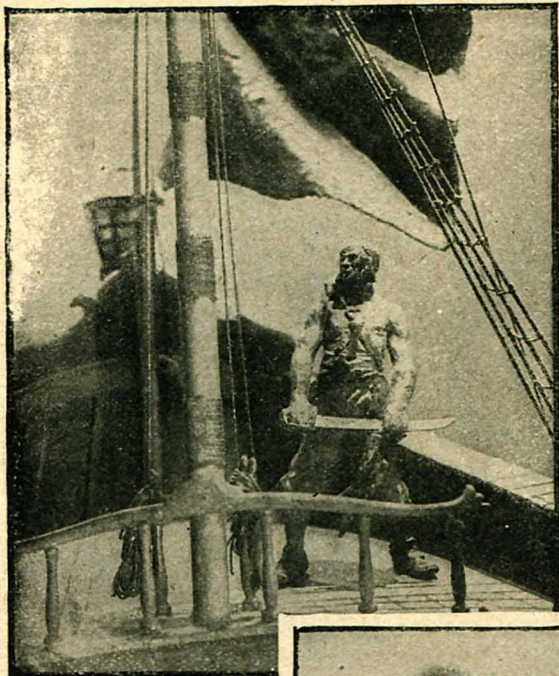
And, on the other hand, as one correspondent pointed out, "Lillian Gish has had only three or four rôles with which to convince us that except for Chaplin she is the supreme artist of the screen. Norma Talmadge rose steadily in spite of tawdry vehicles. Richard Barthelmess gets you emotionally even when you have to admit that the play he is in is a lot of twaddle. Rodolph Valentino has risen above some awful pictures."

Do you wonder that these particular stars were chosen as the truly great?

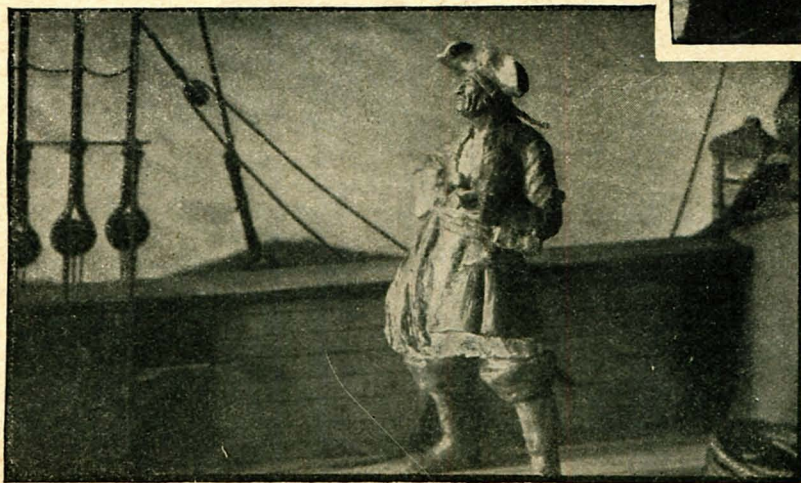
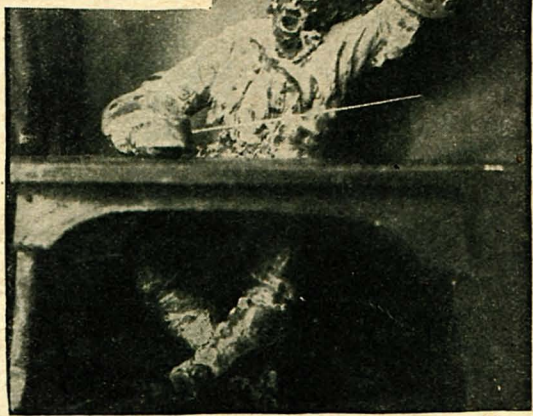
The Pirates Are Coming

And in order to reproduce buccaneering days on the screen in all their glory, motion-picture producers are going to get Dwight Franklin, famous for his sculptured pirate groups, to work with them.

By Barbara Little



IT takes no far-seeing prophet to decry that next year is to be buccaneering time on the screen. Already Douglas Fairbanks has announced his intention of filming a pirate romance, Fred Niblo has in preparation the popular Broadway success "Captain Applejack," which includes some gorgeous satirical scenes which present a pirate melodrama in lusty fashion. And even Charles Ray, the usually bashful boy has decided to branch out and introduce a pirate sequence in his next picture, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Some historians insist that there were no attacks by buccaneers at the particular time in which that story was laid, and indeed attacks by buccaneers on the New England coast were rare at any time. However, let the historians save their breath until Charles has offended.



On with the pirates! The screen needs their swaggering braggadocio, their gun play, and flashing broadswords. Indeed the screen even needs their lusty oaths to save it from overrefinement, but they, no doubt, would offend the fastidious censors.

Last year the sheiks had everything their way. Hardly a plot could get along without one after the first and noblest of them all had ridden across the burning sands and clutched a pale maiden to his heaving bosom. No doubt pirates will enjoy a similar rage. The statistically minded might even now start estimating the number of men on the screen and derive from that the number of probable pirates of next season.

The coming of pirates to the screen means the coming into motion-picture production of the man who knows most about pirates—Dwight Franklin, a sculptor whose miniature models of pirates have invaded even the sacred precincts of staid art museums and universities. Hardly had the wave of interest in making pirate pictures begun when producers began to seek out Mr.

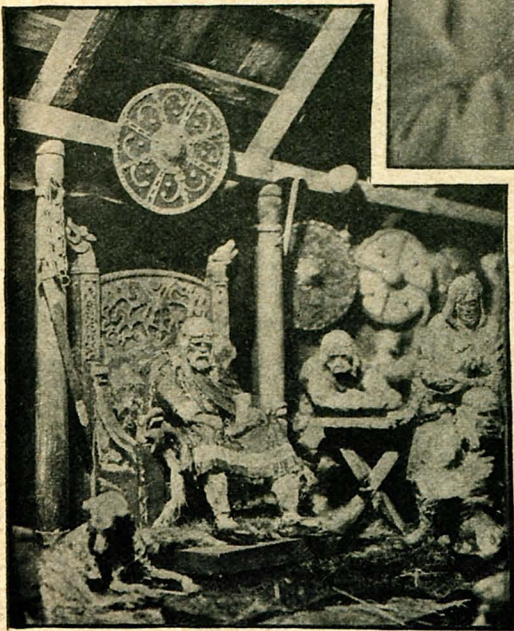
Franklin and bid for his services. It is not yet determined which production he will first supervise, but which ever ones he does will reproduce accurately.

ately and colorfully the lives of the romantic desperadoes of the high seas. He is second to none as an authority on their customs and clothes and manners. And in order to reproduce all the correct details of pirate life, motion-picture producers who are contemplating pirate productions have been visiting Dwight Franklin's studio in New York. Perhaps it was the sight of his fascinating pirate figures that inspired Douglas Fairbanks to postpone "Monsieur Beaucaire" in favor of a pirate romance. He and Mary Pickford were visitors at the Franklin studio during their recent trip to New York, and it was shortly after that that he announced his plan to play a pirate. Perhaps he will have Mr. Franklin supervise the details of his production.

Dwight Franklin, who was for seven years connected with the Museum of Natural His-



Glenn Hunter and Dwight Franklin with the miniature models he made of the characters in "The Scarecrow."



Viking Hall at the Museum of Natural History in New York is the work of Dwight Franklin.

tory in New York as wild-animal photographer, field collector, taxidermist, sculptor, artist, and general naturalist, is not entirely new to motion pictures and the theater. He has often been consulted on productions which dealt with historical periods he knows best, and the people whom he has most often modeled. In fact, he is known professionally as the Research Bureau, Inc. The lives of prehistoric man, Vikings, American Indians, and Eskimos as well as pirates are all an open book to him.

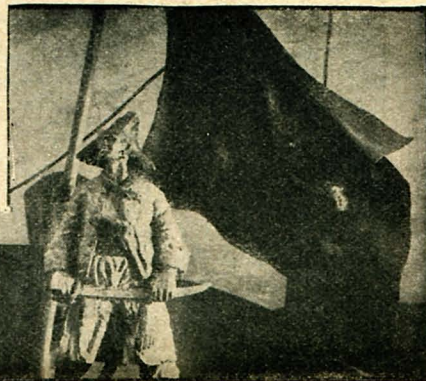
Continued on page 100



Dwight Franklin's pirates, modeled in wax, will serve as models for film actors to follow in their characterizations.



A model of François Villon whom it is rumored John Barrymore may play.



Old Friends

Popular demand has
screen several of th

Photo (c) by Strauss-Peyton

Myrtle Stedman, a favorite since the days of the early Selig pictures, stopped making pictures for several months because of illness. She is returning now more radiant than ever in the title rôle of "The Famous Mrs. Fair," directed by Fred Niblo.

Mae Marsh has never really been seen at her best since she left the Griffith company. Her appearances as a star were infrequent and unsatisfactory, and two years ago she stopped making



pictures, emerging from retirement a year later to go on the stage. Now she is coming back to pictures, triumphantly her admirers hope. She has made two productions in England, "Flames of Passion" and "Paddy the Next Best Thing," and will afterward appear in a D. W. Griffith picture.

J. Warren Kerrigan retired four years ago, but is returning to the screen in "The Covered Wagon," a Paramount picture.

Photo by Richee



Are Best

brought back to the favorites of yesterday.

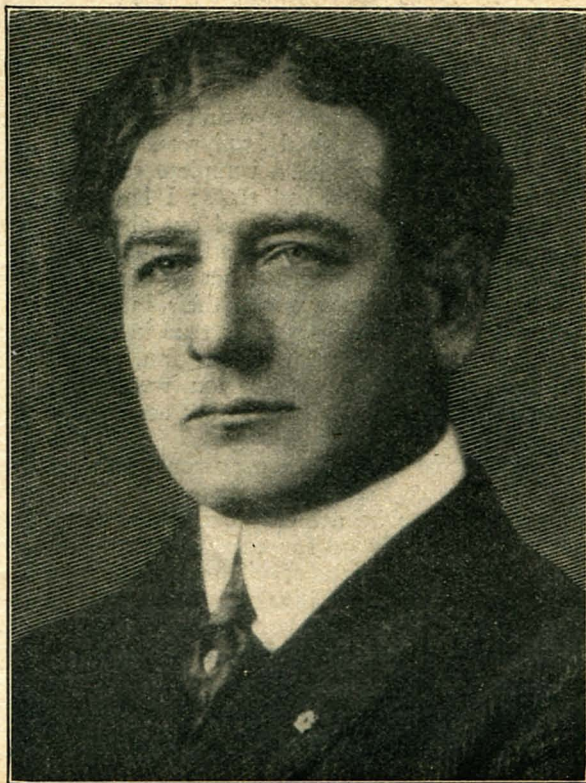
Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Kathleen Clifford, who starred in pictures a few years ago, returns in the Paramount picture "Kick In." Soon she will play in a Christie comedy the boy impersonation that made her a vaudeville favorite for many years.

Mae Allison's absence from the screen has been short, but much noticed. She returns in "The Woman Who Fooled Herself."



Tom Santschi, one of the finest of the pioneer screen actors, is returning to the screen in "Are You a Failure?" which Tom Forman is making.





While with Wanda Hawley on the golf links I discovered that she was much more animated and interesting than I had imagined.

What My Movie Adventures Taught Me

The concluding installment of a fan's experiences in Hollywood, in which she tells how seeing the studios and the stars changed her point of view about many things connected with motion pictures

By Ethel Sands

NOW that I have explored both the Eastern and Western movieland, I feel as if I were a sort of "educated" fan, for didn't I take a post-graduate course when I visited Hollywood?

Twice I have gone through a complete readjustment of my ideas about pictures and stars; I have shed all my illusions for facts; I have found out about a great many things—tricks of the trade and things that the fans rarely know anything about, because it is the belief that knowing too much spoils their interest.

Well, I don't know whether that's true in every case, but I can tell you how it affected one fan, anyway. I feel very, very sure the rest of you would feel the same way as I do, because I was just an average fan myself.

I don't mean that I was just a patron of the movies—there's a difference between the two.

Patrons are those who are only occasional attendants or the kind who merely go for entertainment and have no further interest in pictures. They might feel differently about having their illusions shattered.

But the real fan is a member of that legion of devotees who live, dream, and breathe movies, who try to absorb all the information they can about films and stars. These are the kind, I'm sure, who could stand knowing the truth about the movies without losing their interest. So I'll tell you some of the things I discov-

ered about pictures and players and how they vary from the popular ideas of my fellow fans who have given me such an insight into what they believe and think in the hundreds of interesting letters they have written to me.

Just as the rest of you fans have formed your own ideas of the film world from all you have read and heard, so I had my own notions of what Hollywood would be like. Of course, I had had the experience of "adventuring" for a year in the Eastern studios; but even at that I felt that Hollywood would be entirely different—a fascinating, queer wonderland, unlike any other place. My imagination worked overtime in conjuring up a picture of it.

Now when I look back on my notions I remember I had an idea that life in Hollywood must be exactly like a Cecil De Mille picture. Yes, Mr. De Mille's screen pictures seem to symbolize the movies according to most fans' ideas. Perhaps it's because his pictures overflow with riches and extravagance, and to the uninitiated the film business seems to be one of wealth and extravagance galore with its million-dollar productions and thousand-dollar-a-week salaries. I felt sure the stars' homes would be furnished in bizarre patterns of Mr. De Mille's sets, with sunken baths and phonographs in the arms of the divans. I could just picture the actresses at balls and affairs, dressed in elaborate

costumes after the fashion of Gloria Swanson, and looking very, very different from the ordinary people. And suppose the parties they gave would be anything like they are in his pictures where the guests would wear patent-leather bathing suits and dive into a pool—or else row on it in miniature boats? Perhaps they might have girls spring up in the middle of the dinner table and do a dance.

It's so hard to realize that film players are just regular human beings. The screen gives them such an illusive quality that they seem a people apart, just as most of Mr. De Mille's characters, for example, are so different from any people we know.

But my first ride through Hollywood dispelled my preconceived ideas about it. It looks like such a nice, new, little town you'd wonder how you could have ever thought such wild things about it. Nestling at the foot of the mountains, with its pretty, cute little bungalows, it didn't look a bit like a "Modern Babylon" or any of those things it's called; not even queerish like Greenwich Village. Does that disappoint you? It didn't me. If Hollywood itself isn't thrilling, at least it is very pleasant. Isn't that just as good? Anyway, Hollywood holds a series of surprises for the uninitiated fan.

You may have an idea you could go right up to almost any house, ring the doorbell, and be met by a famous star. If you have, you're all wrong. All the movie players do not live in one neighborhood, and you probably would find yourself facing Mrs. Smith or Mr. Jones, who aren't the least bit professional, and who brag about it. And they probably wouldn't know where your favorite lived any more than you would. There are only a few of the players' homes which are at all well known to the public in Los Angeles.

One of the first impressions of the movie people in Hollywood is how much alike they are in outer respects. I mean they all seem to do and have the same things; they have the same kind of homes, cars, go to the same places, and talk about the same topics. I suppose that's from being thrown so much in contact with each other. The players who always work in New York seem more different from each other. They have other things to interest them outside of their work, so they don't just talk "shop" constantly. Some players own their own luxurious apartments, like Corinne Griffith and Mae Murray did in the Hotel Des Artistes, others have homes on exclusive streets, like Constance Binney, or suburban estates on Long Island, like Anita Stewart's place.

In Hollywood, if one or two big stars acquire something new, all the rest of the players seem to have to go in for the same thing if they don't want to lose prestige. Thus you'll find in almost every movie star's home an expensive electrical piano, a police dog, and a fancy swimming pool in the back yard. If there's some big affair going on like a ball, the races, or an opening of a new play, you can depend upon it that just about all the important stars will be among those present. I learned that it's considered just a little bit better to have a pink, white, or brown stucco house in the exclusive Wilshire district, than a bungalow in Hollywood. Of course a magnificent estate in Beverly Hills is just about the most pretentious display of all.

A good many fans seem to be under the impression



Ethel Sands found Conrad Nagel one of the natural, unassuming players whom she would never take for an actor.

that if they once got to Hollywood they would be practically "in" the movies. I learned this when several girls wrote and told me they had finally decided to go to Hollywood in a few months to meet all the stars there. Now, anybody can go to Hollywood and live there, but that alone will not help any curious little fans to get inside the studios or to hobnob with the stars. Many persons go to Los Angeles and come away dreadfully disappointed because they could see nothing whatsoever about the movies except the plain bare walls of the outside of the studio buildings.

Of course what does provide a great thrill for the fan is being able to recognize a player on the street now and then. Sometimes it would be hard for me to remember I was actually in Hollywood—it was so different from what I imagined it to be. I would realize it most when I'd be riding down the boulevard in some one's car and would accidentally spy some movie company at work on the street. My eyes were continually on the lookout for film celebrities from force of habit, I guess, but seeing them even in Hollywood is not such a frequent occurrence as you may think. So I felt awfully puffed up when I recognized Jacqueline Logan walking down the street, and ZaSu



Viola Dana showed Ethel Sands some of her most interesting fan letters.

Pitts, Dorothy Phillips, and Ethel Clayton driving their cars. It was a funny thing, but I'd get quite as excited over having spotted one of those players as I would over the thoughts of the adventure I was bound for with some star.

Some of my adventures gave me ideas and made me think about things that I had never before stopped to consider. We all know pretty well that breaking into the movies is a more or less difficult feat, nowadays, but did you ever realize that for most players it is also just as hard to *stay* in them? The last year or so you probably have wondered why we don't see certain players and stars whose faces were so familiar to us like Bessie Barriscale, Louise Glaum, and so many others. It's a fast revolving business and an uncertain one. So you fans who bemoan your fate because you can't get into the movies, console yourself. Imagine having been a leading star and then suddenly dropped. Or, maybe, having to go back to small parts just where you began. Some of them are brave as they can be about it. I got an inkling of this when I met Shannon Day. She used to be in the Ziegfeld "Follies," so you'd think it would be very easy going in the movies for her. She got into them all right and was just coming along nicely when the slump came. It seemed determined to push her out with the rest of the unfortunate ones, but she wouldn't be beaten and stuck to it in spite of long periods of inactivity. She had just finished a part in an Anita Stewart picture the day I was with her. I couldn't help admiring her pluck and courage. I'm sure she will win out in the end, for she is pretty, appealing, and a very good little actress.

Another trip on which I learned something was when I attended a preview of a Marguerite de la Motte picture with the star. I was given an insight into the way a professional audience views a picture, and what a different standpoint they have from that of the fans! It was quite a novelty, seeing a movie in this fashion. It was shown in a Hollywood theater at ten o'clock at night, after the regular performance of some other

film. These previews are frequent occurrences in Los Angeles and Hollywood because they like to try a picture out in front of an audience so they may make necessary changes before they release it entirely. It seemed a strange audience. They were nearly all professional people, friends of the members of the cast, and all the players who were in the production. Imagine how proud I felt coming down the aisle with the star! At the introduction of each character in the film, they clapped like everything. I didn't exactly know the etiquette of an audience at a preview, but I tried to follow their lead. Only when they'd applaud a player or some effective setting, I wouldn't think to clap in time, and when I felt like clapping at the thrilling climax to the story, nobody else did. It was awfully muddling to be the only common, ordinary fan in the audience.

What they paid attention to and raved over was the exquisite photography; they'd rave about what a lovely shot a certain scene was, or a particularly beautiful close-up, and the wonderful sets. I suppose that since they had spent so much time and money on it,

it was natural that they should notice the technical details. But I had overlooked almost all of those things I had just accepted them as a background, as most fans do. All that was important to me was that it had an appealing theme with players who won my admiration enough to make me interested in them and their affairs in the play.

Then I was present when the print of "Foolish Wives" was sent to New York on a special train. All the officials were there, and it was quite exciting. As I returned to Hollywood in the automobile with Miss DuPont, Dale Fuller, Maude George, and Mae Busch, and saw how anxious—how *very* anxious they felt about the success of the picture, I realized of what tremendous importance it all was to them; what it meant to them if their parts were left big or cut down in the cutting of the picture; what it meant to them as to how the public would accept it. Motion-picture players take their work much more seriously than you may think. We shouldn't be too thoughtless or unjust in our criticisms of their efforts, and we should remember, I think, that it's only constructive criticism that really does anybody the least bit of good. I think we fans should discriminate a bit more in the choice of pictures and stars we support, so that it's the worthy who get their due, instead of showing so much intolerance toward a player just because he might happen to be the other fellow's favorite instead of our own idol, which movie fans have a very bad habit of doing.

You know how much you like reading "What the Fans Think," so you can get an idea of your fellow fan's opinions. Well, so have I enjoyed all the wonderful letters that came to me from those who read my adventures. So I'll try to answer here some of the questions the fans were most curious about.

The majority of the people I met seemed most desirous of information about Bebe Daniels, and it was all I could do to keep them from coaxing her photographs from me. They were so eager to know what she was like that I was awfully glad I didn't have to disappoint them and could say Bebe really is as ador-

able as she appears. It wasn't hard to convince them, either.

However, judging from the landslide of my mail after it became known that I could tell the fans what Rodolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson were like in the flesh—there is little doubt that those two are the most sensationally popular stars of the present. I was glad that I had met almost every player in whom the public seems particularly interested now, so I could tell their ardent devotees what they are like in person.

Yes, Rodolph's eyes look the same way that they do in his pictures, and Gloria's hair really is a reddish brown. I told that before, but you all seem to want to be sure, so I repeat it.

The most thrilling star of all to meet? I'm surprised that you can't guess. Who else could it be but the hero of the hour—Rodolph Valentino. You may not all care for his type, but you couldn't help get the thrill of your life in meeting him, for there is that mesmeric fascination about the idol of so many fans' hearts.

A good many fans wondered whether meeting so many stars didn't make the newness of seeing a film player in real life wear off, so that one tired of it "after the first sensations were dulled?"

No, because every player is a different type, a new personality. You never can be sure whether they will be disappointing or even more wonderful than you imagine. You always feel excited about the thought of seeing new stars, wondering whether they will be as good looking, or spoiled, and if they really have those admirable qualities that have won your admiration so much from the screen. Do you suppose that even after experiencing the thrilling pleasure of seeing Wally Reid, you'd feel any less excited at coming

face to face with the handsome Latin Antonio Moreno? Do you mean to say that after that you wouldn't be able to appreciate fully meeting Thomas Meighan? Or, having met and been fascinated by Gloria Swanson, your feelings would be so dulled you wouldn't feel half so excited at seeing Norma Talmadge afterward? Why, of course you would. You get the same pro-

Colleen Moore and Cullen Landis pause between scenes to allow Ethel Sands to make a personal record of two of her pleasantest "adventures."

portion of thrills out of meeting any one of those stars in person if you are any kind of an enthusiastic fan.

Some of the fans are anxious to know how the stars really feel toward their ardent devotees; if they really consider us at all, or just look upon us as nuisances who drain a lot of money out of their salary for photographs and stare at them in public, and if they only care for the critics' praise.

You can be mighty certain that every player wants to have a large following and receive piles of fan mail. But the actors and actresses who are anxious to perfect their talent and ability generally care more for the discriminating critics' opinion than for the flattering praise of the multitude. For instance, no amount of praise for his *sheik* character can get Mr. Valentino to feel pleased with his work in that rôle. He entirely agrees with the critics who criticized it harshly, though it is his most popular and perfect rôle in the eyes of his great horde of followers among the fans. Norma Talmadge, on the other hand, prefers having the box-office receipts full of fans' quarters to having merely good press notices. All players are glad to boast of receiving hundreds of fan letters a week because it is a gauge of their popularity, but there are many who scarcely have a look at this mail or pause to appreciate the sentiment and spirit in which each letter is sent. They are such very busy people that you can hardly expect them to if you reason it out. Yet, though Viola Dana receives such a large amount of mail that I should think it would be enough to discourage her interest in it, she finds time to read those letters that are interesting. Bebe Daniels also seems to know the contents of her fan mail, and Wallace Reid read me some of the unusual letters he had

saved. So it's not always as hopeless as it seems to get your letter into the hands of your favorite. And those who live in towns that were fortunate enough to have Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" open there, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish appearing personally, *must* know how considerate and appreciative they are of every fan's slightest opinion.

"What type of movie actor and actress is the nicest to meet?" is a question that many asked. I have found that the stars who retain a good deal of the screen personality which had caught our favor, are the safest and least disillusioning for a fan to meet. Of course I don't mean that the weird vampires should be as wicked in real life as they appear in

Continued on page 84



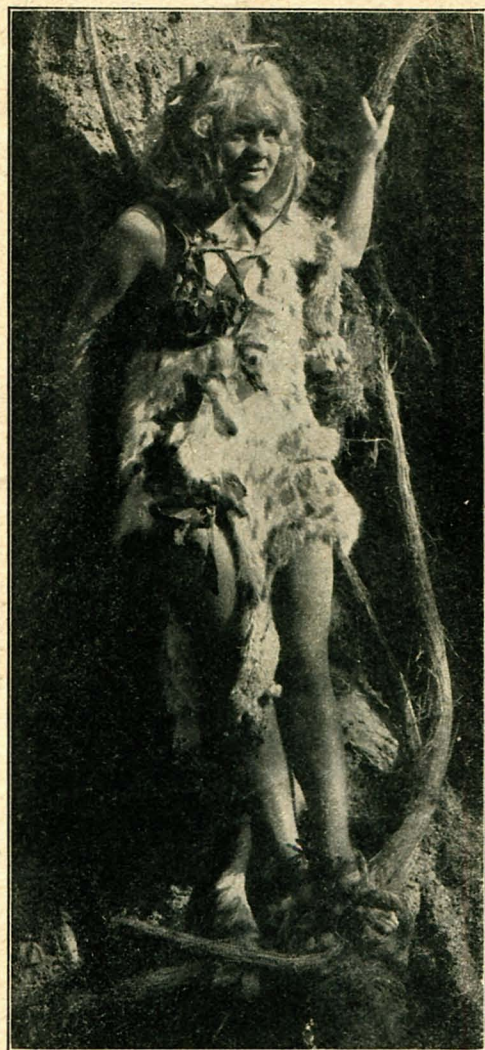


Making Nature Over

When a picture director wants a primeval forest now he builds it.

By Charles Carter

With four photos by Donald Biddle Keyes



Pauline Garon is shown directly above and the crouching figure at the right is Julia Faye. The female figure on the opposite page is Anna Q. Nilsson who plays the wife of a cave man.



FORTY-FIVE giant redwoods, one inky fern-banked pool, one mountain stream with cascade, shrubbery, undergrowth, and a cave to match. Build on Stage No. 4, and——

"Thunderation!"

The property man swore a mighty oath, and the studio carpenter echoed him. They had just received an order for the prehistoric sequence of Cecil B. De Mille's "Adam's Rib," soon to be released.

In this picture the perplexing problems for the studio craftsmen never seemed to cease. First of all there were the skeletons of dinosaurs and mammoths, and other large and lugubrious prehistoric fauna, that had to be fashioned out of lath and plaster to adorn the museum where the professor-hero holds court. Maybe you saw the picture of one of these hard-looking creatures in a recent issue of PICTURE-PLAY. But like all bone-heads in the films they were only the beginning of grief.

Just to add to the gayety of nations, Mr. De Mille decided that for an allegorical cut-back he wanted a forest primeval, outdoing, if possible, any that nature herself might provide. He made up his mind that the best way was to have it built out of whole cloth, so to

speak. (At least, the ground was canvas.) He had all the arguments on his side, too. It seems he had proved by investigation that there is great difficulty in photographing the redwoods effectively in their natural habitat. The filtering sunlight, he felt, did not provide the correct illumination for the camera to do its duty by the characters in the play. Moreover, he feared that the prehistoric period would lack the eeriness associated with cave-mannish cavortings unless he manufactured a primitive jungle that might be flooded with a misty and uncanny radiance.

When you view the finished picture, a world of mysterious visioning, old seemingly beyond belief, will hover before you. In the background the deep shadows of trees. Gigantesque trunks. Girth not to be measured by the outstretched arms of less than a half dozen men, some of them. Huge in their height and dense in their foliage. Rising in the shadows of mystic light.



A Curtis art study showing Milton Sills as the cave man who invented the arrow.



In the foreground a pool, edged by thick copse, in which slowly and broodingly falls a vagrant mountain stream.

On one side we glimpse a hutch hewn into the solid tree trunk. On a fallen branch sits a man clad in heavy bearskin, and with face smudged with grime. He carries a bow on his arm, while his hands are busy shaping an arrow—"the first arrow"—so a subtitle will tell us.

A few moments and we are to behold that arrow fly to its destiny. We sense this in the man's preparations. We feel the doom in the overhanging gloominess of the trees, in the somberness of the waters that seem to lurk in the pool, in the baffling portentous shadows that hide in the branches.

Really, I do not believe that a more sinister setting was ever devised for a miniature tragedy on the screen than De Mille and his assistant, Paul Iribe, arranged for the prehistoric episode of "Adam's Rib." It was the most expensive undoubtedly of many elaborate settings that De Mille has used to increase the imposingness of his pictures. It reminds one of an ancient, gloomily carved frame that holds some gory painted drama, done in heavy grays and sepias and black.



Pauline Garon wished that she might come back to New York to make a picture and almost immediately her wish came true.

IF any one imports another foreign actor and boosts him as a successor to Rodolph Valentino I shall scream," Fanny announced petulantly, as she shoved her way through the crowds in the Algonquin.

"What will you scream?" I asked politely, making Fanny call me down for being too literal.

"First Charles de Roche came over to work for Famous Players and then Ivor Novello came to be in D. W. Griffith's next picture, and neither of them would ever tempt me to leave home," she remarked airily.

"Not intentionally," I assured her, "if you wore that atrocious hat. Woman's place is the home when she wears things like that."

"You're probably jealous," she said, taking out her vanity case and admiring herself. "The milliner told me this was just like one Norma Talmadge brought back from Paris. And I put it on because I wanted to look dignified and distinguished. I'm on my way to see Mary Alden, and I want to impress her. Just because she has known me ever since I read the 'Elsie' books she is inclined to think of me as always young and foolish." She settled back haughtily.

"Where is she?" I demanded. "Take me with you."

I considered his remarks a great compliment to my highbrow taste, there was

a hubbub out in the lobby and Fanny disappeared. A few moments later she was back, looking rather as though she had been in a football scrimmage.

"Leatrice Joy's going away," she announced distractedly. "She has finished 'Java Head' and is going down to Virginia to visit. I'd counted on her staying here, but apparently New York has no great attraction for her. This is her first real vacation since she came East, and here she is running away. Give me some more tea. My throat's sore from talking too much."

Of course, I longed to ask her why she didn't stop for a little while some time, but I didn't dare offend her. I was too anxious to hear all her news, and still had hopes of going to Mary Alden's with her.

"Where is every one?" I asked her. "Except for about ninety-nine ingénues there simply aren't any motion-picture people around."

"I know it." Fanny looked about distractedly. "Every one seems to be go-

ing away. Mabel Normand went back to Europe the other day. She is going to spend a few weeks in Italy



Photo by Gene Kornman

Job,na Ralston is the lucky girl who will play opposite Harold Lloyd when Mildred Davis leaves his pictures.

Over the

Fanny the Fan rambles on about and tells of their interests.

By The

"She's right over here on West Forty-fourth Street at the Tilford studios making a Daniel Carson Goodman production called 'Is the World Going Mad?' But you can't go with me because if I said anything clever you'd probably ask who I was quoting from. Go look up Bebe Daniels and just see if you can resist the temptation of stealing her remarks and pretending they're your own."

"But speaking of Doctor Goodman reminds me that he said he always told you and Alma Rubens about the pictures he contemplated making. And if you like them he says that he is afraid to go ahead with production, but if you think his ideas are perfectly terrible then he knows he has a great box-office success."

Before I had time to tell her that

Teacups

her favorite motion-picture players professional and otherwise.

Bystander

and then hurry out to California to make another Sennett picture. She swears she really is going this time, but I'll never believe it until I put her on the train for Los Angeles myself. And Pearl White has gone abroad, too. Texas Guinan gave a big farewell party for her at the Beaux Arts, and Pearl startled every one terribly by announcing that she was going into a convent in France. She isn't going to take any vows or anything like that. She is just going to stay there as a guest. She wants peace and quiet so that she can rest and meditate. And you'll admit she has quite a lot to meditate over."

"Yes, but I can't imagine her stopping to ponder over anything. I bet she'll start working for some French film company before she has been over there a week. Or perhaps she'll get married. Anyway, I am sure she won't waste much time meditating. She isn't that sort."

"Well, of course, you may know her plans better than she does," Fanny said stiffly. "And in that case I don't see any use in my trying to tell you anything. But you may be interested to know that Pauline Garon is coming back. I thought you'd be pleased. Just as I'd promised to stand at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street and give Pauline's regards to all the electric signs, I got word that she was coming East to make a picture. She is going to work over at the Famous Players studio on Long Island in a picture called 'You Can't Fool Your Wife.' Sounds De Milley, but it isn't. George Melford is making it."

"She and Eleanor Boardman are about the luckiest newcomers in pictures. First Pauline played with Dick Barthelmess and then she went right into a featured part in a Cecil De Mille picture. Somebody will probably come along and star her in a little while. And Eleanor Boardman is no less lucky. After playing in Hugo Ballin's production of Selznick special she is making."



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Corinne Griffith is pausing out West to make "The Common Law" before coming East to start her own productions.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Edith Roberts is reveling in lovely new clothes specially designed for her by Adrian to wear in "Backbone."

'Vanity Fair' she landed the big part in 'Souls for Sale.' You know Rupert Hughes has been looking for some one to play that part for months. It won't be any easy job for her because Mae Busch and Barbara La Marr are both in the cast.

"Speaking of 'Souls for Sale' reminds me that there is another story of Hollywood life going on in movies. It is called 'Hollywood,' and twenty-one stars and Cecil De Mille are going to appear in it. Mr. De Mille is going to direct it, too. And one of the stars to appear in it is Pola Negri!"

"That doesn't thrill me," I admitted. "I'd rather see a lot of one star in a picture than a little of a lot of stars."

"Then Charlie Ray must be your ideal," Fanny remarked cattily. "And I can't expect you to be interested in knowing that Elliott Dexter and Conway Tearle are going to support Corinne Griffith in 'The Common Law,' the big

But she could easily see that it did thrill me.

"Just as soon as she finishes that she is coming East to start her own company. She is going to film big novels mostly. Aren't there any stories you'd like to see her do? She's open to conviction right now."

"Are there! You know I'd always like to choose people's stories for them. I wish she would do 'Butterfly,' by Kathleen Norris, and I'd like to have Hedda Hopper play the older sister. She and Mrs. Hopper would make an awfully interesting combination in a picture.

"Alma Rubens has been reading Masfield lately, and she is simply fascinated by the idea of filming 'The Widow in the Bye Street,' so if you know any ambitious producer with about a million dollars to spend refer him to Alma. She'd like to have Mary Carr play the widow, Buster Collier the son, Wallace Beery the heavy, and herself the girl."

"That's not my idea of a picture for Alma," Fanny cut in. "Your little reading circle is getting too exalted for me. I'd like to see her in Somerset Maugham's 'East of Suez.' She would be gorgeous as a Eurasian woman with a lot of magnificent gowns and jewels. People never seem to agree on casting pictures, though, do they? Fond as Dick Barthelmess is of Dorothy Gish he didn't want her to play *La Clavale* in 'The Bright Shawl.' And whom do you suppose he did want? None other than Natacha Rambova. She is so stunning she ought to be lovely in pictures, but I'm sure Dorothy will play the part interestingly.

"But speaking of Natacha Rambova, I heard that she and Rodolph Valentino might go to London to appear in a revue. They dance beautifully together, you know."

While Fanny was talking I was staring more and more intently at a woman out in the lobby. Right there in the midst of the squirrel and mink coats and waving plumes she stalked about perfectly at ease, apparently, in a plaid sports skirt and a white wool tam o' shanter.

"It must be somebody famous," I remarked as Fanny's eyes followed mine. "No mere nobody would dare come in here like that."

"That's Nell Shipman," Fanny announced aghast. "I haven't seen her since about the first time I was ever taken to a movie. Isn't it a relief to see one wild-

and-woolly Western heroine who sticks to her own styles even in New York? She must have brought her new picture East with her. She made it out on her ranch, you know, and it has taken her ages to do it. It is called 'Grubstakes.' Imagine getting up and doing the chores and washing the dishes and then wandering over to the barn to act a scene or two for a picture."

"A career with all the thrills and frills removed, it seems to me."

"Yes," Fanny admitted, "I'd much rather be a motion-picture star like Corinne Griffith or Betty Blythe with beautiful gowns and jewels and cars and homes and all that sort of thing. But living out on a ranch would have its advantages. Nobody could expect her

to go on a personal appearance tour; there wouldn't be any one to look after the animals."

"In rugged rancho language they call them cattle," I corrected her.

"Not the kind Nell Shipman has. They're animals. Jaguars and leopards and wild cats and all that sort of thing. She is going to make a series of wild-animal comedies with them next. I hope her little boy will play in them. It makes motion pictures seem such an old and substantial institution to have a second generation of players growing up in them."

"Old and substantial!" I fairly bellowed at her in surprise. "And since when have you been interested in things that are old and substantial? I've known you to look on styles that were all of two days old as beneath your notice."

"But styles and institutions are different," Fanny protested. "Anyway, you shouldn't always be disagreeable to me

and pretend that you're above styles. You won't be when you see the lovely things Edith Roberts is getting to wear in 'Backbone.' Adrian, the young artist who came over from Paris to design the costumes for the 'Music Box Revue,' is designing them for her, and they are perfectly lovely. You should have been up at the studio the other day when they had a sixteenth-century ball. There were about two hundred dancers in the scene all trained by Oumansky, the man who arranges the ballets at the Capitol Theater. Edith looks beautiful in old brocades.

"And speaking of balls—shed a tear for poor Wesley Barry. Being a motion-picture star is no joke for a

Continued on page 92



Photo by Abbe

Natacha Rambova is so stunning that many people think she ought to go into pictures.

Low Comedy As a High Art

Comedians should not be taken for granted; give a thought to Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd—especially Buster.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

FOR a long time it was considered a breach of critical etiquette, if there be such a thing, to write of any one engaged in such a lowly sphere as that of comedy. It was little short of lese majesty to strum one's lyre in praise of such funny fellows as Fred Mace, John Bunny, Mack Swain, and the then blooming Chaplin. Some few did it: venturesome souls, but as a general thing it was discouraged.

Times, capriciously enough, have changed. To-day Charlot is hymned by the literati and the cognoscenti, the beautiful and the damning. The mere mention of his name is sufficient to start a feverish discussion in the highest circles, even including the well-known vicious one at the Algonquin. The critics have decided that the abominable movies have produced something worth while in this harlequin of the mustachios and baggy trousers.

Five years hence they will discover Buster Keaton.

In writing of the leading drolls of the flittering photos, it is tempting to take a leaf from Eugene Field's *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod*, for it is conceded, almost without question, that the preëminent names to-day are Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd. The methods of the three are utterly unlike. Each leads an individual School of the Snicker.

The comedy of Chaplin is most often elusive, bordering on the serious if not the tragic. Nothing more typical can be instanced than his moment of contemplation beside the manhole, in "The Kid"—an amazing commingling of pathos and humor. In an earlier two-reeler, "The Bank," the great comedian also officiated at the wedding of smile and tear. It is characteristic of Chaplin to appeal to philosophers as well as to flappers.

We laugh with Lloyd, but we laugh at Keaton. These two may better be compared than Lloyd and Chaplin or Keaton and Chaplin, because Charlie is so infinitely superior, amusing though the other pair are. Neither Keaton nor Lloyd attempt to reach your funny bone through your heart: they openly tickle you. For this reason, most of all, perhaps, they are not in Chaplin's class. But Chaplin has always stood alone.

Many of Harold Lloyd's pictures have whole slices played in straight comedy vein. Keaton is rarely heroic; at such fleeting times he invariably makes a swift and laughter-grafting turn to grotesquerie. Buster's stuff borders on the realm of burlesque; Lloyd

at times suggests a Willie Collier of the shadow stage. His is the school sponsored by Sidney Drew, embellished with quips and quirks and occasional stunts that are solely Lloyd's. Originality marks the method of all leaders, and certainly this is true of Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd.

"That's the one thing that I dread," Buster told me sadly. "I dread the day when we won't find another new wheeze to wrap up, when all the gags will have been sprung, when we're stumped for something new. That's what a comedian has to guard against: running out. That is why Charlie Chaplin makes his pictures so slowly. I know as a matter of fact that he takes thousands of feet of film on every picture, only to destroy it when he sees it in the projection room. And this carefulness is just what helps to make him a great artist."

Keaton is master of snicker and guffaw technique. His art is to work up a situation deliberately, to build it as logically and as systematically as a carpenter builds a house. Gags, Buster told me, are natural or mechanical. "Both get laughs," he explained, "but the natural gag is the one we lay awake nights trying to dream of."—And it is the mechanical gag that Keaton has mastered.

Take the situation in "The Boat," where, after having built a boat, he finds that he has not made the doorway large enough, and consequently, as the boat slides to the water, it pulls the shed down with it. Take the situation in "One Week." Buster has ordered a Sears-Roebuck bungalow for his bride-to-be. The wicked rival mixes the numerals on the various parts, and the comedy ensues when Buster attempts to assemble the jazzed sections.

This is mechanically perfect giggle material. But though one of the most adroit technicians of comedy, Buster fails to reach the heart, his pictures elude the sympathy.

It seems consistent to endow Chaplin with massive intellect, to read sermons into his capering feet. It is fairly simple to sympathize with the lovesick Harold Lloyd, upon occasion. But Keaton alone stands forth as the Trouper—unabashed, unaffected unassuming, and—very like Shaw's *Undershaft*—unashamed!

"We just wrap up a little hokum," he will tell you. "We build up a little story on some sure-fire idea, throw in a dozen gags, if we can think of 'em, and let 'er ride. The scenario we use is written on the correspondence end of a picture post card. If it's lost it's no great matter."



You cannot read hidden *motifs* into the Keaton spoofs. You cannot persuade him that there was a hint of satire concealed in his last comedy, or the one before that. You cannot coerce him into admitting that he planned an unique characterization which he has steadfastly maintained. He will take credit for nothing. Not even his make-up.

"The pancake hat and the oversized collar and the misfit suit and the slapstick shoes are my old vaudeville stand-bys. My father rigged me out as a third of The Three Keatons, when I was too young to 'originate' anything but a yowl. I've kept the same make-up ever since—guess I always will."

Solemnity is more than a habit with Keaton; it's ingrained. Throughout our conversation his face was stony. Nor was this an exception to his usual attitude. I have seen him in the turmoil of a comic sequence, a business of break-away ladders, swinging ropes, and trapdoor scaffoldings; I have seen him eying the proceedings at one of Manhattan's most energizing night clubs; I have seen him purring at his baby in father-like fashion; I have seen him casually viewing the day's rushes, and upon not one but all of these occasions Buster wore an expression that was infinitely more sphinxlike than the Sphinx ever thought of being. His is an entirely emotionless face, suggesting most of all, a mask. It is the ideal phiz for a droll pantaloon.

"You originated the idea of never smiling," I supposed.

But Buster refused to take credit for it. In the days of The Three Keatons, it seems, his father taught him never to crack a smile. The habit grew on him. Now it is so deeply rooted that it is almost impossible for him to grin.

It has long been one of the beliefs of the American

Credo that all comedians are, off stage, lugubrious fellows, and never was a truth more apparent than in the appearance and behavior of Buster Keaton. His countenance is little short of funereal, his speech laconic, his outlook none too sanguine.

"Next I'm going back to the Coast to do a five-reel picture. No plots, you know. Just gags. But we'll space our laughs. If we ran five reels of the sort of stuff we cram into two, the audience would be tired before it was half over. So we'll plant the characters more slowly, use introductory bits, and all that.

"It'll be just as easy to make a five-reeler, because we always take about fifteen reels, anyway. Now we'll cut to five instead of two."

Buster thinks "One Week" his best comedy, but he admits he had hoped to make "The Playhouse" his best. In that clever picture, he essayed a dozen or more rôles. He had intended doing all of the parts, but his ego failed him at the crucial moment.

Despite the fact that he is one of the big drawing cards, often featured in the lights, and billed above the longer picture of the program, Keaton has assumed no airs, adopted no pose. He denied that he made any preparation for a picture. He denied that he planned his plots. Try as you will, you cannot convince him that he is anything more than a trouper who manages to give 'em what they like. It is useless to talk to him of psychological effects.

"It's hokum," said Buster definitely and positively. "And by draping it in different styles you disguise it and bring results each time."

According to his lights, it is simply a case of old gags in new clothing. But if this were so, there would be more Keatons. Unfortunately enough, there aren't.

The Beautiful and Blessed

Marie Prevost impresses a visitor as being a fortunate young person.

By Constance Palmer

THERE are stars literary, stars artistic, stars brainless—and stars. I have interviewed stars who cast me into confusion by monologuing on Wells and Ibsen and Freud. Stars quoting, stars pouting, and stars, pure and simple, have overwhelmed me with such an abundance of bad taste, sweetness, ignorance, and genuine likableness that I have been thrown so often into a dazed condition that it is now chronic.

Some of them, reclining on those long couch things have, with me as a meek medium, hurled sophistication at the world. Others have taken the world into the kitchen to meet "Mamma," who tells how innocent Mamie really is and how she "just can't understand anything."

I expected to find Marie Prevost all these things and possibly more. Before meeting her, "exotic, rose and ebony, tiger lily" and other purfervids flowed through my brain. In fact, I was all set to do one of those gold-and-lacquer interviews which say so much and mean so little.

But, in the first place, the studio in which she is working is not conducive to high-flown phrases.

Warner Brothers—as producers of high-grade features—is a new concern, hatching in a barnish structure in the middle of a very profitable hayfield in the heart of Hollywood. The building is of bare boards; its hallways are high and dark and cold. I have no doubt

that when Harry Rapf sneezes in his office at one end of the building, Olga Printzlau can hear him quite plainly at the other.

Marie Prevost in a baby-blue negligee—the kind the village belle would buy out of her allowance—did not suggest the chorus girl de luxe. She looked like a middle-class schoolgirl who, with tousled head, manicures her fingernails while mother does the dishes.

Her dressing room was cluttered with wicker furniture; two immense pictures of Kenneth Harlan, and a bottle of milk added to a chaotic dressing table. The scant blue negligee revealed two very presentable limbs, silk clad, two round arms—one with a smudge—and a very nice neck. Torn envelopes and fan letters overflowed from the wastebasket.

"I'm to be married this afternoon," she said, curling her feet under her.

"No!" I gasped, covertly eying the pictures of Kenneth on the dresser.

"In 'Brass,'" she supplemented, and there was a malicious little twinkle in her eye.

The interview was starting nicely. I was just about to ask about her work, her rumored engagement to Kenneth Harlan, her aspirations, family, and new car, when an influx of visitors poured through the invitingly open door.

The first was a man with the dirtiest face extant. He came to inquire, in behalf of Claire Windsor, as to the borrowability of Marie's curling iron.

On his heels came Claire herself, radiating warm blond loveliness. A Christie official was next, and he must needs be told unofficially of Marie's plans, past, present, and future perfect.

The final visitor was Kenneth Harlan, who sauntered in from his dressing room next door. There was a scrambling from one corner, and a diminutive bull pup hurtled at the newcomer, emitting joyous yips.

"I wish you'd feed your dog—he's been crying for an hour," said Marie with the easy familiarity of the profession.

Harlan took the bottle of milk and started to hunt for something for the puppy to drink from. I wished fervently they would both leave. The interview was becoming entirely too scattered. At last a cup was found, and Mitzi, thrusting her square little nose as far in as possible, was gulping hungrily.

"You know—I had an awfully cute interview once," vouchsafed the star—"and the funny part of it was I didn't say a word of it! Everybody asked me how I managed to be so clever, and of course I couldn't think of a thing to tell them."

Undoubtedly this had been the wisest course.

"I suppose lots of actresses wish they could think of literary, epigrammatic things to say on the spur of the moment to writers. Some of 'em study up the night before, but I'd be lost if I hit on a subject the interviewer wanted to discuss.

"Most stars feel that way about it, I know. I suppose that's why they ask interviewers to lunch so often. One can always say, 'I like broiled frogs' legs,' and it's sure to create the proper atmosphere on the instant.

"Right this minute I'd rather ask you if you think So-and-So's a natural blonde, and if you think a half dozen eggs make as good a shampoo as a dozen. Eggs are so expensive!

"I can't discuss books with you because, well—I just can't. I read 'em—some of 'em—but I don't talk 'em. But you really should read 'Brass'—it's quite the thing."

And she laughed at the sham in the remark.

"Seriously, though, my part in 'Brass' is the first opportunity I've had to do something a little more—



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnstone

This is Marie Prevost on her dignified behavior; not as she appeared when our interviewer called.

well, a little heavier. I don't aspire to Shakespeare or anything like that, but I have been cast as a frothy headed flapper ever since I left Sennett's.

"I'm disappointed that the picture isn't going to follow the book absolutely. They say it's too unpleasant for movie audiences."

It is characteristic of Marie Prevost that she did not follow up this last statement. There is food for much thought and material for many articles in it. Mercifully, she let it go by as too obvious for comment.

Her remarks as recorded here did not come in a steady flow. It seems that she would rather tell how

Continued on page 100

John Matches His Name

He doesn't go in for sensational effects, or for notoriety, but he's a very dependable and wholesome fellow.

By Caroline Bell

THAT'S a sturdy name, John Bowers. A name that you feel you can rely on. You don't picture that name hitched up with one of these expressive eyebrowed, sleek young flatterers. And you aren't disappointed. John Bowers matches his name, even to the satisfaction of the most critical.

"When any one speaks of my picture work now," he said as we sat at luncheon in the Metro Little Café, "I always ask, 'Which do you like, stampedes or riding the rapids?' for those two things seem to constitute my repertoire. My work travels in cycles—I find myself doing the same things over and over again. In 'The Sky Pilot,' I halted a cattle stampede—then in the Ince picture, 'What A Wife Learned,' I did the same thing. In 'Lorna Doone' I had to swim the falls—and again in 'Quincy Adams Sawyer.' The next time I sign up for a picture"—with a twinkle shining through his gravity—"I'm going to insist on a clause: No stampedes or shoot-the-chutes. I must add to my repertoire or the public will think I've memorized these two bits of 'action' and can't do anything else.

"I'm still nursing a sprained ligament in my left arm," he went on, regarding it tenderly. "Had a peach of a fight with Elmo Lincoln for 'Quincy Adams Sawyer'—and Elmo is a bigger guy than I am. I'm very enthusiastic about the picture, for it's my big chance. I want to do character juveniles, that is, parts with something beside the usual postures expected of leading men, rôles like that of the drunken sailor in 'The Bonded Woman.' For that reason I am free-lancing. When I made 'The Sky Pilot,' I realized what I wanted to do and that contracts tend to stereotype you in grooves. So I've said to myself: 'John, this year tells the tale. You're get-

ting the parts now, here's your chance to show if you're a bad egg or not.' If I don't make my mark this year I'll know it's my own fault and, with what grace I possess, exit."

But I don't think he will have to drape the crape over his ambitions, for he has enjoyed a most gratifying

rise in public estimation. As George Ade says, we elevate our own idols and then look about for a brickbat. The fans have accepted Bowers—but I'm thinking the brickbats won't fly very fast his way, for he has a certain sincerity, for one thing he avoids sensational and bunk publicity, and that cannot but make him well liked.

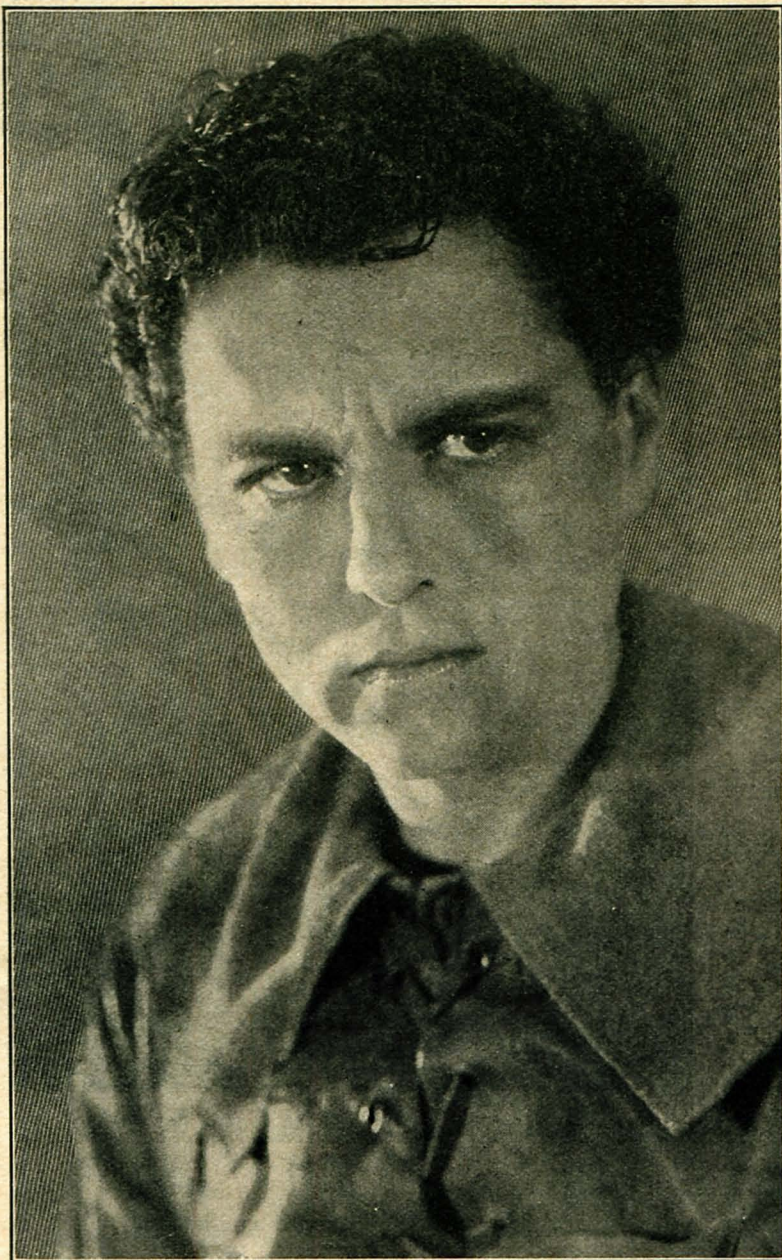
"We have just returned from Marcus, Washington, on the Canadian border," he continued, in reply to my inquiry about his work. "Twenty-five of us have been up there doing the rapids scenes for 'Quincy Adams Sawyer.' We lived for four weeks in our private train, sidetracked, driving three miles to location each day in buggies, and had a great time. Once a cloudburst caught us on location, and we scurried back to the car and played the phonograph for two days until it stopped raining."

He paid Blanche Sweet a charming and sincere compliment.

"We almost had a catastrophe, too, all my fault. The scene required that Miss Sweet, playing the blind girl, faint, and that I plunge into the

rapids and rescue her not three feet from the brink of the falls. We discussed the scene minutely, as it was impossible to rehearse it, and men were swimming out of focus, with ropes and buoys tied to their waists, to rescue us if need be. But when, with Miss Sweet in my arms, I attempted to brave the current, my foot hit a rock and I dropped her. And at that moment

Continued on page 92



The Indiscretions of a Star

A celebrated player recounts the real story of his romantic experiences.

As Told to Inez Klumph

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

CHAPTER XLII.

I SHOULD think that I would have learned by this time not to meddle in other people's love affairs," Barry laughed. "I never try to help any one that I don't jump into trouble with both feet myself. I like Haines and I hate to see him handicapped with a wife like Madge Gordon."

"But you ought to be glad to have her out of your way at any cost," I suggested.

"But she's so selfish," Barry protested in his nice boyish way. "And right now at the very beginning of his career, Haines needs every help. However——"

He wouldn't say anything to Louis Haines—I knew that.

He was too chivalrous to help Haines at the girl's expense. I began to wonder if there was anything that I could do. I'm getting to be as bad as Barry—or worse.

As I sat there looking across the lot with its pageant of curiously painted, strangely garbed people, Nancy Warren strolled over from the studio and stopped beside me.

"Come and sit on the camera man's platform with me!" she urged, offering a bag of lemon drops. "I think he'll let us, maybe." So we climbed up the little ladder leading to the platform where three cameras stood, trained on the set before us. One of the camera men had an electric motor attached to his machine, which turned the handle for him and saved him that bother; the other two were grinding away for dear life till just before we joined them. I sat in a canvas-seated chair with the director's name on it, and Nancy Warren sat on the edge of the platform and swung her feet over the edge.

She was amazingly pretty, I decided. Then, when Pauline Stewart began rehearsing a scene with Barry, I decided that she wasn't, for her little, pointed face grew hard and set. One of the camera men grunted disgustedly as Pauline and Barry ran through the scene, and Nancy lifted expressive eyes to me as Barry grew awkward in his very eagerness to have the girl succeed. I realized that he had made a mistake in having her work with him, and that, after they were married, if she still acted in his pictures the mistake would be even more grave. Many a motion-picture star has been ruined by marriage, and many another has been made. I hated to think that Barry Stevens might hit the toboggan slide of the has-beens.

I wondered if I couldn't get Nancy Warren to talk to me about it. Perhaps she'd know something, have some new angle on the situation, that would help.

When dinner time came, she and I got what we wanted from the cafeteria and took our trays out to a corner of the set. The sun had gone down, and in the twilight the narrow, crooked streets which they had

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

Some people have a hard time finding romance and excitement—others just can't escape it. Barry Stevens is one of the others. Adventure comes to him, and when it doesn't he goes out and stirs up a little himself. There is hardly a thing in the line of indiscreet behavior that Barry hasn't done at one time or another; there is hardly a prominent actress in pictures with whom he hasn't had some kind of affair, harmless for the most part, but not always conventional; and, with it all, there is hardly a person who really knows him that doesn't think that Barry is just about the squarest, biggest-hearted person in the world, who has been misjudged practically from the beginning of his career. That is why Barry is telling his own story—to help clear up the false stories that have been circulated about him. Last month you read how Barry managed to extricate himself from a marriage with Madge Gordon, who then settled on Louis Haines, a young star, as her next victim. The story continues.

built for the picture were remarkably realistic.

"What do you think about Barry and this girl?" she demanded, after we'd been there for a few minutes.

"I don't know," I answered. "At first she seemed like a sweet little thing, and I had an idea that they'd be happy together. But now——"

"Now it's a different story!" declared Nancy. "She was all right, they tell me, when he gave her that try-out as manuscript girl. Then he fell in love with her. And now—upstage? Oh, my dear! You should see her. The other day they were taking a close-up of her, and some of the men extras were talking not far away. Well,

you know what language is at times around the studios! You have to learn that people don't mean anything by it, and if you don't like it, why, you just don't listen, that's all.

"Well, these men had been swearing a lot, and all that sort of thing, but she evidently thought nothing of it—no reason why she should. Then one of them said something or other was 'lousy'—which is none too nice a word, maybe, but you know how movie people use it—all the time!

"The lady threw a fit. She couldn't go on working! She was too sensitive, too delicate—that horrible language had upset her terribly—people should be more considerate. She went to her dressing room and stayed there, and no amount of coaxing could make her come out. It happened that that meant wasting time—they'd arranged to shoot this stuff of hers and for various reasons couldn't do anything else. She insisted, too, that Barry must take her home, and when he refused she called him, before a bunch of people, and you should have seen him turn all colors of the rainbow! And I'll tell you right now, she's no wife for a picture-making man. Will you help me to break up the match?"

CHAPTER XLIII.

I wondered if Nancy Warren wanted Barry for herself. They had known each other for years, I knew. She answered that unasked question even while I was thinking it.

"Don't think I'm crazy about him," she begged. "But—well, here's my story; listen to this, and you'll see how I feel about him.

"I had a funny childhood; I lived alone with my father in an old house, a sort of shanty, out on the edge of a little town. There was just waste land around us, and we didn't have any friends. But I didn't mind that, for my father was a wonder at training animals, and I had a dog that could do all kinds of tricks. He was part terrier, I guess—anyway, he was cute as the dickens, and I adored him. I'd had him for three years, and of course, not having any-

body else, I played with him all the time. I was only twelve, and just a ragged, dirty young un, who didn't know anything.

"My father was good to me, and I had a good time. I could do a lot of stunts—he'd been an acrobat, before he got the fall that put him out of business. My mother had been in the same circus, but had been killed the year before he was hurt. He taught me some of the things he knew, though he never seemed to take much interest in me.

"We didn't have much money—our house was a poorly furnished little shack, and my clothes were just odds and ends, old costumes of my mother's made over. But I was happy, and the dog and I had wonderful times.

"Then my father died, quite suddenly, of pneumonia. The townspeople came and buried him, and when they went to the cemetery—they used one corner for a potters' field—I trailed along behind the coffin with my dog, crying, and wondering what was going to happen to me. I knew, fast enough, when they told me that I was to live with Miss Haskins—she'd been bustling about the house after father died, and had kicked my dog—that was enough for me.

"So I ran away. I got into an old pair of overalls and a felt hat of my father's, took what food I could get together, and some money that my father had hidden away in a little hole he'd dug beside the house. It wasn't much, but it would give me a start.

"When I got to Los Angeles my money was about gone. People hadn't bothered me because they thought I was a boy, but I'd been traveling for some time, bumming most of my meals, and I was getting sort of tired of it. And I blundered into the movies. I was passing a studio, the day I got there, and a lot of people with dogs were waiting outside. They'd advertised for a dog that could do tricks. That was when the movies were cruder than they are now, you know—seven years ago—and this was a little company, too, so they did things in a hit-or-miss fashion.

"Well, I joined the crowd, and my dog got the job. He was a darling, that dog!" Her voice broke on the words, and she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "He worked in that picture, and then in another, and they gave me five dollars a day when he worked, and one of the women in the company let me live with her, and I was in clover.

"Then, about six months after things began going so well, they started making a picture on the lot that was written for one of the big stars of those days—a big, beefy, flashy man, with about as much decency as an angleworm. I hated the way he strutted around, and one day one of the kids and I tripped him up with a stick, and then ran. We just did it for fun, of course, but there were some visitors there, and a gang of extras, and of course he was raving mad.

"He had one scene alone with my dog. Now, when the dog worked, I was always there; I used to stand by the camera and tell him what to do—he'd do any-



It was no accident. The star had deliberately

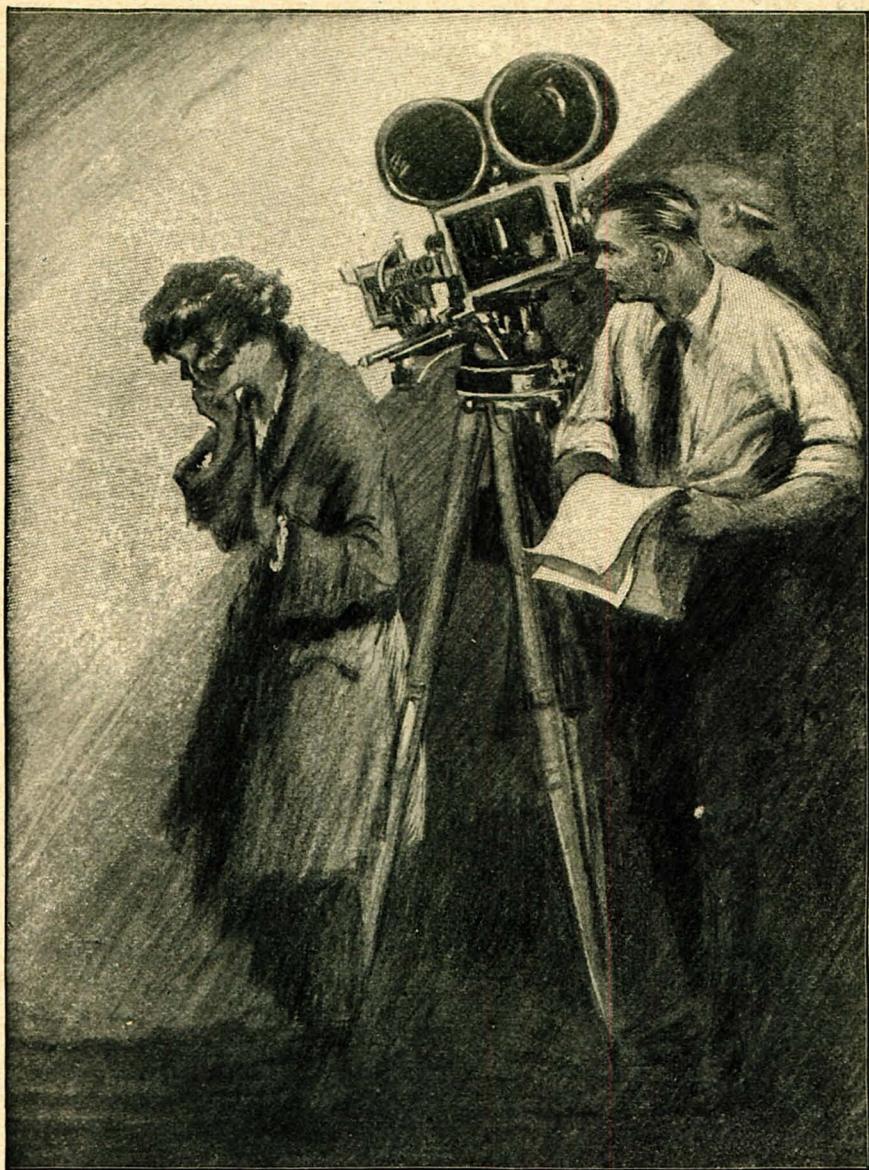
thing for me. In that scene, the dog was supposed to jump up and bite the man, and the man was to shoot him. The dog wouldn't really bite him, of course—he'd just grab his trouser leg. And the shooting part would be taken backward. On the screen, the dog would leap up, then fall back to the floor, and die. Really, it would be just the reverse of that.

"I knelt down in front of the camera, and the dog and man took their places. I began to talk to the dog, softly; I'd rehearsed it with him, you see, so he knew the stunt all right, and could do it with any one. And the man had his gun ready, loaded with blanks; at least, they were supposed to be blanks.

"They began to turn the camera handle. I spoke to the dog, and he jumped up—dear little cur!—as he'd been told to do. He nipped the man's trouser leg—just nipped it, that was all; there wasn't a mark on his leg afterward! But the man cried out, 'He's bitten me! The little devil's bitten me!' and fired. And the dog slumped down on the floor in the most awful heap and turned to me—and I knew that he was dying."

CHAPTER XLIV.

Nancy Warren didn't say anything more for a few moments, and I knew that the sorrow of years ago was still fresh in her heart. Presently she began again.



shot my dog to get even with me.

"The man said it wasn't his fault that his revolver was not loaded with blanks—he blamed it on the property man. But every one knew where the blame belonged. I nearly went out of my head—the dog meant so awfully much to me, you see. It was a year before I could bear to go near the studio. People were awfully good to me, but I couldn't seem to care what they did for me.

"I sort of blundered along through the next few years. The woman I lived with was a happy-go-lucky sort, and I kept the flat clean and did little things for her, in return for my room and board. She used to ask me why I didn't try to get into pictures, but I didn't want to make the effort.

"Then I went to the studio one day, on an errand for her, and while I was hanging around on the lot I saw a girl doubling for one of the leading women. She was doing a stunt that would have been perfectly simple for me, and making a mess of it. The director saw how badly she was doing it, and called to her to stop finally. I had the gall of youth. I went over to him and asked why he didn't try me.

"He was the man who'd directed the picture in which my dog was shot, and he'd always been extra nice to me. He said I could try it, and I did—and from that day on I doubled for everybody but the fat men.

"Then I nearly got killed, and met Barry Stevens. You see, I was awfully jealous of my place as stunt woman, and scared to death that it would get away from me. There were a lot of professional acrobats who were after it, and I wanted to hang on. So one day, when they were shooting a picture in San Pedro bay, and somebody had to jump overboard for the star, I didn't dare tell them that I couldn't swim.

"'Let yourself go down once, and Stevens will grab you when you come up,' they told me. I'd often seen Barry around the lot, though he hadn't been there long, but he was out of my class—he didn't go around with many of the movie people, and all the girls were pretty much interested in him, so I'd pretended not to be. I decided to take the chance—he looked pretty dependable, and if he didn't get me the first time, he would the second. You see, I'd never been afraid of anything in my life—but I'd never jumped into such a lot of water as I did that day, either!

"When I stood on the railing that ran around the deck and got ready to jump, the water looked ten miles away. It seemed to me that I never in the world could do it. I could see Barry standing near by, ready to jump after me, though, and I decided that I might as well go ahead as it would be fatal to back out then.

"So I jumped. It seemed hours till I hit the water, and all the way down to it I was scared to death. Then, when I found myself going right on for hours more, under water, I was scared stiff. Of course I opened my mouth, and breathed, and all San Pedro bay went down my throat.

When I finally came up, it seemed to me that I was half dead.

"Then Barry grabbed me. And I, like a fool, threw both arms around his neck and dragged him down with me!

"He finally hit me on the head and knocked me unconscious—it was the only thing to do, unless we were to drown together. But he didn't tell a soul that he'd done it, and I came to as soon as they dragged us into a rowboat. The next day we met on the lot, and I told him the truth.

"'Better learn to swim, then,' he said.

"'I've got a fat chance to,' I answered.

"'Come down to the beach and I'll teach you,' he offered.

"So we went to a swimming pool down near the beach, day after day, when there'd be a time when neither of us was working, and he taught me to swim. He had a dozen other things to do with his spare time, but that's like him—he'll help other people no matter how much it inconveniences him. And—well, I grew to like him pretty well.

"Then I got a chance to do serials—just as support for a man who was well known. He"—she looked up at me with a grin as boyish as Barry's—"he's the man I'm married to," she went on, laughing. "Didn't

know that, did you? Few people do. He's left the picture game and is ranching out West, and I'll be out there with him as soon as this picture's done—I don't believe there's going to be much in picture making, so far as actors are concerned, for the next few years, and by the time things are different, people will want a new crop of stars. So I'm going to clear out before I get kicked out."

"You know that you'll never be kicked out," I told her. "People will always want to see you on the screen."

"Sure—I'm a regular Mary Pickford—but I don't want to wear out my welcome," she answered. "Well, as I was saying, I was given a chance to work in serials, and after the first two, they ran me in 'em alone. It was loads of fun, and though I got some bad bumps, I didn't mind. We almost always worked out in the open, and I liked that, because I hated studio stuff. I'd had one bad case of Klieg eyes, and that was enough."

"And Barry was a peach to me. We'd become pretty good friends while he was teaching me to swim, and we sort of kept it up afterward. When Henry—that's my husband's real name offscreen—seemed to be on the verge of proposing I got so excited that I couldn't work, and went back to Los Angeles, where he was, for a rest. And I'd stand around and watch Barry work, in the studio, and when he'd come off between sets I'd grab him and ask him if he thought Henry really cared for me. And he'd always say he did!"

"Then Henry got hurt, and it took all my money to get him patched up—he hadn't saved a cent—and when he got well, Barry insisted on giving us a month at Santa Barbara, which was just what Henry needed, for a wedding present. So—well, you can see how I feel about Barry."

"And now about this girl. She's not the one for him—you know that as well as I do. He needs a wife who'll understand his work, and be willing to stay in the background, if necessary, to push him along. He doesn't want a girl who'll get tired of the movies as a pose and want him to go into something nice and respectable, like selling bonds! Getting married if you're in the movies has got to be a case of like to like, if it's going to work out right."

"So I want you to help me make him get over this infatuation of his for Pauline Stewart, if you will. It's got to be done, if he's to be happy, and if he's going to succeed in his work. You know, he can go a long way, if he doesn't slip back now. He's had an offer to go on the stage—did you know that? And I believe that he can do as John Barrymore did—go from light stuff into real work. He's got loads of talent. But he'll never get anywhere with her—you know that."

I did. And I wanted to see Barry succeed, just as much as she did.

"I've got a plan," she went on. "I think it'll work, but I can't pull it off alone. How about having luncheon with me to-morrow, so that we can talk it over?"

I accepted the invitation. And I went home wondering just how old Dame Fate was going to spin the wheel for Barry now.

CHAPTER XLV.

It soon became apparent that Pauline Stewart's people were not going to sit back and let Barry Stevens win their daughter without their making any more trouble, after they knew where she was. At first they protested frantically against her becoming a motion-picture actress; then, when the newspapers joyously took up the story, they rather wilted, and tried to subside into silence, but the reporters wouldn't let them. In despair, they announced that they were going abroad.

Barry breathed a long sigh of relief the day their boat sailed, and the papers all came out with pictures of them on board ship, with appropriate comments, and speculations as to whether Barry and Pauline would marry now that Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were out of the way. Pauline's sister, Mrs. Adam Ireson, was still in the States, however, so the family was represented, in case any opportunity should arise for breaking off the girl's affair with Barry.

"For goodness' sake, what is your plan?" I demanded of Nancy Warren that afternoon, tossing a newspaper with the Stewarts' photographs in it into a wastebasket. We were sitting in an unused set, where we could look into the one next, where Barry and Pauline were working. "Isn't it time that you got it into working order?"

"Well, it's simple, but it can't be sprung till the right moment," Nancy replied. "Do you know what I'm going to do if Barry comes out of this mess alive and unmarried? I'm going to marry him off to the very first suitable girl I run into. He's got to have a wife to keep him out of mischief! I'm going to get one for him. Why, he—well, did you ever hear of the time that Lolita Lorraine almost finished him?"

I admitted that, though I'd heard of most of Barry's escapades, I'd never heard of the one with the beautiful Lolita. She is a gorgeous creature; clothes have made her, on the screen, and have kept her where she is despite heavy rivalry. She is the dressmakers' delight. I believe that she could wear a costume of tin pans strung together and go slinking about in them as gracefully as if they were Georgette crêpe. She can do her hair in outlandish ways and wear rings on her thumbs, and still be beautiful in the eyes of the public. And though she appears in the most blatantly vampirish rôles, things that went out of style before Theda Bara left the screen for the stage, the public likes them, and takes her seriously.

"But Lolita's been married a long time," I protested.

"Yes—occasionally. You see, her marriage didn't turn out as she expected it would. She thought she was marrying a millionaire, a dashing young polo player, and all that. When it was too late she discovered that he'd never done anything with a polo mallet but have his picture taken with one, and as for money—well, he thought she had it. One of those affairs, you know!"

"She really tried to make a go of things, at first, but it seemed as if it couldn't be done."

"She and her husband used to leave each other regularly, but they'd always go back. Then she met Phillip Morton, the English actor—you know who he is, of course. He was sort of taking a sentimental vacation at the time; he'd been engaged for a long time to Myrtle Le Moyne, and had got a divorce, but couldn't get married just yet. He'd adored Myrtle because she was so little and frail, and she found it out, and so proceeded to get littler and frailer. The reason his wife divorced him was because Myrtle was always sending for him at inconvenient hours, saying that she was dying. Phillip's wife said she didn't know she'd married a trained nurse!"

"But as I was saying, after he got his interlocutory decree of divorce, Phillip got sort of tired of attending an invalid all the time, and Myrtle had got so in the habit of being sick, to hold his sympathy, that she couldn't seem to get over it all of a sudden. So he began to dance around after Lolita Lorraine in his spare time."

"She was pleased to pieces. Men never had liked her very much, somehow—you know, a lot of these movie sirens aren't so blooming popular, when you

The News Reel

Hollywood develops a social whirl that bids fair to eclipse its picture-making activities and send our tireless reporters to rest cures.

By Edwin and Elsa Schallert

HOLLYWOOD has gone society mad. Nothing happens nowadays without some sort of glittering function. Even so small a matter as the signing of a new contract must be accompanied by the éclat of a dinner with gold plate at the Ambassador. If more than two stars sign at once, it is likely to entail a banquet in a private hotel parlor with speeches. Nobody has to listen to the speeches, but everybody is supposed to eat, let the diet cards fall where they may.

Pola Negri or Mae Murray started it—we forget which. Pola made her début at a luncheon, and Mae first dazzled forth at a dinner dansant. Since then other stars have begun to demand similar little attentions. So too have some of the directors and authors. No less than three separate and distinct affairs have celebrated the signing of Erich von Stroheim as a Goldwyn director to make Frank Norris' "McTeague;" Warner Brothers gave a dinner to announce their purchase of half a dozen new popular novels and plays, like "Deburau," "The Gold Diggers," and "Babbitt," following "The Beautiful and Damned," "Main Street," and "Brass;" and Cecil B. De Mille himself proffered a wedding feast, including everything from caviar to small individual ice-cream birds and flowers, in honor of the marriage of Elliott Dexter to Nina C. Untermyer.

We are lately informed that a certain prominent star is shortly to give an announcement party of her divorce, but as we have the news confidentially, we cannot tell about it until a later issue.

A De Mille Reception.

Mr. De Mille has thus far been the most successful host. His parties have an *haut ton* that compares most favorably with the settings of his pictures. However, there is nothing stiff or formal about a De Mille reception, nor is there anything of the wild bacchanalianism of his allegorical Roman episodes. In fact, the spirit of a De Mille party is essentially simple and homelike. Mrs. De Mille's tactfulness and her grace as a hostess are notable, and Mr. De Mille extends the cordiality of welcome with each separate handclasp.

They threw open the doors of their ménage to a host of stars and other filmland celebrities one night toward

the close of the year. The affair was a reception in honor of delegates to a national convention of Paramount distributors. Nearly everybody of prominence drifted in some time during the evening. Together came Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin. Also Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet. The débutantes were in most instances chaperoned by their mammas. We glimpsed Madge Bellamy and Lois Wilson, among others. Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Pauline Garon, Claire Windsor, Anna Q. Nilsson, May McAvoy, Antonio Moreno, and Milton Sills helped to fill the picture. Gloria flashed

a new personality in a quaintly charming gown of white chiffon and black lace, modeled after the Colonial style of 1830, with modified hoop skirt. Pola looked lusciously youthful in a full, girlish gown of silver metal cloth, contrasted with tones of burnished gold and dull blue. Both stars wore coiffures of the utmost simplicity.

The De Mille home is ideal for entertaining. It really consists of two houses, one, the annex, being joined to the other by a conservatory. The entire mansion is over half a block long and semi-circles a landscape garden with a sweeping view of Los Angeles, Hollywood, and environs for miles in every direction. The place occupies too a most strategic position. One can imagine Mr. De Mille of an evening leaning against a eucalyptus tree, peering into a telescope to see whether all his stars are retiring early enough to get their sleep and sustain their reputation as the world's most alluring women.

By the way, the De Mille annex was originally the honeymoon cottage of Charlie Chaplin and Mildred. After their brief sojourn there Anita Stewart became the lessee.

Pola and Charlie.

Pola Negri is one of the few Chaplin innamoratae who has declined to discuss the rumors of an impending marriage with the newspapers. Time and again she has dramatically refused audiences with impatient reporters either at the studio or at home. She simply reiterates and reiterates—"I have nuzzing to say."

We suspect that her silence meets with the thorough approval of Charlie, who has always been sphinxlike—at least concerning his current romance.



Photo by Pacific and Atlantic Photos Inc.

Both Charles Chaplin and Pola Negri refused to comment on their marriage plans.

By the way, though, in Charlie Chaplin's book, "My Trip Abroad," wherein he was his own reporter, we ran across some interesting admissions. Miss Negri, so the comedian relates, averred when she met Charlie in Berlin that she found him "very nice" and also referred to him as "jazz boy Charlie." Chaplin for his part asked an interpreter to translate to her the pretty sentiment that he thought her "the loveliest thing he had met in Europe."

Oh, well—by the time this is published they may be married.

Doesn't Approve Climate.

Pola's last two weeks of work on "Bella Donna" were a severe strain on her nerves. She felt depressed and ill, and blamed it on the climate. The Los Angeles chamber of commerce, which boasts of meteorological data quite as highly as of the orange and star crop, threatened to sue her for libel, but Pola undoubtedly was in the right. No one is immune from a slight distemper due to the change in conditions between Europe and America, and Pola, to make matters worse, plunged into her first picture with little or no rest preceding.

Anyway, she had to give up all social engagements, including dinners and dances with Charlie for a time. She even missed an elaborate party at the Cocoanut Grove to which Adolph Zukor invited herself and Chaplin, Mary and Doug, and Mr. and Mrs. Lasky. At this affair, it was consistently rumored, the engagement would surely be announced.

During all this time, Chaplin's picture reposed close to the mirror on her dressing table, so we may infer that the comedian heartbreaker was more or less continually in her mind.

Our Title Revisions.

We have been looking over the pictures of the year and detect the need for some revisions in titles. For your approval we submit the following improved list:

"The Moron of the Lady Letty."

"The Bone-headed Woman."

"The Silent Yelp." (Strongheart, the Dog Star.)

"Broadway Hose." (Mae Murray.)

"The Impossible Mrs. Ballon." (Gloria Swanson.)

"Dr. Jackass."

"Her Gilded Caboose."

"Not So Nero."

(Note: We suggest also that some of these might qualify among the 9999 worst pictures of the year.)

Playful Mabel.

The Ballins—that is, Hugo Ballin, director, and Mabel Ballin, star—have completed "Vanity Fair." It shows promise of being an exquisite and faithful reproduction. A number of prominent persons of the social-professional world, friends of Mrs. Ballin, played extra and bits. We promised not to tell all the names—only that of Adele Rowland, who is Mrs. Conway Tearle.

There is a splendid supporting cast in "Vanity Fair," including Harrison Ford, Earle Foxe, Hobart Bosworth, George Walsh and Eleanor Boardman. Harrison Ford and in fact, all the men look very recherche with their—unusually!—marceled coiffures.

One day, during the ballroom scenes, Mrs. Ballin pointed out Harrison Ford, who is known as an ardent bookworm, to a visitor, saying:

"That's Mr. Doubleday Page."

"Not really!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Oh, yes," continued Mrs. Ballin. "You see he supplies us with tons of books to read each day from his library. He feels we all need to become literary. I sometimes think Harrison isn't an actor at all, but the reincarnation of a book agent."

Incidentally, we believe that Harrison likes his little "snatch" in between scenes when working on a picture. Not of Freud exactly, but something a little colder and sweeter. We have caught him twice on the same picture, while waiting to be called, sitting in a corner, apparently wholly unconscious of being spied on, licking a big strawberry ice-cream cone in one hand and alternating with bites of a chocolate bar held in the other.

Hollywood Votes for Mary.

No matter what the rest of America may think of "Tess of the Storm Country," Los Angeles likes Mary Pickford's latest feature. Hollywood, too, came out emphatically in favor of it, and for a week it ran at two theaters located within half a block of each other. It continued to run at one of these for a period of weeks.

Of course, we have prejudices against the picture. Principally, we didn't like Mary's apparent fear of getting her face dirty in the early scenes. We couldn't see any reason whatsoever why her daintily coiffured head should be soaped and doused in a bucket. They talked a great deal in the subtitles about how nice she would be if she were only given a bath, but if she had indulged in any further ablutions, we would have greatly feared for her white make-up powder.

Strange to relate, "Tess," before its release, was regarded, at least by many of Mary's admirers, as a certain failure. In the projection room it succeeded only in arousing doubts and disapproval. But that shows how little aware of the feelings of the greater public are sometimes those who are closely associated with stars. That "Tess" will ever be a tremendous national success for Mary we still somewhat doubt, but at the same time, its Los Angeles presentation has proved a real event of the year.

Harold Lloyd's forthcoming picture is sure of at least one long laugh—an eight-foot giant, imported from Texas. The feature will not be called "Jack, the Giant Killer," however.

Harold had a hard time getting the giant for the picture. The first one he engaged was so unkind as to die just about the time the film was to start. Several Hollywood home-grown giants applied, but Harold thought the Texas variety more stalky. He imported a circus celebrity named Herrold. So Harold and Herrold it is, which makes a nice affinity of names.

They say that Mildred Davis won't be able to break up her professional alliance with Harold for at least

Continued on page 86



Elliott Dexter and Nina C. Untermeyer were married at the home of Cecil De Mille.

The Screen in Review

A frank, critical verdict on the month's film offerings.

By Alison Smith

EVERY so often some learned person breaks out in an article on "What Is Wrong With the Movies." These discussions are as persistent and as frequent as the theories on what is wrong with education, the church, the stage, Congress, the dance hall, the rising generation, the United States, or the world itself, if you come to that. I haven't any intention of adding my voice to the general clamor; there are a lot of things wrong with everything in this world—including me. But this month I have been struck with one phrase which I have written over and over again in the reviews. It is that "the star was beautiful and magnetic, the support was adequate, the direction was excellent, but the story was impossible." It seems that nine times out of ten, when there is any serious fault with a picture it may be traced to the very beginning of its manufacture—that is to say to the plot on which the entire production is based.

The screen abounds in really excellent actors and directors who know how to get the last touch of drama out of a given situation. (But alas! they are not given the situation.) And every one admits, in the matter of settings, the screen has an immense advantage over the stage with all nature for a background. There remains only the story on which all these things hang and for some reason the good story is the rarest bird on the screen. I often think, when some producer advertises "fifty thousand dollars for a single setting," that if he had spent fifty cents for a single idea his film might have meant something to the public.

The fact remains that the acting, direction, and scenic setting of the motion pictures have progressed wonderfully since the beginning of film, but the stories have stayed behind—almost in the class of the old nickelodeon days. Personally I am tired of picking on the same old defect. If I could collect royalties on the number of times I have said that everything was good but the story, I'd have made a fortune out of my four years of film reviewing.

The worst example of this came this month with "Outcast." Here is a picture with a clever director, lavish settings, and Elsie Ferguson, who is certainly one of the most distinguished and lovable actresses on the screen. She usually has the power of making everything she plays in seem plausible, but she couldn't make this tale even possible. So at about the third reel, she gave up the struggle and just walked through the action



Photo by John Ellis

Guy Bates Post seems perfectly at home in the rôle of "Omar the Tentmaker," as indeed he should be.

and looked the part since there was no acting it. It is one of those films about the woman who paid and paid and was the victim of every man in the cast until she met the honorable hero. The situations are impossible, and the titles are straight out of Laura Jean Libby. You get a feeling of stupid waste when you think that in addition to Miss Ferguson, there is David Powell as the hero and an unusually good supporting cast. They tell me that the censors have been after this film and changed it from the original stage version. But if it was necessary to change it so entirely, I don't see why they did it at all.

"Broken Chains"—Goldwyn.

Here was a story I was rather curious to see, since it won a prize in a contest run by the *Chicago Daily News*. But when I saw it, I could only agree with another reviewer who said, "If this was the prize story, I would hate to read the others in that contest." It seemed to me to be only the old, old hokum about a boy who leaves the effete East for what *Merton* called "the great open spaces" and who finds a beautiful girl

abused by her husband and who rescues said heroine and beats up the villain and ends with the fair one in his arms in the same old close-up we have seen so many times. Colleen Moore's humor was entirely lost in the role of the wife; she was made to appear so meek and inane that you understood why her husband treated her so badly. Malcolm MacGregor was handsome, direct, and unaffected as the hero—but what can you do with a rôle like that? I was surprised to see Beryl Mercer in a very small part—there is an actress who could do a masterpiece of a mother rôle if some one would write it for her. But not one of this very competent cast had a chance to show what he could do. I can't understand the standards of the judges who awarded this prize. The story is exactly like hundreds of others which have been reeled off without end since the movies first began.

"The Flirt"—Universal.

And now just to be a little more cheerful, I hasten to remark that "The Flirt," Hobart Henley's adaptation of Booth Tarkington's famous novel is one of the best stories screened this month or any other. The story of the supreme and silly young egotist who got engaged to every young man in sight, shattered her drudging sister's romance, and involved her father in serious financial trouble is a popular favorite. It is splendidly played with Eileen Percy in the title rôle, Helen Jerome Eddy as the plain sister and George Nichols as their father. This picture might have been made sentimental and theatrical, but Hobart Henley has chosen the nobler course and made it natural and genuinely moving. One of the most touching scenes I have ever seen on the screen is played in this picture by Helen Jerome Eddy and Buddy Messenger. I don't need to tell you which one it is, because you can't miss it.

"Omar the Tentmaker"—First National.

Guy Bates Post seems perfectly at home in this rôle, as indeed he should be. He played it on the stage for over four years without a season's break in between. As a stage spectacle it was a wonderful triumph for Richard Walton Tully, and many of its thrilling moments have been transferred to the screen. Nevertheless it lacks the blazing color and blare of sound with which Tully produced this vivid tale of *Omar* who wove his tents and scribbled his verses and loved *Shireen*, the maiden enamored of the wicked *Shah of Shahs*. Like the play, the film is divided into two romances, that of *Omar* for his love and of *Omar's daughter* for a captive Christian. I liked Guy Bates Post best when he was safely advanced to the role of the father, for the screen is merciless, and he no longer looks the part of the young, impetuous author of "The Rubaiyat." Virginia Browne Faire plays the unfortunate *Shireen*, and Patsy Ruth Miller the little *Shireen*, her daughter. There is an extraordinary resemblance between these two actresses that makes the relationship most plausible.

On the whole, this smoldering tale of Persian loves and hatreds has been faithfully and skillfully filmed. Only the limitation of the screen denies it the sound and color which made the stage version so popular.

Everybody's Always Kicking

About the quality of motion pictures. They are tawdry, they are insincere, they are too much alike, they deliberately follow the pattern of some great success, critics aver.

Have you ever wondered how they compare with the offerings on the speaking stage in New York? Do you think—as many people residing in remote parts of the country do—that if you came to New York and went to the regular theaters you would get away from it all; that you would find originality, freshness of treatment, and great dramatic masterpieces in every theater?

If you do, prepare to have your illusions shattered!

Alison Smith, who is dramatic editor of a New York newspaper as well as our motion-picture reviewer, says that the screen has advanced beyond the stage in the general run of material offered. Comparing the stage offerings of the last year in New York with the motion pictures of the same period—as she will in an article in an early number of *Picture-Play*—brings out some amazing facts. Don't miss this article. It marks one of the milestones of motion-picture history.

"Toll of the Sea"—Metro.

I thought of "Omar" when I saw this new experiment which to me seemed infinitely better than any previous attempts to transfer color to the screen. It is the story of *Madame Butterfly* developed in hues which are so soft and natural that you forget that you are watching an experiment and really lose yourself in the plot. Anna May Wong is the *Butterfly*—Chinese this time—and Kenneth Harlan the American who broke her heart. This is the first time I have ever seen a picture which made me believe that the color films are actually practicable. When they begin to sneak up on you so that you forget the "color process" and only know that they are beautiful, then the colored films have arrived.

"The Beautiful and Damned"—Warner Brothers.

This is a screen version of Scott Fitzgerald's vivid exposé of the younger set in New York. This author—who is very young himself—has set about showing up the hectic pace that flappers and philosophers follow these days. His novels are fast-moving, piquant, and highly colored studies, but for all that they have a very genuine moral. In making the screen version, Olga Printz-lau has seen fit to remove the moral.

Fitzgerald's younger people learned literally that the wages of sin were death—moral death at least. They drink and fox trot and toddle into an early grave and wind up as middle-aged, debauched nervous wrecks. Miss Printzlau holds to the moral far enough to present their wild life in a series of mad, mad parties which, however, are far too exciting to be useful as an awful warning. She also permits them to sink into poverty, but she hasn't the heart to leave them in their misery. When the old uncle's money does come that way, they are both still beautiful and not damned a bit. Of course this makes a happy ending, but that wasn't at all what its young author meant.

The picture is brilliantly directed and excellently cast. Kenneth Harlan is the young man who goes through his fortune as merrily as if he had not been named for Anthony Comstock. Marie Prevost is his mad young bride who tears through the action in a sort of wild dance. Tully Marshall does an excellent piece of work as the old grandfather who holds the fate of most of the cast in his wrinkled old hands. It seemed strange to see Louise Fazenda out of slapstick and doing conventional vamping in a conventional way. I think her talents are wasted as an ordinary society lady when she might be whirling pies through the air. On the whole a colorful and entertaining picture has been made of this tale of "finale hoppers" and their ways, even if it didn't conform to Scott Fitzgerald's ironic view of them.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer"—Metro.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" has only one reason for existing—it brings Blanche Sweet back to the screen. This, however, would be sufficient for a much poorer film, for Blanche has come back more lovely and mag-

netic than ever. But for some unfathomable reason, the director has cast her in a rôle where she has absolutely nothing to do. She plays a blind girl in a story of rural hokum, and all the rôle requires her to do is to stand sweetly with unseeing eyes and grope with her fluttering fingers. Of course it is absurd for an actress of her ability to be wasted like this, and we can only hope that her next picture will be a real return to the screen. For the rest "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is mostly hick slapstick with an old-fashioned rescue from the waterfall at the end. John Bowers is the city feller who comes to the small town to set everything right, and Barbara La Marr is the village vamp. I was surprised to see Lon Chaney playing a "straight" villain, by which I mean he kept his face straight and didn't twist it into horrors. The story follows the usual hayseed pattern, and the subtitles are atrocious: "I reckon Quincy must have given you the quinsy" is the high-water mark of their wit. But Blanche Sweet, in spite of the fact that nearly every one in the cast has a better rôle than hers, makes the picture worth seeing.

"Peg o' My Heart"—Metro.

Laurette Taylor has been quoted as saying that she is utterly weary of "Peg"—which makes it unanimous as far as I am concerned. For all that, it seems only fair that her enormously successful rôle written by Hartley Manners should be preserved on the screen. Moreover, her work as a screen star is delightful. As the romping Irish girl in a family of frigid English relatives, she has the same spontaneous quality that kept the play running for four years or more on the stage. Unfortunately her supporting cast in this film is about as bad as they come—except for Russell Simpson who plays the old Irish father. This director's idea of an aristocratic English family must have come from reading Goldberg's cartoons. But *Peg* is there and lively enough to take your mind off the rest of the cast. Thus ends the swan song of a famous stage character.

"As a Man Lives"—Achievement Films.

Frank Losee is a physician in this film with a novel medical theory. He believes that if he can operate on a criminal's face and make him look like an angel his deeds will become angelic to match his countenance. In other words, that the reason the rogues'

gallery got that way, is because they look that way. Like most stories based on a freak theory, it gets nowhere, but there are parts which are amusing because they keep you guessing. There is much lurid apache atmosphere because the doctor goes to Montmartre for his criminals. Robert Frazer is the chief criminal, with Gladys Hulette as a particularly vivacious sweet young thing.

"A Blind Bargain"—Goldwyn.

Here is another physician and more surgical operations, but this time they are more spectacular if not any more plausible. This M. D. has an idea that if he can experiment on enough human beings, he can find the secret of eternal life. He does his best with one poor victim, but the result can hardly be called a success from the ornamental point of view; in fact the poor creature with wolves' fangs and popping eyes and lolling tongue is horrible enough to scare the life out of the babies in the audience. By this time, I suppose you have guessed the star of this picture—there is only one actor who could play it, and that is Lon Chaney. He is also the fiendish doctor who lures the young hero into his laboratory and straps him to an operating table and starts his merciless experiments. But, at the right moment, one of his former victims escapes from a cage and cuts short both the experiment and the doctor's life. I don't like to be heartless, but I was far more interested in the doctor's theory than I was in the somewhat wooden hero. If he had been made a sacrifice to science I might have shed a few tears, but it wouldn't have upset my entire day. However, he is spared to return to the gentle heroine played by Jacqueline Logan.

This theme very strongly suggests a stage play called "The Monster," which was written by Crane Wilbur and ran some time on Broadway. But then I was told that Mr. Wilbur found the plot in Paris in a performance of the Grand Guignol which is a little

Helen Jerome
Eddy and
Eileen Percy
make the
sisters in "The
Flirt" prosai-
cally human,
moving
characters.



theater devoted entirely to themes of terror that freeze your spine. Whatever its origin, it's a good thriller and an excellent addition to the chamber of horrors.

"Singed Wings"—Paramount.

I wish directors would label their pictures "This is burlesque" or "This is serious," so I would know whether they were doing a straight story or poking fun at the films. So often I can't for the life of me tell whether they are on the level or not. Now "Singed Wings" may be a satire on that type of movie or it may be that Penrhyn Stanlaws intended us to accept it seriously. When I think of the subtitles, I'm sure it is burlesque, but then I think of the excellent cast and decide it must be meant in good faith. For Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel, Ernest Torrence, and several others do such fine and spirited work in their rôles that you feel it is a crime to cast them in such an idiotic scenario.

The heroine is a more or less half-witted Spanish dancer in a café, who for some delirious reason has promised not to give away the rose in her hair. A portly matron masquerades as this young moron—deceives every one in spite of her fat legs and is shot by an arrow from a wicked fairy when she gives away the rose. Perhaps you can make something of this rigmarole; I can't. Any writer who turns out stuff like this, must live in fear of murder by the audience. At the Rivoli, the audience took the wiser course, and laughed. Mr. Stanlaws, by the way, has ended his career as a Paramount director.

"You Never Know"—Vitagraph.

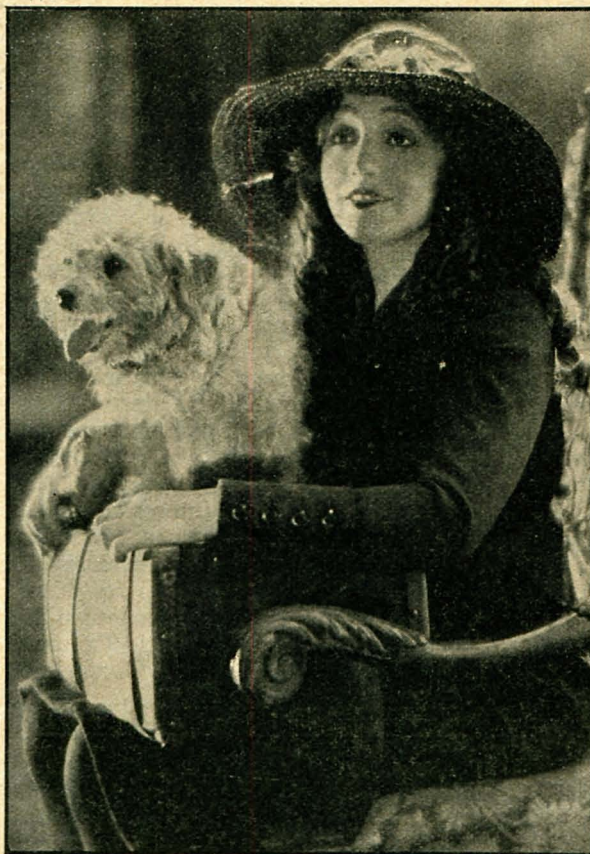
Another one of those South American republics with plots and Spanish dancers. In the midst of it is Earle Williams as the dauntless hero disguised as a crook of the underworld. Same old fights, same old dances, same old loving ending. The action doesn't seem to be directed at all—the figures just wander over the screen whenever the spirit moves them—"you never know" is certainly the best title that could have been chosen for this mediocre picture.

"Breaking Home Ties"—Associated Exhibitors.

Ever since "Humoresque," we've had all sorts and conditions of Jewish home dramas. This one is another—and very good of its kind. It was inspired, says the program, by the Jewish chant "Eli, Eli," and the director makes the most of the tremolo notes in that plaintive strain. It is the tale of a Jewish boy who leaves Russia for America because he thinks he is a murderer and suffers the usual vicissitudes of the young emigrant. There is much excitement over Yom Kippur and other bits of Yiddish local color. Rebecca Weintraub plays the old mother, without whom a play about Jewish life could not possibly be written.

"A Daughter of Luxury"—Paramount.

Again we have a beautiful, clever star, mixed up with a story that is an insult to her intelligence. Agnes Ayres can play the intellectual heroine so convincingly that it pains us to see her as one of those sweet and dumb lay figures. This girl is the sort who sits and starves to death rather than lift a finger, and who lets the villain represent her as an impostor without saying a word in her own defense. Five minutes' frank conversation between any of the characters would have cleared up all the complications, but this couldn't happen because it would end the film. In spite of the foolish incidents, I enjoyed most of the film because of the lovely pictures made by Agnes Ayres in a series of ravishing frocks. As a daughter of luxury, she is the most ornamental I have ever seen.



"Peg o' My Heart" on the screen has the same spontaneous quality that made it a great success on the stage.

"Thirty Days"—Paramount.

"Thirty Days" was the last picture Wallace Reid made before his breakdown. It is a cheerful bit of nonsense about a hero who is given this stretch of time to prove that he can keep out of flirtations. It is a bit trivial for five reels, but for the most part, genuinely amusing. Also Wallie shows more animation through its action than in any of his recent pictures except the inimitable "Clarence."

"Heroes of the Street"—Warner Brothers.

One of those asphalt melodramas in which the orchestra always plays "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town." Wesley Barry has the spotlight as the young son of a New York policeman; father is killed by "de gang," and Wes proceeds to avenge him. The picture abounds in hoodlum comedy and pathos of the illustrated song variety. There is a scene at the "Follies" in which a roughneck audience starts something which would make Flo Ziegfeld curl up in horror if he could see it, for if there is one thing this producer is proud of, it is his sophisticated and well-mannered audiences. This entire picture was designed for children and rather tough children at that.

"Kick In"—Paramount.

Just as "Heroes of the Street" convinces you that policemen are the noblest specimens of the human race, along comes "Kick In," and you learn that they are fiends in human form. This is a screen version of the once popular melodrama by Willard Mack, which has lost some of its thrills on the way. It isn't, however, the fault of Bert Lytell, who plays the reformed crook, which John Barrymore played on the stage, or of Betty Compson as the girl or of George Fitzmaurice who directed the entire picture with interesting lights and shadows. Perhaps we have passed the stage where this type of plot has the power of real thrills, and "Kick In" has lost its kick in a deluge of crook plays.

Continued on page 86

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, as such a list would occupy too much space. Program pictures will be included in it only when they are genuinely distinctive. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue will not be mentioned, but aside from those this list will comprise those generally considered as the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood"

—United Artists. The thrilling and impressive old story of tournaments, crusading, and merry huntsmen who robbed the rich to feed the poor. Gorgeous as the settings are, the picture is always dominated by the impressive personality of the star.

"One Exciting Night"—D. W. Griffith.

Not a great picture, but one of Mr. Griffith's interesting experiments. Modeled after the murder-mystery melodramas of the stage, it packs thrill on thrill and in the midst of horror lets you down with low comedy.

"**Oliver Twist**"—Jackie Coogan. A pretentious and satisfying version of the Dickens story showing Jackie in a characterization of real depth. Lon Chaney and Gladys Brockwell give admirable support.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

—Cosmopolitan. An elaborate and gorgeous presentation of the old story of *Henry VIII.* and his management of the marital affairs of his sister *Mary Tudor.* Lynn Harding and Marion Davies head the cast, which is almost as impressive as the settings.

"The Old Homestead"—Paramount.

A homespun melodrama embellished with prop whiskers and a terrific hurricane. Not recommended to any one with fond recollections of the old stage play, but weepy and gripping entertainment for others.

"The Bond Boy"—Barthelmess.

The same locale as "*Tol'able David*," and apparently an attempt to reproduce the spirit of that masterpiece. The story is shoddy and illogical, but the winning sincerity of Richard Barthelmess and Mary Alden makes you forget it.

"Clarence"—Paramount.

One of William De Mille's best. Wallace Reid has a real chance at characterization as a shabby, absent-minded doughboy who untangles a family's troubles.

"The Prisoner of Zenda"—Metro.

Rex Ingram's capable direction has preserved the highly romantic flavor of this old story of a mythical kingdom. Alice Terry, Lewis Stone, and Barbara La Marr fit admirably into the scenes of royal splendor.



THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Tess"—United Artists.

A sob-ridden tale of a squatter's daughter whose morals are better than her manners. If you love Mary Pickford in the sort of rôle that made her famous, you will find this irresistible. Not recommended, however, to people who are not content to have pictures remain in their infancy.

"To Have and To Hold"—Paramount.

A dashing romance of the seventeenth century, glamorous, lively, and beautiful. Betty Compton at her loveliest,

with a distinguished cast that includes Bert Lytell, Theodore Kosloff, and W. J. Ferguson.

"Trifling Women"—Metro.

A fantastic and savage concoction with all the weird fascination of a bad dream. Barbara La Marr proves her supremacy as silken *Lorelei*, and Lewis Stone and Joe Martin distinguish themselves as usual.

"Brothers Under the Skin"—Gold-

Mae Busch, and Norman Kerry concerning spendthrift wives and hard-working husbands. Helene Chadwick, Mae Busch, and Norman Kerry contribute to the merriment.

"Lorna Doone"—Tourneur.

A succession of striking and beautiful pictures presenting the wild, wild *Doones* and the blandly beautiful young girl they kidnaped. The spirit of the old story is preserved, but it just falls short of being a great picture. Madge Bellamy and John Bowers head the cast.

"East Is West"—Constance Tal-

madge. Pep, bunk, and sticky sentiment presenting Constance Talmadge in Chinese costume, but in her usual characterization.

"Under Two Flags"—Universal.

A vigorous old melodrama that survived many successful seasons on the stage, brought vividly to life with Priscilla Dean in a swaggering, spirited rôle. One of our best deserts presented this season.

"Shirley of the Circus"—Fox.

In every star's career there is apparently one circus story. This one of Shirley Mason's is one of the most entertaining, and gives her an opportunity to dance and ride bareback most charmingly.

"The Face in the Fog"—Cosmopol-

itan. A thrilling riot of creepiness and shocks veiled in fog. Lionel Barrymore, Gustav von Seyffertitz, and Louis Wolheim provide the thrills.

"Ebb Tide"—Paramount.

A romantic and colorful adventure story replete with South Seas atmosphere. Not entirely satisfactory to Stevenson enthusiasts, perhaps, but excellent movie material.

"Skin Deep"—First National.

An exciting melodrama of a crook who tries to reform. It is a great ad for facial surgery, as Milton Sills gets completely made over from a reprehensible crook to his own handsome self through the process in this picture. This is not one of those pictures you can either take or leave alone; if you go to it, it will get you.



WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

"The Young Rajah"—Paramount.

A keen disappointment to the Valentino worshippers, but an interesting picture because it avoids the usual hackneyed motion-picture formulas. A story of predestination.

"Shadows"—Preferred.

A slow-moving New England study with little to recommend it except that it was made from a popular story by Wilbur Daniel Steele, and offers Lon Chaney an interesting Oriental rôle.

"The Light in the Dark"—First Na-

tional. A preposterous and unconvincing piece of mysticism, but it includes some exquisite color film. Hope Hampton is featured.

"Thelma"—F. B. O.

Jane Novak is perhaps not the statuesque *Thelma* Marie Corelli described, but she is a winsome and pathetic one.

"The Town That Forgot God"—The

screen's most violent flood pours in upon a wicked city full of mean citizens after a tiresome story gets under way. All of the actors but Raymond Bloomer might have been drowned without any great loss to the screen, but the flood makes the picture worth seeing.

"Anna Ascends"—Paramount.

Alice Brady spiritedly presents a Syrian immigrant girl who climbs up the social ladder stabbing villains on the way.

"When the Desert Calls"—Pyramid.

If you have acquired a taste for nice young heroines who get hauled off into the desert, here is another.

"The Village Blacksmith"—Fox.

Under the spreading chestnut tree a large, troublesome family gets into melodramatic hardships.

"The Headless Horseman"—Will

Rogers. The tragedy of this picture is that it might have been great, and it is only moderately good. Will Rogers has his funny moments, but the picture as a whole does not live up to them.

"A Tailor-made Man"—United Art-

ists. Just a first-rate movie, but not the sort of thing we used to count on seeing Charlie Ray in. It has a great deal of hokum and a chase at the end worthy of a Mack Sennett comedy, but none of the wistful appeal which Ray used to have.



FAIR WARNING.

"The Man Who Saw To-morrow"—

Paramount. Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy, and Theodore Roberts, to say nothing of beautiful, glamorous scenery wasted on a jumbled, incoherent story.

"Bulldog Drummond"—Hodkinson.

On the stage the actors played this melodrama as burlesque, but the ones who acted in the picture seemed to take it seriously, robbing it of all interest.

"The Pride of Palomar"—Cosmopol-

itan. A very yellow treatment of the Japanese menace so unskillfully done that whatever hate it inspires is focused on the producers of this stupid picture.

The Elegy of Pola

The Black Lotus Flower of Europe has been transplanted to America . . . but . . .

By Edwin Schallert

A SHRIEK rent the air. It was the climax. The torment of music ceased, and Pola Negri, a quivering, throbbing, brooding black mound of nerves lay huddled together upon the floor in front of the gilt doorway.

Slowly, almost tenderly, to an accompaniment of plaintive melody, a half-naked Nubian slave bent over her, touched her and then, with the semblance of a deep sorrow etching his face, lifted her to her feet. As he wound about her the lace of a mantilla, she stood swaying a moment, her eyes listless—empty their wells of feeling, her head beating back and forth in a dull rhythm. Then, step by step, hesitatingly, uncertainly, she half tottered out beyond the range of lights, beyond the camera itself, lost seemingly in a hypnotic mood that overhung scene and setting and onlookers, a mood nocturnal and vast as the surging, passionate desert blast that had swept and wasted and finally was destroying the bloom of its exquisitely deceptive flower—*Bella Donna*.

I had been watching one of the final scenes in Miss Negri's first American picture. Nobody but would have admitted this a privilege. It was, in fact, almost lese majesty for any stranger to be on the set. Nearly as many permissions had to be obtained to enable me to look on as are required for an audience with a Grand Lama. At least, I was told that they had been obtained, but the possible significance of this excess of formalities was absolutely lost on me once I came aboard *Baroudi's* love barge, where it was securely moored to the floor of the studio stage. I am not particularly concerned with formalities, anyhow, not even when they concern Europe's most celebrated screen actress.

Baroudi's love barge was the background for the culminating emotional scenes of Pola Negri in "*Bella Donna*." The hysterical episode I had just observed, with, I might say, almost bated breath, was one of these. The heroine had just received her blunt congé from the sheikish Oriental exquisite, who had ensnared her. She was left quite alone in a world that did not love her and did not want her. The dark lotus of her charm was broken, the leaping flame of her youth was dying away. Destiny's tragic claim was written on her brow, and one sensed for her the approach of the blackest hour—

Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, my lord,
Even less am I, even less am I—

Truly, I believe, you have never yet really seen Pola Negri on the screen. Always there has been some obscuring fault of make-up. Even as it has actually clouded her resplendent beauty, so, too, I feel, it has but half disclosed her radiant art.

To behold her now, fully illumined by the dazzle of our insurpassable lighting, and the minute excellence of our photography, will be like a glorious revelation. Lily-white her hands and face, orchidlike the spirit of her beauty. She is at once the sinister nightshade, and the white lotus, a blossom of ecstasy and a bloom of torment—

A dark cool night, and oversweet
With tuberose breath;
A jeweled javelin in the heart,
Ecstatic death.

Those who have appeared in her picture have confessed to me their absolute inability to cope with her. They accuse her, in fact, of not *giving* a single thing. She rules the set absolutely as its mistress, and that is something that can well be understood after one watches her and realizes how much of herself she literally hurls into her acting.

She has been known to stand for minutes before a mirror, pretending to be making up her lips or her eyes. In reality she was not making up at all. That was only a pretext. She was going through her preparations for the next episode. She tested every expression of her face, studied it from every angle, endeavored to get over some undreamed-of nuance of feeling, some absolutely new light of eyes, curve of lips, engraving of forehead, to eliminate if possible a spoken title, which titles, she frankly admits, and with a positive venom in her voice, "I hat'."

To Pola Negri music is the essence of her art. One might almost say that it is also the essence of her being. To it may be ascribed the vivid fluency of her acting. In Europe she was accustomed to have only the finest sort of compositions to accompany her acting—Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, and sometimes—though rarely, because he depresses her—Wagner. On her arrival in Hollywood she cast out all the jazz ensembles that were brought her as if they had been the seven devils. It was only after many fits of temperament and finally an absolute refusal to work, I believe, that she finally obtained a makeshift of piano and cello that pleased her. A feverish Lament of Grieg had been selected as the motif for her closing emotional tempest in "*Bella Donna*." The melody tossed and undulated beneath the bow of a cellist, becoming every moment more languishing, more restless. As Pola faced *Baroudi*, and learned that, after her bitter sacrifice of *Nigel*, the Oriental no longer wanted her, that, in fact, a new Circe had already captivated him, the elegy in tone became a veritable delirium. One sensed almost a demand from the actress that the music should be her stimulus; one felt that the players played for her as they had never played before. Such, indeed, is the magnetism—the well-nigh uncanny bewitchment of Pola.

Strangely, fantastically, in tune with her *desespoir*, the while, was the love boat's Nirvana harmony in black and gold—a subtle Oriental harmony built on one of those weird scales of tone that come out of the heart of the Far East. The deep inlays and intricate patternings of the narrow doors became momentarily deeper and darker. The grilled windows, fretted with a design as dainty as Chantilly lace, were lost in the febrile mists. The deep divan cushioned with inky and yellow silks, became wan as in the light of dawn, its fitful purple scarflike coverings softening to amber, and its rose and fuchsia hangings to a methitic mauve. One sensed, too, almost the sick lapping of the waters of the Nile, and the oppressive portents of pyramids and sphinx and desert waste.

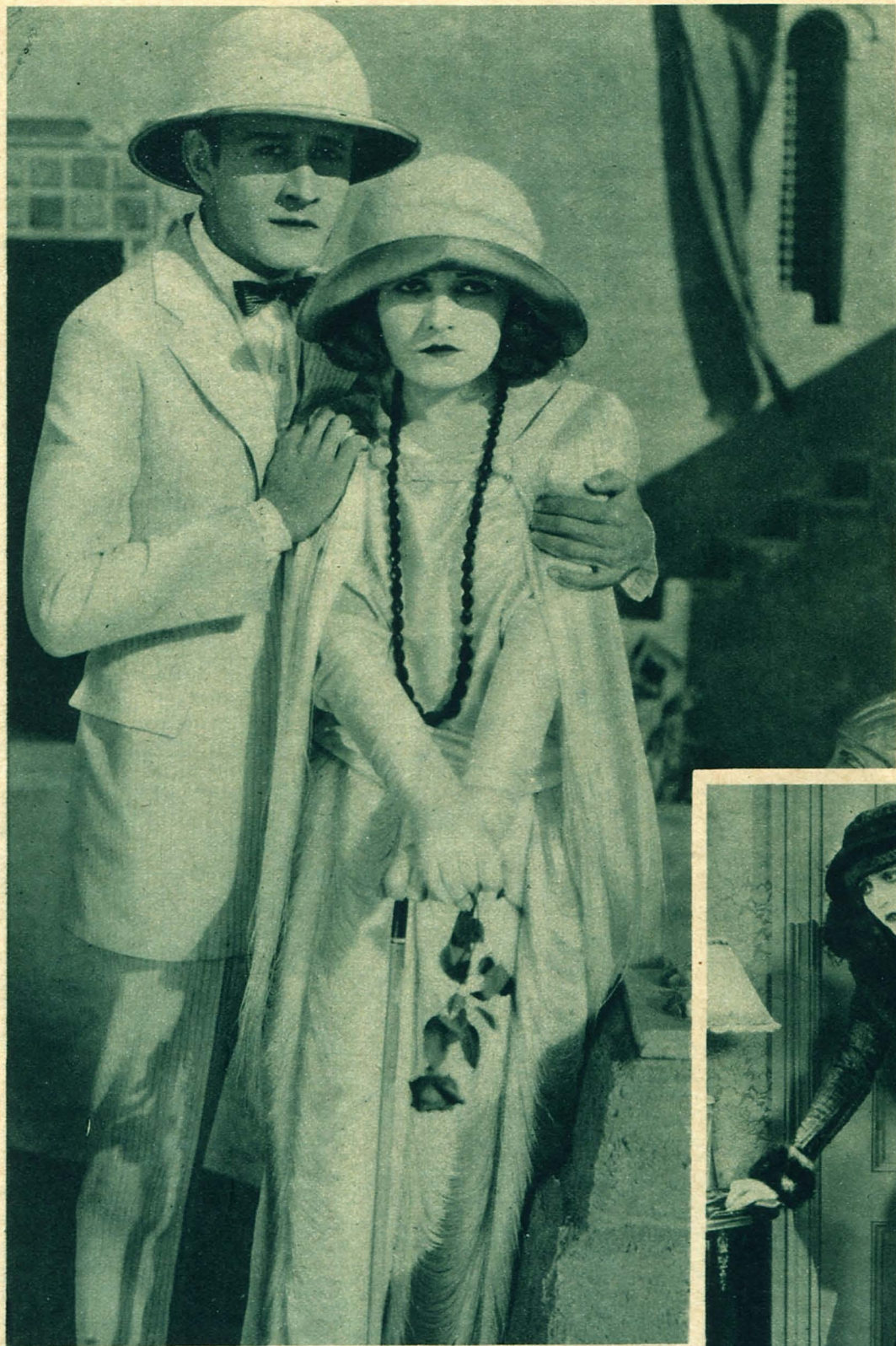
I know of no other setting that more admirably seemed to accommodate itself to the moods of its star, even as it also breathed so much of the storied wonders of the incensed far away. The skill of George Fitzmaurice, the director, who promises to become truly

Continued on page 98



Every fan is wondering what "Bella Donna," Pola Negri's first picture to be made in America, will be like. This picture, showing her and Conway Tearle in a scene reminiscent of "The Sheik" at its sheikest, answers this in part.





The rôle of *Mrs. Chepstow*, played by Pola Negri, is a gripping one. She is an out-cast from society, nicknamed *Bella Donna* at the height of her career by one of her admirers. A young Englishman, played by Conrad Nagel, has faith in her and tries to save her from her downward path.



The grim fear that possesses *Bella Donna* is that her beauty will fade entirely and her wickedness be stamped upon her face. Pola Negri subtly portrays the growing power of this fear, until at the last, when she is scorned and reviled by every one, there is little illusion of beauty left.



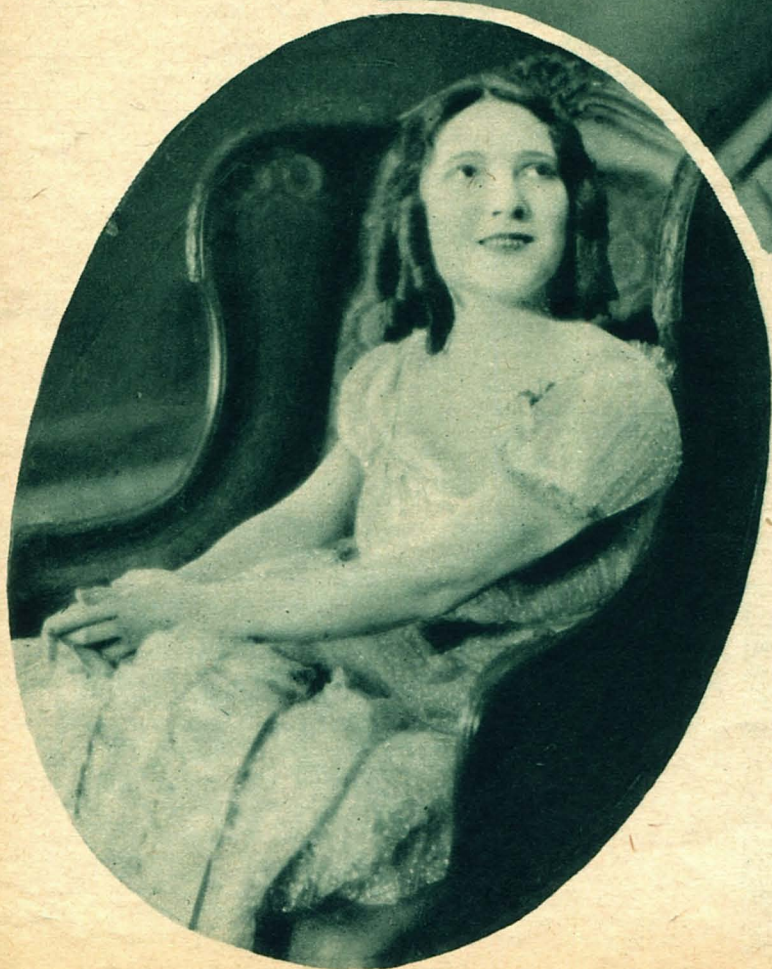


Beauty Shares the Spotlight

The beguiling prettiness of Claire Windsor or Marie Prevost is enough to make a motion-picture production memorable, but in coming Warner Productions these beauties are no more important than the stories in which they appear. "Brass" and "The Little Church Around the Corner" have both enjoyed tremendous success as novels. Above is a scene from "Brass," in which Marie Prevost and Monte Blue appear, and at the left is shown Claire Windsor in "The Little Church Around the Corner."

Mabel Goes Back One Hundred Years

Photographs by
Clarence S. Bull

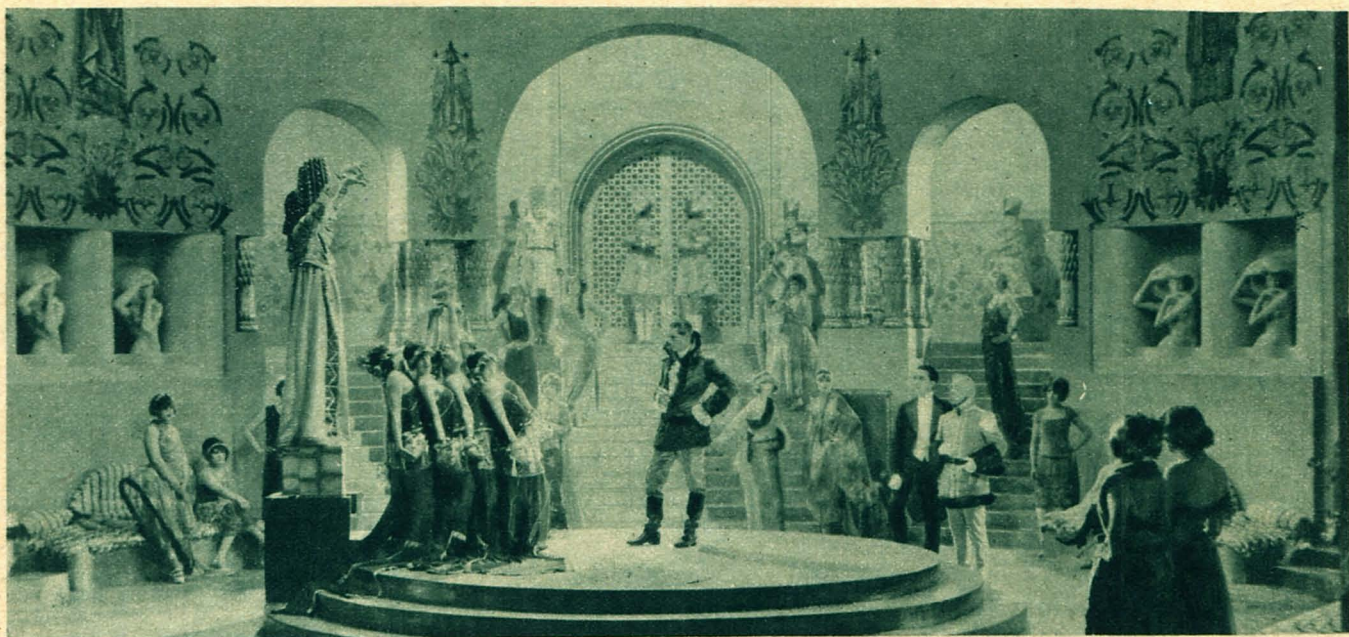


Modish Mabel Ballin of 1923 subdued and sweetly dignified, is pictured above. Most of the time nowadays, however, she looks as she does in the picture at the left. She has gone back one hundred years and transformed herself into the designing *Becky Sharp* of "Vanity Fair." She has long wanted to play this rôle, and now has the opportunity in a big production directed by her husband, Hugo Ballin, for Goldwyn.



The Magni "Enemies of

One of the biggest productions now under way is Cosmopolitan's "Enemies of Women," a strange, haunting story by Ibañez. The scene above was taken looking out over the province of Monaco. Ibañez himself came from Spain to coöperate in making these scenes and to get permission for the company to work in hitherto-unfilmed districts near Monte Carlo. The oval at the left shows Alma Rubens, who is featured in this production, and Buster Collier, who plays her son. This is the most mature and exacting rôle that Miss Rubens has played.



ficence of Women"

Many of the sets designed for this picture by Joseph Urban are lavish and striking. The scene above shows Lionel Barrymore, who plays a weak and dissolute old Russian count, in the midst of his ball-room. The dancers are from the Fokine Ballet and the extras in this scene are famous Folies beauties. At the right is one of the picturesque scenes filmed near Paris. To get authentic European back-grounds for this picture the company spent six weeks in Paris and Monte Carlo making exterior scenes. It promises to be a dazzling production.





Thrills from the Russian Revolution

Photographs by Freulich

The newest mystery picture to hold out promise of shivers and gooseflesh is "The Attic of Felix Bavu," which Universal is making with an all-star cast. Wallace Beery, Vera James, and Forrest Stanley play leading parts.





A Letter from a Star

NOTE: This interesting communication was sent to us by Myrtle Gebhart, who wrote us that she thought it would interest the fans. It was written to her by Billie Dove a few weeks ago, during the making of Metro's "All the Brothers Were Valiant," in which Miss Dove appears as you see her in the picture at the right. Every fan with a taste for adventure will be twice as eager to be a movie star after reading her experiences.—EDITOR.

On board the
Carolyn Frances.

DEAR MYRTLE: Well, here we are, living "on the briny" for five weeks. This picture is well named. The brothers are valiant, all right. If they weren't, they never could stand the smell of the whales.

This, my dear, is going to be a whale of a picture. In fact, though we've taken some promising sea shots, the whales are about the most conspicuous things hereabouts. We're living on a whaling boat, the *Carolyn Frances*, cruising around northwest of Trinidad, and that's the leading whaling station of the Pacific coast. We eat with the crew in the so-called "mess salon"—my dear, such a whale smell! It doesn't mingle well with that lily-of-the-valley perfume that you gave me before I left Hollywood.

For one of the scenes we



had to show the harpooning of a whale and captured what the old salts say is about the largest humpbacked whale ever seen in these waters—it weighed fifty-seven tons! The crew of our boat, mostly Norwegians, get \$100 for every whale they bring into Trinidad, so you can imagine how keen they are when the harpooning begins.

It's a thrilling experience. When the whale saw us, he made an awful fuss, diving and blowing and leaping forty feet in the air. The gunner, stationed at his gun mounted on a platform in the bow, pulled the trigger releasing the ninety-two-pound harpoon which carried in its head a nine-pound charge of shrapnel. The first shot drove in the harpoon but slightly and away went Mister Whale. With our engines set at half speed, he towed us forward at the amazing speed of ten miles an hour—reminded me of that day you and I drove down to the beach at a mere forty-mile clip, remember? Then the gun was reloaded, and the second harpoon pierced the side of the whale, and the shrapnel exploded, killing him. When he had stopped pound-

Continued on page 99

Continued from page 53

pictures, but it's nicer to find that they are really out of the ordinary—as Theda Bara is—than to remember them as just like anybody else. Harold Lloyd doesn't have to be a "Smart Alec" in real life. In fact, he is really shy, but he has the same fun-loving, boyish air about him that he has in his comedies.

The stars who manage to hold that elusive quality of their shadow personalities are: Nazimova—she has just the same bewitching, unique manner when you meet her; Pauline Frederick can still sway you with her magnetic charm when you come in contact with her; Bert Lytell has the debonair and courtly manner you saw in "To Have and to Hold," and I guess you understand the charm of Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Dalton, Viola Dana, Thomas Meighan, and Richard Barthelmess. They each retain in real life a lot of the charm they have on the screen.

The only time it is good to find the players different from what they seem is when their screen characters have failed to win you. Then you are glad to find that they are perhaps much more likable and intelligent than you had imagined. I would like to take the people who speak disparagingly about some well-liked players just because they have personal aversions or are unreasonably prejudiced, and have them meet those actors or actresses. They would get entirely different impressions. I think that if the fans who vent their spite on two or three players simply because some other writer happens to prefer them to the popular idol, and accuse the handsome Antonio Moreno of "having nothing to be spoiled about," and Bert Lytell of "being egotistical and strutting and posing"—if those fans were given the opportunity of meeting these actors they could see for themselves how unjust and false such impressions are. I know from my own experience. For example, I never used to care for Marion Davies or for Wanda Hawley in the movies. They seemed too insipid. But when I met Miss Davies while she was making her wonderful success, "When Knighthood Was In Flower," I found her a really very charming,

likable girl with a sense of humor. And Miss Hawley seemed much more animated and interesting than I had supposed, on the day I was with her at the Hollywood Golf Club. So now when I see them on the screen I regard them in a different light.

"What movie stars do you like best?" a great many fans have asked me. "I know most of them seem to be your favorites, but you must like some better than the rest." It is awfully hard to pin yourself down to a choice after you have met as many players as I have and found the majority of them as nice as any fan would want them. I'm afraid I couldn't choose between Richard Dix, Antonio Moreno, and Cullen Landis—they are all admirable gentlemen: Mr. Dix because of his splendid sense of humor—even though he has all the assets of a popular film hero; Mr. Moreno because his Americanized ways are pleasant combined with his Latin charm; Cullen Landis because he seemed to have remained unaffected and unspoiled.

Among the actresses I believe I am most fond of Betty Compson, Helen Ferguson, and Dorothy Dalton. That is not counting my favorite Eastern stars. Of course you must remember that my choice is merely my personal taste. Probably if you met all the players I did you'd choose different ones. However, I'm sure you couldn't help liking those I mentioned, because I am sure you'd find them among the least theatrical, the most agreeable, and the most unspoiled players you could meet.

Now for a bugaboo question that several have wanted to be sure of. "Are all the movie actresses in Hollywood what we fans would call 'rough' or 'loud'?" That question wouldn't be worth answering if I didn't know that it is a lurking suspicion in so many fans' minds, matured by gossip and rumor. Now, if it will soothe you any to believe or disbelieve me, I can truthfully tell you, "No, they are *not*!" There may be in Hollywood many a *Flips Montague*—you remember the slangy heroine of "Merton of the Movies." But they do not exist among the big stars. At least I didn't meet any. But, on the other hand, I did meet

a great many, like Ethel Clayton, Lois Wilson, Priscilla Dean, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, and any number of others who are as refined and ladylike as any one could wish.

And finally, "Now that you've been in Hollywood and seen all the stars personally, do you really feel the same about the movies as you did?"

When first asked that, it was hard to answer. I realized that I didn't feel about the movies quite the way I used to—not exactly. I'm still enthusiastic about pictures and the stars and every bit as much interested in them as I was, but my outlook and viewpoint have changed completely. It had come about in such a gradual way as I was picking up facts that I had automatically adjusted my ideas and notions without knowing it. I used to be a trifle fearful at first that I would be awfully disillusioned or suddenly jolted out of my fanciful dreams of what things would be like. But when I did find things different from what I had expected it didn't give me any shock.

It seems strange to be saying this, but one of the changes in my ideas is that I find I no longer have "crushes" on stars. I mean that wild, blind, unreasonable, unexplainable adoration of some player that generally leaves scant room for appreciation of any of the others. Of course I still have my special favorites like those I mentioned above, whom I sincerely admire, but just because I do, I don't claim they are the greatest actors and actresses and the most good looking above all others. Most fans can't seem to see an inch beyond their own favorites—I suppose I used to be the same way, but no longer. Instead of being limited to one idol I have several favorites. To know the truth about the movies helps you to a clearer understanding of the business, to appreciate the best in pictures and players, to discriminate and lavish your admiration on that which is worthy.

No fan needs to be disillusioned because they discover that actors and actresses on the screen are just real, regular people, after all. Not if you're a movie fan who has learned "not to strive to realize the ideal, but idealize the real"—which is the best way after all.

Movie Weather

By Alix Thorn.

In movieland the showers are short,
So who could be complaining!
The sun beams out, a splendid sight,
Though madly it was raining.
I've seen the street a messy place
A car a-charging through it,
Then all was cheerful shine again,
Before a person knew it.

I'd like to find that movieland,
Where moonlight's satisfying.
And as for cloudbursts, interspersed,
I'd face them, though they're trying
At present, only wistfully
I view it, for I'm certain
The way I'll visit movieland,
Is just upon the curtain.

Versatile Eyes

Patsy Ruth Miller, playing an emotional scale, proves that the eyes have it.

The most important feature, according to the motion-picture camera, is the eyes. Beautiful hair, expressive hands, a supple body, all help. But it is the eyes that really tell the story.

Patsy Ruth Miller, the pretty little Goldwyn player, is blessed with wonderfully expressive eyes. Their expression is vivid, compelling. They are versatile, too, as she proves in these pictures.



Down in the left-hand corner, you see her in doubtful mood, while just above her eyes plead with you. There's a world of mischief in the expression in the picture above that. She is taunting, flirtatious. That is not so difficult; she can do it with just one eye, you see. In the center picture she shows that it is not only the strong emotions that she can portray with her eyes; it is quite as simple for her to show insouciance, unconcern. Smoldering anger brings a hard expression into her beautiful eyes in the next picture at the right, and below that, in lighter mood, she shows surprise, tempered by amusement. And at the bottom we see her saddened. Her lovely eyes, even when only half glimpsed, show soulful depths.

The next time you see little Miss Miller on the screen, watch her eyes. Alone they will tell you a story.

Continued from page 72

"Making a Man"—Paramount.

Another reformed hero, only this time he is Jack Holt and therefore very suave and sophisticated. I am perfectly willing to admit a very personal and irrational preference for Jack Holt which lifts me out of the status of a reviewer into the class of a film fan. He seems the most distinguished and agreeable actor on the screen—except George Arliss who also is in a class by himself. In this particular film, Mr. Holt handles the rôle of the millionaire hero stranded in New York forced to work as a waiter and thus brought to the knowledge that gold is not everything. He gives this not very origi-

nal theme a significance that Peter B. Kyne had not written into the story, at least not in its film form.

"The Dangerous Age"—John M. Stahl.

"The Dangerous Age" has no relation to the absorbing and significant novel by that name which came over from Sweden. Instead of dealing with the woman of forty-five, it tells the old story of the man and wife parted by restlessness after twenty years of marriage. The husband is lured into a flirtation, but is brought back to the fold, for the sake—yes, you've guessed it—of the children! Lewis Stone and Cleo Madison have the principal rôles in this most unoriginal treatment of a stereotyped theme.

"The Jilt"—Universal.

I walked into this under the impression that it was "The Flirt." Instead it is the story of a blind ex-soldier, the girl and the other man. Not Booth Tarkington at all, but nevertheless an excellent picture which makes no compromise with the happy ending. Matt Moore plays the blind man beautifully.

"The Hottentot"—Ince.

Douglas MacLean and Madge Bellamy in the stage success of Willie Collier's. The joints of this plot creak a bit from age, but the two principals manage to carry it through by their own youth and spontaneous gayety. It is a race-track comedy, as all Collier fans will remember.

Continued from page 68

one more Lloyd picture after this. She has been offered a substantial increase in salary to remain with him, and she just can't bring herself to start those long-contemplated starring features.

Flappers! Mais Oui!

Importing stars, directors, and leading ladies has become the vogue in Hollywood, ever since Pola Negri signed a handsome contract with Famous Players-Lasky. The first "foreign product" following Miss Negri's arrival was Charles de Roche, the French picture star, who is assuming the lead in "The Spanish Cavalier," for which Valentino was scheduled.

De Roche admits himself enchanted by the feminine youth of the nation. He told us in conversation that he is spellbound by the beauty of the American girl's feet and ankles. "In Paree ze women now wear ze long skirts," he averred. "I do not lik'."

"But the skirts are soon to be longer in America for everybody," we told him.

"Ah! I hop' nevaïr."

"You like the flappers, then?"

"What you mean, flappers? Ze women that I see everywhere with ze short skirt?"

"Yes, generally."

"Then ze flappers ar' what I lik'."

Mary and Doug brought with them from New York a new leading lady for Fairbanks. Her name is Evelyn Brent, she is a brunette and played in foreign pictures for over four years. She attracted the attention of Fairbanks in "The Spanish Jade."

What is said to be one of the highest sets ever built, reposes on top

The News Reel

of one of the hills at Universal City, and is a replica of the main facade and belfry of magnificent Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. Victor Hugo's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is the story being filmed. Lon Chaney plays the title rôle, and Patsy Ruth Miller, *Esmeralda*. "Notre Dame" looks like one of the "bigger and better" pictures that all producers are making their objective.

Bert Lytell Dyes.

To dye or not to dye is the question before all Hollywood's men-folk. Bert Lytell started it. For the sake of art he became a handsome blond. Bert was selected for the rôle of *Rudolf Rassendyll* in "Rupert of Hentzau." And *Rudolph* is a light-haired Englishman, according to the traditions of the story. Bert had the option of playing the rôle with a wig, but disdained such artificialities, and decided to brave the kidding of his friends. He applied the peroxide and for a short time enjoyed the distinction of being the one and only made-to-order male blond in pictures. He hated himself, and hid when he wasn't working, but felt that his sacrifice added to the reality of his portrayal.

Hollywood's New Debutante

Corinne Griffith is quite the most popular debutante in the motion-picture social life. She is a debutante because she has just been introduced to Los Angeles and Hollywood—at least, this trip. Her name appears in the published announcements of practically every party. She is a much sought dancing partner, and her personal charm and good fellowship have endeared her to a host of friends.

Pola to Make "The Cheat."

Whenever picturegoers get together and reminisce, and wax sentimental about films of the past, they invariably raise a cry for a return to the screen of stories like "The Cheat," in which Fannie Ward was starred and Sessue Hayakawa made his name and fame. There need be no more laments over this issue, because it has been decided at the Lasky studios that Pola Negri will make a revival of "The Cheat" as her next feature. The part played by Hayakawa will be intrusted to Charles de Roche. The character is to be Spanish instead of Japanese. What changes time breeds in nationalities—and races!

Buster Keaton is going in for five-reel comedies, and Ruth Roland may give up serials for features.

Priscilla Dean has decided to censor her own pictures. She won't play anything but "nice ladies" and told Universal as much, when they scheduled her to appear in "Drifting," a rather easy-going story of the China seas. There were differences between the star and the company, amicable and otherwise. But the storm blew over and Priscilla is now "Drifting."

Whistler Impressions a la Mode.

Pola Negri—A nocturne in ivory and jet and flame.

Claire Windsor—A pastel.

Lillian Gish—Etching of a frail, young girl.

Douglas Fairbanks—Sketch of a young warrior.

Bull Montana—Harmony in black and blue.

The Late Unpleasantness.

Our pity has been excited more than our blame by learning that a certain prominent male star has been—according to his family's admissions in print—the victim of a demoralizing drug habit. We were informed through his wife's statements that their home had lost all visible signs of sacredness, owing to the persistence of guests—chiefly uninvited—who flocked thither day and night, and that her husband's defection and final breakdown was due largely to the number of these and other informal "parties." The way she stood by him through his time of particular trial and the star's own fight to recover himself, are deserving of sympathy and understanding from the public, especially as the family trace the actual beginning of his decline to an accident that happened to him while he was on location two years ago.

The revelation, as is customary, caused a great hue and cry of alarm. The usual platitudes were flung hither and yon about cleaning up Hollywood and investigating "conditions." Such hysteria is not exceptional, but it is no more effective than the arbitrary operations of producers themselves in electing moral czars and essaying to form schools of culture—or kultur—which have usually come to naught.

It is our pet belief that the industry can best be cleansed through the public taste both in pictures and stars. Digging up more scandal via investigation, or the even worse expedient of whitewashing, do little but add to what small percentage of "iniquity" there is. After all, these things cannot and never will affect the permanent destiny of an art that more and more consistently is aiming to attract and develop real people, and to put forth real plays.

Hays Arrives on Scene.

To add color to the rather sensational revelations, Will H. Hays arrived in Hollywood almost simultaneously with the avowed purpose of turning the citadel into a spotless town. There were no flares or trumpets as on the occasion of his previous visit. In fact, Mr. Hays gave out the impression that he had come out this time to work, though, incidentally, he informed the anxious cinemites that, notwithstanding the passing of several months, he and they were still "partners in the great industry," or words to that effect.

Almost immediately after his arrival he occupied the pulpit of a church and told the congregation that the future policy of the films was not to be "live and let live, but

live and help live." Evidence that he intended his latest trip to result in something beside a mutual admiration social was contained in two reported statements of his, one that "The evil in motion pictures can be taken out by the man who makes them, and there is no alibi if he doesn't," and the other that "the motion-picture industry is not to be measured by promises, but by attainments." As usual, he salved his criticism with many remarks about the wide influence of the screen.

We have, of course, all been wondering just what sort of an aviary Mr. Hays is planning to build for the bright-plumaged brood that he has politically adopted.

The twitters and chirps that we hear in various quarters are not all as sweet and enthusiastic as they might be. A chanticler is all right so long as he is crowing to the world, but when he starts in to spur the peacocks and the pheasants that are his companions within the same gilded cage there is liable to be some squawking, not to say squabbling.

Mr. Hays' popularity with the public may be equally questioned after the Arbuckle decision. At this writing, a veritable storm of protest has broken forth against Fatty's appearing on the screen. In some quarters this is regarded as sounding the knell for the Hays régime, even as it seems to spell doom for Arbuckle's hopes for a comeback.

Radio Bugs.

If you have a little radio in your home it might be worth your while to listen in occasionally for some of the voices of the stars. Many of the brightest are making a practice of broadcasting on the programs given by the larger stations of Los Angeles. Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Holt, Thomas Meighan, and others have gone on the air from time to time, and their voices have been picked up at distant points. One or two large radios have lately been installed in Los Angeles, which have, according to returns, carried quite a ways beyond the Rockies. So, if you think you live near enough, be sure to listen in for K. H. J. or K. W. H. or Z. Q. X. or blinkety-blank-blink, g-r-r-r-r. !xx!xx!xx!

By the way, Theodore Kosloff is a radio fan. He has a very expensive receiving apparatus in his home, and of an evening he mingles its musical meanderings with those of a very fine player piano. Best of all treats is to hear Kosloff sing ragtime. He has a strong Russian ac-

cent, you know, and the inflection that he gives the nutty words of popular songs is killing. Nor does he care particularly whether he sings more than the first line of the words, so long as the music goes merrily on.

Criticises Their Beauty.

Penrhyn Stanlaws, illustrator, connoisseur of beauty, and ex-Lasky director, has made all the girls in Hollywood terribly mad. "I wouldn't speak to him if I were introduced," said one bright blond ingénue. "He's just terrible!" The famous Players-Lasky girls whom Stanlaws used to direct have been particularly wroth.

It was just about the time that he and the F. P. L. severed their mutual relations over various mutual differences that Stanlaws gave out an interview picking flaws in the current types of beauty. He said among other things that Norma Talmadge had an overbroad nose, that Betty Compson's hips are too prominent, and that Gloria Swanson's head was too ponderous for her body, and in general made a lot of unkind remarks about such favorites as Betty Blythe, Lila Lee, Ruth Roland, and dozens of others. He mentioned that quite a few girls were muscle-bound in their hips and therefore stiff and ungraceful. The feelings engendered may well be imagined.

We understand that Stanlaws is going to Europe to ply his craft as a director, whether as a result of the antipathies he aroused, or because he has faith in a serener artistic atmosphere abroad may be conjectured. Stanlaws has long manifested a very critical attitude anyway toward the American movie standards of pulchritude. However, certain pictures of his, like "Singed Wings," have done little to better his own artistic position.

A Pretentious Premiere.

At the premiere of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which, you will remember, featured nearly everybody in Hollywood, about ten different celebs were present at the theater to make their personal bows. There were too many of them to talk; so they didn't. They were ushered into a box, and A. L. Sawyer, producer of the film, introduced them. Each made an obeisance or blew a kiss to the audience. The result of their presence was an engaging brilliance for a premiere, for among others who appeared were Blanche Sweet, Lon Chaney, Louise Fazenda, Hank Mann, Gail Henry, Claire McDowell, John Bowers, Kate Lester, and Barbara La Marr. The biggest tribute of applause, of course, went to Chaney. He is easily the reigning king of character actors.

Continued from page 66

come right down to it; most any flapper can cut 'em out.

"Lolita decided that she'd get a divorce—she'd been talking about it for years, but her director had never let her stay long enough in one State so that she could establish a residence there; just as she'd think she was settled in Los Angeles he'd move her to New York. So she dashed off to Reno. Morton hadn't asked her to marry him, but she figured that he would if she were free, and that a decree would be a nice little thing to have tucked away in her vanity case if she needed it.

"She had to stay quite a while in Reno, and all that time she didn't see Phillip Morton. He'd made a really good picture, for the first time in his life, and was so pleased over it that he liked any woman who'd let him talk about himself; Myrtle was willing to do that, and so was his first wife, so between them his affection for Lolita sort of languished. When she got back, he was nearly through another picture, and he and Myrtle got married the day it was finished.

"Lolita was furious. She was supposed to begin work in a day or two, herself, but she was taken violently ill instead. They gave her story to a girl who'd just been playing leads occasionally, and the kid made good in it, which was retribution, of course, but Lolita was too mad to care at that time. She sulked for three days, and then she started for the studio, met Barry Stevens on the way there, and by night she was out on the warpath after him. And he, poor innocent, didn't know enough to dodge when he saw her coming. She marched him up to the altar before he was sure she'd let him call her by her first name!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Not up to the altar really—you don't mean that Barry Stevens got married!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly—that is he did, only he wasn't. You see, Lolita wanted to get even with Phillip Morton for jilting her. Barry was a bigger man than he was, and she'd seen something of him before she went to Reno. So if she married him she could pretend that it was because of him that she got the divorce in the first place, and so hush up the yellow weeklies that had been making fun of her in a sly sort of way.

"She began by appealing to his sympathy; telling him how lonely she was, and all that sort of thing. Then she took a motherly interest in him—gave him a muffler which she said she'd made herself, and insisted on

his wearing it, though he nearly smothered to death. He's so unsophisticated that he fell for it.

"Finally they went out in his car one morning, just for a bit of air; he had to work that afternoon, and really shouldn't have left the studio at all, but she persuaded him to do it. She could make him do anything.

"How she managed the thing I don't know, but when he got back that afternoon he grabbed Henry, and me and rushed us over to a corner.

"'I'm married!' he groaned. 'Isn't it awful—what'll I do? I had to get back here on time—it's Lolita, of course—what'll I do?'

"He was almost out of his head. He no more wanted to be her husband than he wanted to shoot himself—in fact, I believe he'd rather have died right then and there than be married to her.

"'Don't tell a soul!' I warned him. 'Something may happen!'

"And then I went to see Lolita, after I'd talked to him a little more. He said he wanted to stick to her, if he ought to, that he didn't want to be a cad, or anything like that, but that they had done this just as a joke at the time; they'd been getting gasoline at a little place somewhere, and had been asked to come into the office of the justice of the peace, next door, and be witnesses for an eloping couple, and somehow things got twisted, and Barry found himself saying, 'I do,' and Lolita threw herself on his neck, and said, 'Oh, I do, too,' and the first thing he knew, instead of just rehearsing the ceremony, as Lolita had said they would, for the others, he and Lolita were married. It sounds impossible—but you don't know Lolita!

"I might have called her a cradle robber, and all that sort of thing, but she would have sworn this was the great romance of her life, and nothing else I could have said would have mattered. So I talked business.

"'It's time you had a company of your own,' I told her. 'Now, here's this man Henry used to know, who's made a ton of money in the oil business—just the kind of man to back you. He'd be glad to do it—he was asking me just last night if I knew you.' (Which wasn't true, but then, he might have asked me if he'd thought of it!) 'But if you're married—and just a bride, too, you know, so that you're not likely to take any real interest in your work—well, he's not going to take much either. So why don't you just slip out and have this marriage annulled? Barry will have a fit, of course, but after all, you're too great an artist to let love interfere with your career.'

"Now, I thought that was pretty clever. But I didn't expect it to work the way it did. I thought I'd have to urge and urge her. I guess what did it was my calling her a great artist—they all think they have wonderful talent, you know.

"Well, Lolita was sort of hit by my plan. She asked if I'd introduce her to the oil man. Would I! I arranged it for that night. Then I rushed back to Barry and told him to throw a fit when she sent for him.

"He saw her that afternoon. She told him that she was going to have their marriage annulled; that it could all be kept secret—all that sort of thing. He raved and tore his hair, according to my directions, and told her that he'd never give her up; knelt at her feet and kissed her dress and all that sort of thing. He said that if she turned him down, he'd disappear—he'd go far away, and she'd never hear of him again.

"At the moment that was what she most wanted, of course. She didn't know that he was booked to start on a location trip the next morning that would take him to the Canadian Rockies. She insisted that the matter must all be arranged at once, that she didn't love him and never had, that he had rushed her into their marriage without her realizing it—and I believe that she thought she was telling the truth.

"At last he promised to give in, because he loved her so. He went away, and she hurried to dress to meet the oil man. He was interested in her, and finally put up the money for her to have her own company.

"That was when the fun began. She made a picture that would bankrupt J. P. Morgan & Co., I guess. She had the biggest sets that had ever been built—though somebody else built bigger ones before she was through with hers. Her costumes were gorgeous. The oil man began to be worried.

"So at last she told him that if he couldn't put up enough to finish the picture as it should be finished—he'd backed down on building a reproduction of St. Peter's and the Vatican—she told him that she'd let him out. He need not put up any more money. She'd get it from some one else—which she did. She borrowed a lot more to finish it with—only, as it turned out afterward, she didn't put all the money into the picture. She hadn't put all the oil man's money into it, either. She just deposited a nice, tidy sum in the bank in her own name.

"When the picture was done, a lot of people woke up. The oil man tied up the picture so that it couldn't

Continued on page 97

SHE bosses her mother. She scolds the minister. She challenges gray-haired family councilors. She captivates men.

If you're over 25 and think yourself one of her "betters", you will disapprove of her mad-cap masquerade dancing.

If you're over 40 and "doddering down some primrose path", you'll wrinkle up your brows when she crosses her aunt by giving her a cigarette case in exchange for a prayer book at Easter.

To most "old folks" over 25 she will look like any one of the million bewitching, frivolous girls that editors and preachers are talking about.

To you who belong to the great "League of Youth", she is all the time preparing for her great crisis, when she takes her choice.

And that choice is what untangles the snarl of three half-spent lives.

"A Bill of Divorcement" is from the great artistic stage success by Clemence Dane, which thrilled New York, London and Chicago audiences—a play you will enjoy because of its daring plot, fine acting and beautiful scenes. An Ideal Film Production with lovely Constance Binney starring as the daughter. "Seldom does it fall to the lot of an artist to interpret and portray so vivid and intense a character," says Constance Binney of this star role.



Look at her closely. What is there about her mischievous eyes, her appealing mouth, her budding beauty, her brilliant mind to bring forth such condemnation. . . .

"You, my child, should never have been born"

"A Bill of Divorcement" brings to the screen what we all have been wanting in moving pictures: a great story based upon powerful human motives. "Without exception," declares Constance Binney, "my role of the daughter is the strongest ingenue part ever given me, either on the stage or the screen."

Encore Pictures

DID Eva fool herself because he used "cave man" tactics? Was he, too, like all the other men who try to take advantage of "show girls"? Her heart told her differently, but she was afraid to believe.

In the "Woman Who Fooled Herself" you will have your craving for romance and excitement filled to the utmost in scene after scene of beauty.

Trickery, big business, jealousies, hatred, and above all, Love—all the big emotions are depicted. You feel them keenly as each fine actor portrays them.

And in this love story, one of the first motion pictures ever filmed in beautiful Porto Rico, you will watch lovely May Allison, as Eva, with breathless interest amid settings that will make your heart beat faster.

This is one play, a simple yet thrilling romance, in the great chain of better films. Your picture theatre man will appreciate a note or phone call from you, showing your support of pictures like these.

FROM all parts of the country comes a cry for more of the truly entertaining, really fine pictures. Yet, in both large and small cities, exhibitors fear to show such pictures at frequent intervals unless they feel sure of public patronage.

What is an easy way of getting your exhibitor to show the best pictures? We have worked out the following fair-for-all plan.

We have the choice of hundreds of new pictures, ready to be released. No company, of course, has first choice of *all*. So we have a revolutionary plan to bring about the wish in everybody's mind. We have made arrangements with the leading motion picture Review Service which gives the judgment of unbiased critics on *all* new pictures. This service will be sent to any Committee you form to choose pictures you want to see.

Your Picture Exhibitor wants to know what you want, so he can be assured that the better class of pictures will pay him. Write for the complete plan of how to form a "Committee of Ten"—a simple plan which works. Address me personally, Arthur S. Kane, 7th floor, 35 West 45th Street, New York City.



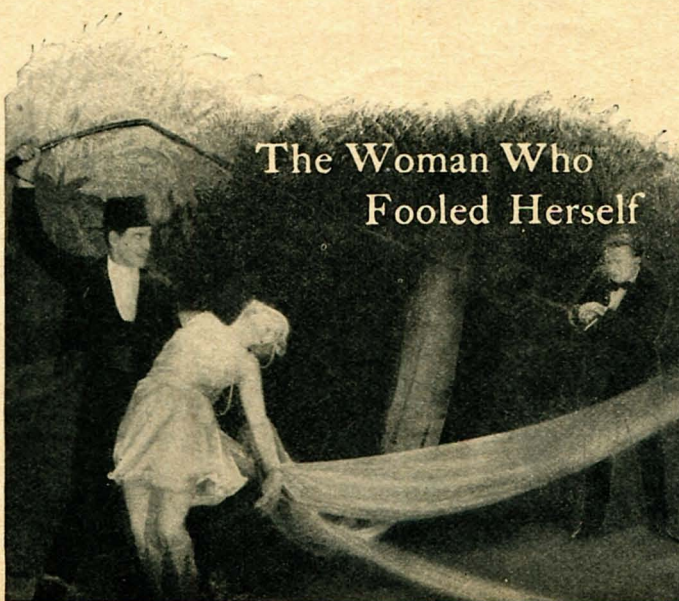
CONSTANCE BINNEY and her screen father in the photoplay version of "A Bill of Divorcement", Clemence Dane's stage triumph, now an Encore Picture.

To be worthy the name of Encore all pictures bearing this title are chosen for their high-quality entertainment. They are judged by us regardless of the fame of producer, director or stars—judged as you judge them in the audience.

From George Arliss in "The Devil," to Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy," they form a carefully chosen group of pictures that entertain. Others include George Eliot's "Silas Marner" and Harold Lloyd in "A Sailor-made Man."

Soon to be released: "The Tents of Allah"—a gorgeous picture of the desert, of passion and romance, of intrigue and mystery. If you are keenly interested in the pictures to come, write Associated Exhibitors, Inc., Arthur S. Kane, President, 7th floor, 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Woman Who Fooled Herself



Continued from page 30

ing well. Believe me, my children, this is a form of unselfishness that can't be rewarded on the earthly plane.

It is worth noting that while Madame Geraldine overlooks the fact that she is a star to stress the pleasant circumstance of being a comrade, her dignity is never lost sight of by those she calls by their given name—no, not even when she's on a ranch. Cheerily informal in manner, she never ceases to be "Miss Farrar."

In her home even the brashest movie friend would pause. It is superb. There her taste for the sumptuous is evident. She enjoys bright colors, big jewels, a lavish table whether the food is eaten or not, American Beauties, perfumes, and as you know, striking gowns. Yet she dominates her environment and is a meticulous hostess. Let a guest appear in need of an extra cushion, or a shifted light, and she will herself do what she might more easily ring for. In laughing disapproval she rails at the habit of people smoking at table. Placing no restrictions on her guests, they have but to look alive to learn that cigarettes and food do not blend when she is dining. Afterward, yes. She smokes not at all and even as *Carmen* goes no further than to toy with a cube. It makes her ill, and she contends that tobacco is good for no throat.

Little is said of her voice and its care, and in the movies opera and concert were seldom mentioned. Her conversation is pungent and direct, her choice of words invariably accurate, and she never uses slang. Her English is scholarly rather than otherwise, and she writes fluently, expertly. Probably because she knows thoroughly four languages and some Russian as well. Her speaking voice is beautifully "placed," strong, musical. Elocution has not been overlooked in the cultivation of her singing tones, and if she goes upon the stage, as she hinted she might when bidding farewell to opera last spring, her spoken word will be given the color and nuance of poetic declamation.

I don't doubt she is now studying that she may better be equipped for a stage debut. She constantly improves herself. This incessant activity has been going on for twenty years. She loves it. Always at concert pitch, I have never seen her relaxed or moody. Buoyant, cheerful, forever working, time is not allowed to press her. I do not know how she manages it, but she writes letters, gives instructions, and receives visitors all at once. It is then that

she can be likened to a business executive.

That side of her nature which is simplest finds expression in the love she gives her parents. You admire her for the success she makes of her career, but you feel a very tender respect when you see her with her father and mother. All at once the executive becomes girlish—not in her outward manner, but spiritually. It's plain to see she's still their pride and joy, and to her they are children and parents in one.

"Darlings aren't they? See how sweetly he helps her out of the car!" Across the studio lot she watches Sidney Farrar give his arm to his wife. Then Geraldine, no longer able to contain herself, runs to meet them, waving a handkerchief and crying that they mustn't go away. She has never "outgrown" her parents, nor relegated them to the place of incidentals in her life. They remain all.

They were indirectly the cause of the only "upset" I ever saw. On their way to join her in California, came a telegram advising that the train was stalled. Madame Geraldine at once proposed chartering an airplane to send them the food she imagined they might need. Another wire shortly came, giving the hour of their arrival. She was at the station far in advance, only to learn that the train was delayed till six next morning. Her car remained all night in case the train should unexpectedly loom up, while she nervously rode home in another car to get a few hours' sleep. I don't believe she got any, or dressed in such excitement that she didn't know what she was doing. Whatever the cause, when she rapturously hugged her parents the prima donna's petticoat fell on the platform at her feet! She didn't mind at all and almost forgot to collect it.

Her own coming some weeks before was more exciting to me. She arrived almost in regal state. Not in the gingham of Wyoming she stepped from the train, but in a delicate afternoon dress of yellow chiffon and a drooping blue hat fairly boiling over with orange morning glories. Her jewels a black pearl pendant nearly as big as a walnut, and on her finger a yellow diamond, square, in size a postage stamp. Her maid carried her summer wrap—vertical strips of chinchilla, the spaces between showing gray chiffon.

Thirty-four trunks were interspersed with thirteen persons. "I've brought something that will interest you—all my jewels!" she whispered. But just then I was more interested

in wondering what jobs could occupy thirteen humans. In time I checked off them all—cooks, maids, secretary, butler, chauffeur, and her very own hairdresser. To induce this genius of the curling iron to leave New York and devote his summer exclusively to marcelling her raven tresses, Madame Geraldine paid the expenses of his wife, and I don't remember how many little hairwavers of to-morrow. That was the Platinum Age of the movies!

Those trunks holding her season's finery must have been packed with skill that passes understanding. Thirty-four multiplied by ten might justifiably have yielded the dresses, hats, wraps, and shoes that decked our gorgeous Geraldine that summer. Months went by, and not one occasion, informal and otherwise, both in pictures and out of them, ever saw the diva in the same costume.

Moreover, the few "simplicities" of her wardrobe were like those gingham dresses—made in Fifth Avenue. Everything, in fact, was newly imported by the firm she has patronized for years. The cost of that cargo of splendid clothes—all for summer wear—was eighty thousand dollars. The business of being resplendent, of living up to what she says is expected of her, is in proportion to what her work brings her. It is very difficult, she says, to economize. When she tries it costs in the end more than luxury. So she compromises by being extravagant in the first place.

Extravagant, yes, but not reckless. In nothing is Madame Geraldine reckless. The value of everything is carefully reckoned as upkeep of the position she has made for herself. In none of her relations, business or otherwise, is she impulsive. Sympathetic, generous, but always in command of her heart and head. If she were masculine she would have fewer losses than the average man charges to impulse, unchecked desires.

She isn't cold or calculating. Anything but that. Simply she knows the value of everything, acts quickly and blazes up grandly. But the blaze never gets beyond her control: she knows precisely what she's burning and why. For instance, when she found Los Angeles plastered with billing for a new picture which was to be shown in a few days. The posters were wrong, the printing not what it should be. Did she mope and complain of her hard lot? You can bet she didn't waste time doing either. Working quickly, she had the posters covered with new ones to her liking, forcing workmen to scurry

Continued on page 95



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If satisfactory, I agree to pay \$3.50 upon arrival; and balance at rate of \$3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within ten days at your expense.

Name

Address

Continued from page 62

she did the finest thing I have ever seen a girl do—she lay quite still, kept her eyes closed and floated there on the rushing current until I picked her up at the very brink of the falls. Imagine lying there, not knowing where you were going. Realizing that the scene would be spoiled, she would not raise her head to look. The camera caught it all—one of the finest, most realistic bits of work I have ever seen. She has marvelous nerve control.

"In another scene wherein I had to drag her from a saddle, lift her up and carry her away, she showed equal bravery. There were no doubts, so I asked her, 'Have you confidence in me?' And she said, 'Have you confidence in yourself, that's the point?' Such scenes are the hardest for a fellow to do—not when he just risks his own neck, but the double risk of knowing that if his foot slips or he miscalculates his distance it will mean injury to the girl."

It was characteristic of him, I think, that his constant reiteration was praise for the bravery of the girls who have been his vis-à-vis in dangerous scenes. He isn't handsome, John Bowers; but he has a certain dependability that I can well imagine any girl trusting blindly.

And I happen to know that in almost all of his pictures he has had to risk his life to do hazardous scenes, and seldom employs a double. He

spoke, a bit hurt at the unfairness of it, of the quirk the public fancy takes, disparaging such efforts on the part of an actor as fakes and applauding some bit of actual trickery.

Businesslike, serious-minded, a bit reserved, Bowers is of the wholesome type of manhood of which the future leading men will be made. There is about him none of this blasé manner of most actors I have interviewed, nor yet of the gallant—though a trifle insincere—flirting with which they convey the underground compliment that I'm the queen of the female tribe, so that I'll feel flattered and write nice stories about 'em. I felt as if I were out with my big brother—maybe not so much "kick" to it, but it's nice to meet a gentleman. It was quite plain that he was embarrassed at being interviewed.

He went on the stage when he was eighteen, the only "black sheep" of the family, none of his people being theatrically inclined, though his mother has forgiven him and now thinks he is the only actor on the screen.

"For eight years I played in New York, mostly on Broadway," unreeling his past for me in a rather prosaic voice. "My first pictures were with Miss Pickford, and much of my success I owe to her kind suggestions."

It is characteristic of him that he

never refers to his feminine coplayers by their first names, a habit quite common here in Hollywood. These little courtesies, coupled with his reticence, mark him as belonging to a world apart from the freemasonry of the studio lots.

Though quite a sportsman—he recently won the annual Commodore Yacht Club race with his trim yawl, the *Uncas*, he disclaims praise. "I'm a good fisherman—when they bite." He laughed. "I'm a peach of a hunter—when the game happens to walk within the line my bullets choose to take. I am crazy about yachting, though—a few years ago I made the trip from New York to San Francisco in the *Uncas*. If I can't be a good actor, I want at least to learn to be a good sailor."

Perhaps I haven't raved enough about him to suit the flappers' taste, but he isn't the sort you can pop questions at and write reams of gush about; there is that barrier of reticence, almost shyness, about him that discourages one almost equally shy. But I can say this of him, unqualifiedly, that he is a very sincere, likable young chap, exceedingly earnest about his work, taking any risk that comes rather than jeopardize another, a man who believes that his private affairs should be his own business, and that his work should speak for him. In short, he matches up well with that sturdy name, John Bowers.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 58

boy. He had to go to the Goldwyn ball the other night when he would much rather have gone to the Hippodrome or stayed at home and listened to the radio. Wesley finished his vaudeville tour and arrived in New York just in time for the opening of his picture 'Little Heroes of the Street.' He gave a party for the children of New York policemen and thirty five hundred came. That was a terrible mob to handle. And about half of the children could hardly believe that it was really Wesley Barry. His freckles have been fading so fast, you know, ever since he came East that pretty soon he won't have any.

"It isn't any joke to have that many children at a party. Ask Marion Davies and Alma Rubens. They know. Every year the Cosmopolitan studio up in Harlem gives an enormous party for the children in the neighborhood. Marion gives every little girl a perfectly beautiful doll with long eyelashes and real curly hair, and every little boy gets

a drum or a pair of skates or a box of tools or something like that. And in the midst of the party when the excitement over getting the presents has worn off a little and the refreshments are beginning to pall those little imps all but tear the studio down in a grand roughhouse. And yet Marion Davies has the courage to give another every year.

"That reminds me—did you know that 'Alice of Old Vincennes' had been bought for her? I think that ought to make a charming picture. She is doing 'Little Old New York' first, though, so I suppose it will be ages before we get to see *Alice*.

"Oh, well, life is just full of waits. I expect to be white-haired and toothless before I finally get to see Mildred Davis in her first star picture. But when she does finally find a story that suits her as a star vehicle and makes up her mind to leave the Harold Lloyd comedies, Jobyna Ralston is the lucky girl who is going to play opposite Harold."

Fanny began assembling the seemingly endless collection of gloves,

vanity case, veil, and things she was encumbered with and prepared to bolt. But I was too quick for her. I paid the check without a murmur, but insisted on going with her.

"Good-by, darling," she remarked airily, "I'll have to rush across the street to get that taxi. I can't attract the driver's attention."

But I had a scheme in mind. I didn't intend to be deprived of seeing Mary Alden. If I could only get in the cab with Fanny, she couldn't refuse me.

"I'm going that way; I'll send him over here," I waved insouciantly as I started across the street. But instead of sending the cab, I got in and rolled over to the curb where Fanny was standing.

"To the Tilford studios on Forty-fourth street," she told the driver in her best star manner. "Just drive west until you think you're going to land in the river, and you'll be there."

And when she got in and almost sat on me, she nearly collapsed. But I got to see Mary Alden.

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If you can do the step illustrated in the chart on the right, there is no reason why you cannot easily and quickly master all the latest steps through Arthur Murray's method of teaching dancing right in your own home.

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You may keep this course for five days and test it for yourself. It must prove to you that you can quickly learn to dance in your own home without music or partner through Arthur Murray's methods or the test will cost you nothing.

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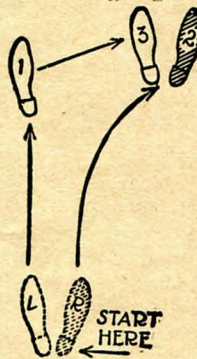
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FIRST PART of the Forward Waltz Step

1. Begin with left foot and step directly forward, weight on left foot.
2. Step diagonally forward to right, placing weight on right foot (see illustration).
3. Draw left foot up to right foot, weight on left.

That's all. Simply follow the numbers in the footprints. Master this part before going further.



the same high-class instruction in your own home that you would receive if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of \$10.00 per lesson.

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How to Waltz Backward
The Secret of Leading The Chasse in The Fox Trot
The Forward Waltz Step
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Etiquette of the Ballroom

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City.....State.....

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Satisfied Students Praise the Course

Let me say that your chart system explains many things to me which other teachers could not make clear.

Wm. S. Meyerfield,
Ann Harbor, Mich.

I practiced yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night. To-night, I danced a number of times with a good dancer to the music of a phonograph and had no trouble in leading or balance.

J. N. Mealy,
Flatwood, W. Va.


I am getting along very nicely with the instructions. I have so many pupils I have to have a larger place.

Albert J. Delaney,
Bay City, Mich.

Before I got your lessons I couldn't dance a step, but now I go to dances and have a good time like the rest of them. I'll always be thankful that I have taken your course.

Beggs Thorpeison,
Ethridge, Mont.

Many other enthusiastic letters have been received. If interested send for special leaflet reprinting them.



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

A LOVER OF PICTURE-PLAY.—See where you are now? Right at the top of the list. I really didn't know that you were so keen about where your answers came in the columns or I would have put you there long ago. Of course I like the Irish people, and why should I be angry with you because you do, too? Walter Hiers weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. You know, he is going to be starred by Famous Players-Lasky in the sort of stories that Fatty Arbuckle made for them. "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime" is the first picture in which Walter will have most of the glory. J. Barney Sherry is not dead; he is still playing in pictures, though not very regularly. Bert Lytell is five feet ten and a half, and Kenneth Harlan is six feet. The Thomas Meighan pictures are released at the rate of about one every other month. Mr. Meighan was born in 1884.

THERESA.—Clara Horton, who played with Wesley Barry in "Penrod," will have the leading feminine rôle in the series of H. C. Witwer "Fighting Blood" stories which R-C will produce. There is only one Clara Horton in pictures that I know of. Brooklyn, New York, is her birthplace and the year was 1904. Her hair is golden and she has blue eyes.

MARIE.—Mary Astor is the girl who played the lead in most of those Triart productions based on famous paintings, beginning with "The Beggar Maid." Mary's real name is Lucille Langhanke. She appears opposite Glenn Hunter in "Second Fiddle," and she is also the girl who played the rôle of *Mary Mason* opposite Eugene O'Brien in "John Smith."

D. T. M.—Good news for you. Your chief movie crush, Monte Blue, has the leading rôle in "Brass," the Charles Norris novel which Warner Brothers are filming. So you won't have to keep groaning. "When is Monte Blue going to have a decent rôle? He hasn't done anything worth while since *Danton*." Monte was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1890, and was educated at Purdue University. He was on the stage in vaudeville for two years, then, about 1915, decided to try pictures. But the studio doors didn't fly open to welcome him as an acting genius, so Monte was compelled to dig ditches to keep in the movie atmosphere. It was while performing with the pick and shovel that he was noticed by D. W. Griffith and selected for the part of the leader of a gang of I. W. W.'s. After that he was employed pretty regularly as an extra and player of bits, then graduated to supporting rôles. Some of the pictures he appeared in were "Miss," "The Squaw Man," "Everywoman," "Pettigrew's Girl,"

"Something to Think About," "The Jucklins," "A Perfect Crime," "Orphans of the Storm," "The Kentuckians," and "Peacock Alley." I don't know whether he will ever be made a star or not, but I suppose, like dozens of other capable actors whose ability merits stardom, he will be only threatened with it for some time to come. Monte is six feet two, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. He married a nonprofessional.

SOD BUSTER.—No, Ann Little and Ann Forrest are not the same person, nor do they look the least bit alike. Miss Forrest fits Miss Little's name better than that lady does herself, as she is only five feet two, and weighs one hundred and four pounds; her hair is blond and she has

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

blue eyes. Miss Little is five feet five, weighs one hundred and twelve pounds, has black hair and dark-brown eyes. Ann Forrest is not related to Allan Forrest. As a matter of fact, her real name isn't Forrest at all, but Kromann. It is true that Ann Little is divorced from Allan Forrest, but she was never known professionally as Ann Forrest. Actresses usually keep their own names when they marry, except in rare instances. Mabel Ballin, for example, uses the name of her husband, Hugo Ballin, and so does Wanda Hawley, who is married to Bert Hawley, but as a rule a professional person who, after years of work, has become known by one name does not want to lose her

identity and start all over again with a new one, even though she privately would rather be known as Mrs. instead of Miss.

T. L.—Enid Markey has not played in pictures for some time, but if you were in New York City now you could see her on the stage. She plays a comedy rôle in "The Exciters," a play running on Broadway. I can't say whether or not you will have a chance to see her in pictures again. Yes, I remember Enid's "big, brown eyes." I don't believe any one could think or speak of Enid without remembering those eyes; they certainly were her most distinctive feature.

HARRIET.—Fannie Ward is still making pictures in England, but I have not seen any of them in this country recently. She is with the Joa nFilm Co., and "The Hardest Way" is her latest release. Fannie was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875, on November twenty-third.

THOMAS MEIGHAN ADMIRER.—Your favorite actor seems to be going after the record for securing the largest number of prominent authors to write stories especially for him. His latest acquisition is Booth Tarkington, who will write his first original screen story for the use of his friend, Tommy Meighan, and who will also supervise its production. Before this picture, though, Tommy will make "Ne'er Do Well" and "White Heat."

HOPEFUL SCENARIST.—I'm glad you feel that way. You'll need to. We have discontinued issuing the "Market Booklet." So long as there were only a few big companies and a limited number of stars it was possible to give their needs for stories in this way, but with the stars continually changing from one company to another and so many new, independent companies constantly being formed, and often going out of business shortly thereafter, it is no longer possible to present their needs adequately in such a booklet. A list of the principal companies and the stars they have at present may be found at the end of this department. This may be of some assistance in helping you to decide where to send your stories.

ENID.—Faire Binney hasn't been making pictures lately, but she has been playing on the stage and getting married, all of which has kept her rather busy. The bridegroom is David Carleton Sloane, a wealthy society man of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The romance was one of those whirlwind affairs—they met and were married inside of three weeks. Miss Binney is back on the stage now, playing in "Sallie," and apparently does not intend to give up her career just because she got married. (Continued on page 110)

Memories on My Own Screen

Continued from page 90

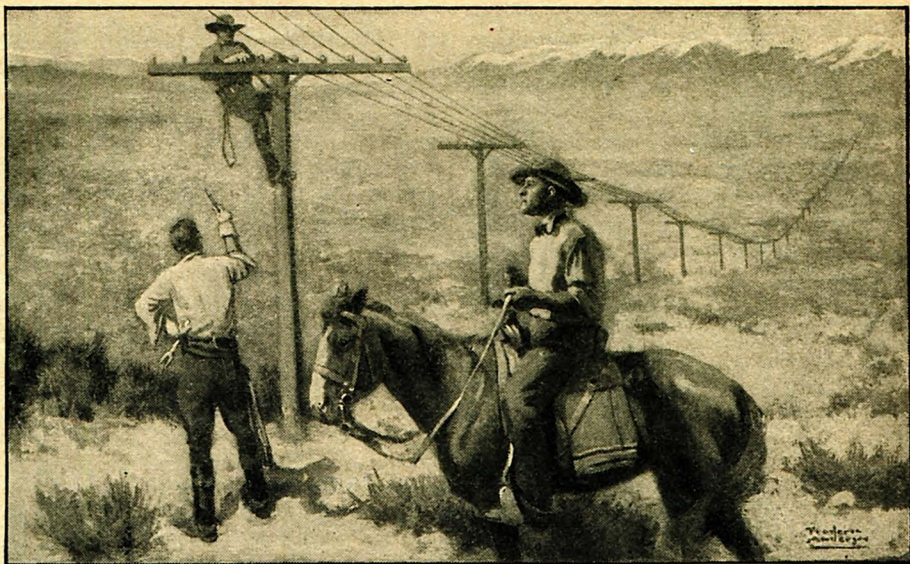
night as well as day to get them up in time. She took pains to display them directly opposite the studio responsible for her displeasure. Then she presented a bill for what somebody's carelessness had cost her. (And privately laughed about the whole affair).

The jewels she said would interest me, did. I only wish my mind's eye, still dazzled, could project their brilliance on this printed page. Few collections are comparable to hers, and no shopwindow in Fifth Avenue, Bond Street, or the Rue de la Paix has displayed a bauble that didn't seem pale to eyes that once gloated over the treasures of a woman whose earliest years were lived in Maine, amid the frugalities of that rock-bound State.

This is not a catalog, nor can I compete with the persuasive descriptions of a jeweler with something to sell, so I cannot detail what she showed me. I cannot, however, resist mention of an exquisite bag of fairylike texture and design. Each link a separate pearl, and over all was sprinkled a lacy pattern in diamonds, the whole suspended by a chain of solitaires. A long, heavy necklace, bizarre, flamboyant, made of more than a dozen pearls—yellow, white, pink, black—each enormous, each imprisoned in beaten gold massed with diamonds. When Madame Geraldine wore it her throat and breast were wound with moving rings of fire. More, much more, the whole lot insured for a million.

But after all these gems are irrelevant, merely scenic investiture and brightly significant as a background. There is much more to Geraldine Farrar. Possessing her friendship, let us say, is like looking at her big emerald—square, deep-cut, indestructible. Only *her* heart is far more alive.

The final chapter of Norbert Lusk's reminiscences will be published next month. In this installment, Mr. Lusk presents in his delightful way brief sketches of a number of picture personalities with whom he came in contact, among them Florence Vidor, Louise Glaum, Douglas MacLean, and Madge Bellamy.



The Bell System's transcontinental telephone line crossing Nevada

Highways of Speech

Necessity made the United States a nation of pioneers. Development came to us only by conquering the wilderness. For a hundred and fifty years we have been clearing farms and rearing communities where desolation was—bridging rivers and making roads—reaching out, step by step, to civilize three million square miles of country. One of the results has been the scattering of families in many places—the separation of parents and children, of brother and brother, by great distances.

To-day, millions of us live and make our success in places far from those where we were born, and even those of us who have remained in one place have relatives and friends who are scattered in other parts.

Again, business and in-

dustry have done what families have done—they have spread to many places and made connections in still other places.

Obviously, this has promoted a national community of every-day interest which characterizes no other nation in the world. It has given the people of the whole country the same kind, if not the same degree, of interest in one another as the people of a single city have. It has made necessary facilities of national communication which keep us in touch with the whole country and not just our own part of it.

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Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

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12 Months to Pay

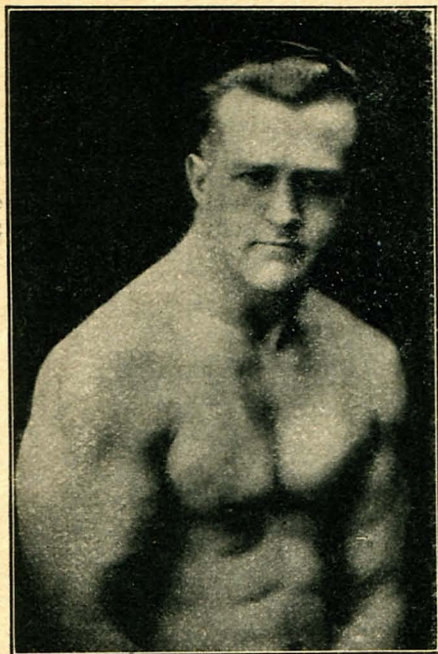
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Dept. A 101 Chicago



Magic Shadows of Mystery

Continued from page 17



Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

If a Snake Had Brains—

He would still be a snake. With his present body he would be forced to continue crawling on his belly. So he would be no better off.

Of What Use Is Your Brain?

A snake is the lowest and meanest of animal life, while mankind is the highest. Do you make use of your advantages? Your brain is used to direct your body. If you don't keep the body in fit condition to do its work, you are doomed for failure. How are you using this wonderful structure? Do you neglect it or improve it?

Examine Yourself

A healthy body is a strong, robust one. Do you arise in the morning full of pep and ambition to get started on the day's work? Do you have the deep, full chest, the big, mighty arms and the broad back of a REAL HE MAN? Do you have the spring to your step and the bright flash to your eye that means you are bubbling over with vitality? If not you are slipping backward. You are not a real man and you cannot hope for the admiration or respect of others. *Awake!* Get hold of yourself and make yourself THE MAN YOU WERE MEANT TO BE.

90 Days

Will you turn your body over to me for just 90 days? That's all it takes—and I guarantee to give you a physique to be really proud of. Understand I don't promise this—I guarantee it. In 30 days I will increase your arm one full inch, and your chest two inches in the same length of time. And then, just watch 'em grow. From then on you will feel the pep in your old backbone. You will start doing things that you never thought possible. You will amaze yourself and friends as well. Do you crave this new life—these new joys—this abounding health and strength? If you do

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It is chock full of photographs both of myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red-blooded man. I could easily collect a big price for a book of this kind just as others are now doing, but I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his—absolutely free. All I ask is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. So it's yours to keep. Now don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life. Tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 1403, 305 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

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Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me without obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

turning their attention to a more imaginative type of illusion—the visualizing of thoughts and dreams and memories, of poetic beauties, and above all to humor.

Harold Lloyd, for instance, has found a new way to put kick in a punch. He uses a new kind of white mule—this in the Civil War sequence of "Grandma's Boy," where he makes a dizzy potation for the enemy generals. If you have seen this picture, you will, I know, recall the shadowy image of a mule violently kicking in a punch bowl, just after Lloyd has filled it with about a fifty-per-cent jolt of a very energetic fluid, at present in exile.

That particular glimpse of the mule cost no little trouble. This much I'll say as a starter, however—they didn't build a bowl to fit the mule and then try to put him inside of it. No, hardly. That would have been a uselessly expensive enterprise, even if the rambunctious animal could have been induced to stand for it.

First, the bowl itself was photographed close up. The camera had to be placed right above it looking down, so that none of the apparently precious punch would be spilled. Then the mule. A particularly temperamental one was secured. He needed only slight encouragement to start warming the air with his hoofs. Fortunately, no one had to be in his vicinity at the time, not even the camera man, for he was photographed at a distance of fully a hundred feet so that his dimensions might appear to approximate those of the punch bowl. The film was, of course, run through the camera twice. The mule was tightly tied so that he might kick at his pleasure, but be kept from scooting out of focus.

Almost identical was the proceeding in securing the vision scene from "Omar the Tentmaker," at least that part of it which concerns the tiny *Shireen*. She, too, was photographed at a distance so that she might be small enough to fit the proportions of the earthen pot. She had to regulate her actions by the count of the camera man, so that her expressions of love for *Omar* and fear for the *Shah* might coincide with the actions of the others, separately photographed.

The picture of the *Shah* was obtained in part by what is technically known as a dissolve, which is a sort of offshoot or second cousin of double exposure photography. It was, in fact, a lap dissolve, which contrary to popular belief in some circles

does not mean a fade-out of a man holding his sweetheart on his knees.

Dissolves are effective for such flashes as that in which *Black Michael*, in the "Prisoner of Zenda," for instance, sees himself seated in the throne of the king. Nearly always they permit one to view some other character half hidden by the ghostly presence.

In taking the magic shadow shapes that inhabit ghost pictures, or contribute to the humor or poetry of such pictures as Lloyd's comedy or "Omar the Tentmaker," it is the rule to arrange a background of black velvet. Black velvet eliminates all external objects. If properly draped it loses its natural sheen, and the character can be photographed against it in a strange ghostly reality.

In "Borderland," a film of many fantastic effects obtained by double exposure, starring Agnes Ayres, there was a scene where a group of angels seem to float up an elysian hillside. This is to suggest a vision of paradise, after the Doré manner, if you are familiar with his illustrations for Dante's "Divine Comedy." The hillside that is shown on the screen was in reality only a small painting. It was photographed close up so that it might appear to be of natural size. After this had been done, a group of extras were provided with angelic garb. They were taken to a location where there was a hill that matched in contour the painted miniature. This entire hillside was covered with black velvet, so that the ground and weeds would not show. The extras were then instructed slowly to climb the slope, walking on the velvet. The negative was exposed on which the painted hillside had already been photographed, and when the print was made and run through the projection machine the effect was that of visionary bodies drifting upward along a fantastic hill toward the celestial spaces.

Another supernal *tour de force*, and one of the most remarkable in cameradom, happens in "The Rubaiyat," the picture made by Ferdinand Pinney Earle, which, owing to litigation, has never yet been released. What actually appears on the screen in one of the flashes is a vision of the celestial host. Millions of angels circling and circling through space, like a maelstrom moving slowly upward.

It took fourteen hours of patient work by the camera man, Georges Benoit, who also photographed

"Omar the Tentmaker," to visualize this immense supernatural army. Forty-nine exposures of the film were made.

On a little circular turntable were placed twenty-eight tiny dolls. They were provided with perfectly formed wings and filmy garments. At the first exposure they were photographed at a distance of only three feet. For this shot they were placed on the outer edge of the turn-table, which was then slowly rotated. This gave the impression of the circular motion of a small multitude, close to the observer. The next exposure was made at a distance of five or six feet, the angels being moved a little closer to the center of the table. Again the turn-table revolved. At each separate exposure the same proceeding was gone through until a distance of 150 feet from the camera had been attained. The angels were now but tiny points of white against the black velvet near the center of the turn-table.

How delicate, how difficult, how tedious all these processes are may be gleaned from this astonishing example. All artistic double exposures require comparatively the same care, judgment, and patience. The scene that results may only appear momentarily on the screen, but even for that brief instant it sends a vibrating current to thrill the imagination.

No dream or vision is half as vivid in the telling as it is when actually beheld, and even fairy tales and legends, with their giants and dwarfs and gnomes may, with the advance in technical knowledge, assume a substance and vitality that has because of their unreality of late been denied them. Meanwhile, double-exposure photography in its attempt to suggest to the mind some new and yet unseen dream or actuality, may delight with a novel humor, may charm with a visible poetry, and perhaps even for a second or two inspire thoughts of the sublime.

The Indiscretions of a Star

Continued from page 88

be released, so the second company that had lent Lolita the money couldn't get their money out of it, and he couldn't get his, because they wouldn't let him have the rights to their part of it. There they were, holding the bag, and fighting over it."

"And Lolita?" I asked.

"Oh, she went back to her husband, announcing that she had loved him all the time, and that only her art had come between them. They went abroad on a second honeymoon! And Barry sent Lolita a diamond bracelet for a wedding present."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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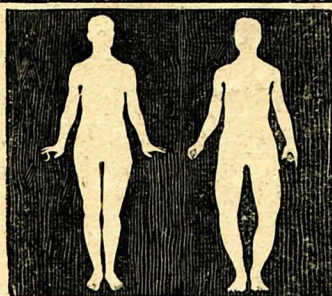
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The Elegy of Pola

Continued from page 74

recognized as an artist of the screen, I sensed, had been at work again, and this time for the sake of a locale that had stimulated all his fancy for the exotic, even as "To Have and To Hold" had caught his imagination in the web of the romantic.

The story of "Bella Donna" has, of course, been modified. A reason has been given for the heroine's malefic character. Ouida Bergere, the scenarioist, told me that she felt this was justified because the original *Bella Donna* of the Hichens novel, while she was sirenically alluring as colored with literary descriptions, would not produce the same illusion of enchantment when coldly lighted in the silver shadows. Also, I have no doubt, *Bella Donna*, thus portrayed, would be far too pathological a specimen for the sensitive dispositions of the censors, and rather than risk her mutilation, it was decided to temper her. This was accomplished by allowing her to suffer an unhappy marriage before the main story opens. We sense Swansonian wormwood here, but what of it? Pola herself approved, for to me she repeated her oft-heard assertion that she does not "want to play ze bad ladies."

What she really means by this is that she does not want to play rôles without sympathy—straight vampire rôles, *sans raison d'être*. She wants to reach the heart of her public as well as its mind. Will she? I wonder. Pola and the public's tears? Somehow they seem incompatible. Yet it is for those tears that she seeks and strives and struggles with the frenetic intensity of her art, showering in diamonded cascade the scene with her own unleashed grief.

"When I weep it is not for myself alone; it ees for everybody," she told me, half chanting the words. "I theenk always of audience, people, everywhere, all, sorrowful weeping wiz me. I poot my whol' heart, my whol' soul into my art, my expression, my tears, so zat zey may feel wiz me what I feel, so zat zey perhaps suffair what I suffair."

"I want to play *Bella Donna* sym-

pathetique. I do not believ' she should be play' like bad woman—like vampir'—I do not believe that woman ar' evair vampir' by natur'. Woman become vampir' because of situation, circumstance—what you call—fate! No woman become bad by natur', but by fate...."

"And because," I ventured, "perhaps...because, of some man? I mean that woman's wrongdoing is contingent—dependent sometimes on the wrongdoing of some man."

There was a subtle flash between us. And then, a moment's pause, and—

"That is an interesting psychological question, but"—and this was delicately yet, I might say, nearly tigerishly emphatic—"I do not care to discuss...!"

There was finality in the answer. Our talk ended shortly after. It taught me that Pola is not given to gossiping about the questions of life as we in America do quite casually and on every street corner. Her experience with telltale interviewers has, perhaps, made her more cautious than ever! Anyway, she cares only to converse regarding her art, and life only as it is related to her art. To all queries aside from this she generally replies now, "I do not care to discuss"—even as, to the inquiries concerning her rumored marriage to Chaplin, she has maintained a frigidly dynamic silence. You can guess, if you will, what her views and her sentiments are regarding life and its personal relationships, but you can only *know* her through her art. There is about her consequently something enigmatically alluring, and that, I believe, is her highest enthrallment, that and her marvelous treasure of talent and emotion.

Will America change her? One wonders, because one *can* only wonder. She may remain here for the space of two years now, and in that time what may not happen! America has always been reckoned a great melting pot for all. Yes, perhaps. For nearly all, but.. there are some.....like Pola.

A Cinema Cinderella

Continued from page 33

in her size. I only wish that she had phoned the typewriter shop and hired a secretary!

There have been beauty contests, and more beauty contests, and most of them have brought little to their winners but heartaches. This one may be different. Miss Leahy is be-

ing given a big chance and a great deal of publicity, but after the interest in her has died down will any one give her another chance in pictures? Or will she be swallowed up along with the winners of thousands of other contests? It will be interesting to find out.



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A Letter from a Star

Continued from page 33

ing the water—and what seas of spray his floundering sent up!—they pulled him alongside and lashed him to the boat. Then another harpoon, a hollow one, was driven into the catch and air pumped into it, which swelled the carcass like a giant balloon. Then we towed it back to port. I was afraid the thing was going to pop, and the men all laughed at me, the way I kept watching for it to burst.

Photographing these scenes was very difficult, as there was a heavy sea pouring in great waves over the deck, drenching us, and mother and I were mighty glad the boat was manned by strong he-men.

The Carolyn Frances has had the same captain for many years, a doughty old seaman who is terribly worried for fear some accident will happen on board—not that he fears for the lives of the actors, but—"An accident would jinx my boat!" he cries. The crew is just as thrilled at having a motion picture company on board as we are with our sea life. You should see all the old salts come out of their shakers and try to "act" for the camera!

The latest scandal on board is the introduction of Congress gaiters, the kind of shoes that fasten with strips of elastic cloth. Malcolm MacGregor is the guilty chap. He wears them because they're easily slipped on and off. As for me, I've forgotten I ever had a pretty dress—I've been wearing a slicker and an old sou'wester until I feel that I must have been born in them.

It isn't all work, though, for we have lots of fun on board. Thrown upon ourselves this way for amusement has developed an unsuspected inventive genius among us. The latest is—jumping beans. Director Irvin Willat has a suspicion that this thrilling sport was fathered by Malcolm MacGregor. We have such exciting races on deck every morning. The beans, which are propelled by "bug power," there being a live bug in each one, have a most distressing habit of going where they aren't sent—and whose fault is it if they get unmanageable and flip down the back of Mr. Willat's shirt?

One of the crew has promised to send this for me from Trinidad when they land the whale, so I'll say good-bye now. Hope to be back in Hollywood soon for my mail, the new shows, and—a bath! It will take about six rinsings to divorce me from this whale smell!

Love,

BILLIE DOVE.



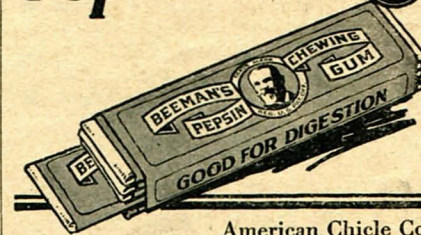
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The Canterbury Filmgrims

Continued from page 27

British interest in "If Winter Comes" is by no means confined to the crowd in the street. On every hand, Mr. Millarde said, he met a spirit of coöperation and friendliness. On every hand he met an intense interest in Americans as well as in American motion pictures. His way was made easier by army officers, "bobbies," and police officials, in Canterbury, London, and other towns, and by wealthy landowners all about. He found this spirit in Mr. Wyckham-Martin, of Leeds Castle; Mr. Edmund Davis, of Chilham Castle; Mr. Robinson, of Aylesbury, and numerous others. Mr. Millarde is enthusiastic over England and the English people.

I became so interested in the production of "If Winter Comes" that

I visited the Fox studios on my return to New York, and saw the filming continued there. A visitor entering the studio is greeted metaphorically by pages torn out of the book and reconstructed detail for detail in the sets arranged for many of the interiors. All the rooms are easily recognizable to one who has read the book—the various rooms of the *Sabre* home, the *Perch* home, the office of *Fortune, East & Sabre*, the courtroom. It is the England of "If Winter Comes" that has been set up in the Fox studios.

The fate of the Fox production is of course a matter of the future, but of one thing I feel sure—it is a tremendous effort to make the film live as the book lives, with no slighting of detail.

The Beautiful and Blessed

Continued from page 61

wonderful her friends are than how far she herself would like to climb. "Claire" and "Phyllis" and Louise Fazenda were given much more thought and consideration during that afternoon than Marie Prevost.

Frankly, I had come to judge adversely an artificial creature, true product of an artificial life. I found instead a young person remarkable, not for a highly colored veneer of make-believe, but for the very lack of it. I found a young woman quite unaccomplished, but astoundingly poised and sure of herself. It is as if she said, "I am Marie Prevost. If you don't like me I'll not lose sleep over it. But I wish you'd like me!"

She had just finished the lead in "The Beautiful and Damned," adapted from F. Scott Fitzgerald's popular novel. The title kept ringing in my head as I watched her. The beautiful and damned? No—the beautiful and blessed.

Blessed because she is beautiful, and blessed because she is natural.

Blessed because she does not plunge into weighty discussions, wisely knowing that she would only flounder and eventually drown. Blessed because she wears scanty blue negligees and because she has a dressing room brightly lit and because she does not burn incense before false idols—idols whose worship would be her undoing.

Her appeal is somewhat the same as Mae Murray's and Gloria Swanson's. Less mature than they, she speaks directly to youngsters of 15 or 16, and to oldsters of 50 or 60.

Motion pictures, part and parcel, are an embodiment of youth—and Marie Prevost is youth sleek and shapely, mischievous, pouting, vivacious. Her two very good arguments against long skirts have twinkled in bathing-beauty two-reelers and have kicked the mediocrity out of a series of very bad five-reelers. It remains to be seen if, covered, they can tread a more stately measure.

The Pirates Are Coming

Continued from page 47

Just at present he is at work on miniature models of the characters in Percy Mackaye's "The Scarecrow," which the Film Guild will make with Glenn Hunter in the leading rôle. These models will suggest the types to be chosen in casting the picture and show just how they should be dressed.

Pirates, however, are Mr. Franklin's chief interest. He is much engaged nowadays in explaining about the strange craft that used to in-

habit the Caribbean, in telling what the commander of a frigate wore, and how a sloop was scuttled. All signs of the approaching boom in pirate pictures. You will hear more of him when the actual production of pirate pictures is begun. And you can bank on it that the producer who succeeds in enlisting his services will bring to the screen pirates with all the swaggering style that his famous little wax models have.

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"Our Leading Citizen"

Continued from page 24

be tempted by the pleasures and diversions that are to be had for less than the asking, and to come through all this without severe blemish. The person would not be broadly human who could do this without having his mettle tested, and I fancy that Thomas Meighan has had his own hard battles to fight of one sort or another. One thing I know, that after "The Miracle Man," men came to him with offers of fabulous rewards to break his connections and come with them—those, you recall, were the "El Dorado" days of the movies—but, looking to the future, he weighed these offers and turned them down, proving, in the light of subsequent events, the soundness of his own judgment and those nearest him to whom he turned for advice.

But that period that he came through so splendidly has made him only the more charitable toward those who were less fortunate, less self-reliant. I have listened to a group of intimates of which he was one, where the conversation was not "for publication," but merely informal discussion, and when mention was made of one or another notable figure who had come to some sort of grief, *not one name* was brought up but Meighan spoke out, not to condone the fault, but to bring out extenuating circumstances not generally known, and to emphasize the better qualities of the person in question. To more than one of his associates in trouble he has gone with assistance, as well as to many a person outside the profession. No one will ever know how many persons he has helped, and this line appears in print only because he is not here to blue pencil the words as I write them, lest his charity and his kindness to others lose something of its value by being known.

On another page of this magazine is printed a letter from a woman who wanted him to know how a little orphan girl whom she met at a theater felt toward him. Though the Meighans have no children of their own, the love of children is strong in both of them. It was at Meighan's suggestion, by the way, that "The Bachelor Daddy" was written. I may not say all I should like to the sender of that kindly message, but I would just like to hint that though I know it was deeply appreciated, even had it not been sent, Tommy Meighan already knew—many times—all that it conveyed.

The phrase "My best pal and my severest critic" has received so much well-merited ridicule that one hesitates to refer to marital coöperation



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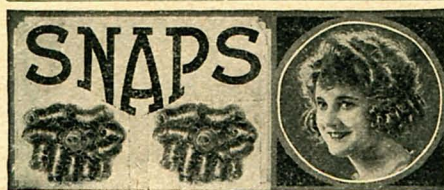
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and companionship when writing of a screen player. Meighan doesn't talk much about himself. For the casual interviewer he is extremely difficult, very courteous, but reserved. But once you know him well enough to catch him off his guard and get him to talking about his work, you'll notice that every once in a while the phrase "my wife" will creep in. When a highly successful man who talks with reluctance about himself occasionally refers with a touch of pride in his voice to his wife—it's a pretty good sign. A large share of his success Meighan attributes to the girl whom he met years ago when she was known as Frances Ring, the leading lady to whom he had come to play opposite in "The College Widow."

I have told a good deal about Meighan that would never appear if you were to meet him casually. On the surface he's just a genial young Irishman who would rather sit down with a bunch of good fellows to a beefsteak or a mutton chop than to think about books or business.

That humorous twinkle that you see in his eye on the screen now and then is nearly always there during his moments of leisure—though his eyes can flash something quite different if there's occasion. Whenever you see him in a picture hurl a man bodily through a door, or something to that effect, you may be pretty sure that the scene was not "tricked."

Though he's a great favorite at the Lambs Club, his associates are by no means confined to members of his own profession. One of his closest friends—a man whom he admires tremendously—is John McCormack, the singer. He was well acquainted with Ethelbert Nevin, the composer. He knows Booth Tarkington in the same way that he knows George Ade, and he went to Tarkington as he did to Ade, and extorted the promise of an original story, though Tarkington had play, short story, and novel contracts enough to keep him busy for three years.

Between the Ade and Tarkington stories he is going to do Rex Beach's "The Ne'er Do Well," another story of his own choosing.

And so, if it happens that you didn't like "Our Leading Citizen," or if you should be disappointed in the ones he's going to make in the future, Tommy Meighan has no alibi. But if you do happen to like them, the credit should go to Tommy, and to—"his severest critic and his best pal."

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

treasure each bit of news found in magazines about their favorite.

Just imagine how thrilling it is to pick up a book and on the first page read about your favorite, and then to read of another man, woman, or child who, at another end of the world, perhaps, also pays a tribute to their star and expresses admiration or devotion to him or her.

That is, oh, so gratifying; but do you realize how some other persons put a damper on many fans' admiration by cruelly criticizing this or that hero or heroine? I agree with Grace Thomas who, in a recent PICTURE-PLAY, said that "if you really worship a star, that star is perfect—simply wonderful—no faults whatever." There you are; that girl has stated facts—true facts that cannot be argued against. I know. I am a fan and my star is perfect. I feel as though I can call myself a true fan because for three or more years I have praised her and she has never for a moment ceased to be perfect in my eyes. The object of my praise happens to be Norma Talmadge. I suppose there are some folks foolish enough not to think the same as I, but if so they may as well keep their opinions to themselves, for no matter what arguments they produce they could have no effect whatever on me. It has always been said "the first love is always the best," and Norma is my first love.

I have seen all the other stars and have for a time worshiped them all, but in time I forgot them and returned to Norma—my own dear Norma, who is perfect. I can never forget her—no, never!

I shall have to sign my name in a fashion that the folks will not suspect.

Wishing you success, I am

AN ARDENT FAN.

Newark, N. J.

P. S. Please withhold my real name, but state that I am a girl.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

As a fan to a fan, I ask you, what do you think of Pauline Starke?

What's that? A clever little actress who, without publicity, is reaching the top on her own merit?

My thoughts exactly!

Well, then, come on, altogether—

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Sergeant John F. Rodgers, get your army and let's hear you root for the glorious Gloria! I challenge you!

BOBBIE GIBNEY.

Norwood, Delaware County, Penn.

The Five Most Beautiful Screen Stars.

I think the title you wrote over the item by Ella Niskisher, of Chicago, Illinois, was well chosen.

I should think that any fan would be ashamed to criticize all the actresses as she did. I agree that there are very few stars who are perfect, but there are at least more than five that might be called beautiful. I think that Katherine MacDonald is very beautiful, and not only that, but well proportioned, and that Alla Nazimova is a very wonderful and very beautiful woman. How any one can criticize her is amazing to me, especially after having seen her act her part in "Salome" with such skill and gracefulness as she did. I believe Agnes Ayres is anything

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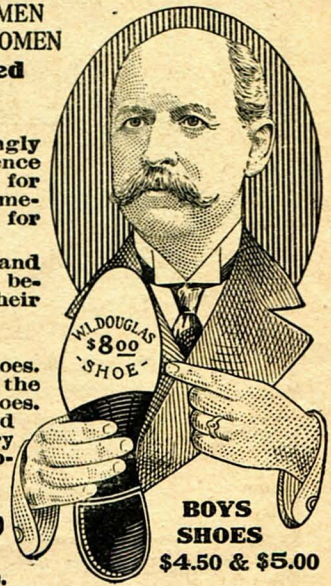
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but plain faced or plain looking. In fact, I think her very *fine* looking, and I believe that no one was better fitted to take the part in "Forbidden Fruit" than she.

JANISE MCKINNEY.

501 Fourth Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Since you were kind enough to publish my letter in the January issue, I find that I am nearly deluged with letters from fans, many of whom agree with me. Then some others do not. Others, again, have told me that I've kept them guessing, and still others wanted to know my selection of the five most beautiful actresses.

I feel that I am ready now to name them. But before doing so I want to give my viewpoint, to show just why I have picked these five.

1. A beautiful woman or girl must be strikingly handsome, youthful, charming, tall, slender, with graceful features, a beautiful complexion and eyes, a well-shaped nose, cupid lips, and a long, slender, round neck. Her beauty should be given her by nature, not by make-up. If I were to mention Helen Ferguson, or Pauline Starke, I would probably say, "She may be pretty with her make-up, but without it she is plain; yes, very plain."

2. A woman who is stupid can never be beautiful. She must have brains as well. She must be refined, also.

3. She must not be past thirty. Womanly beauty ranks from sixteen up to the twenties and close to thirty, but *never* past. There is a difference in years, ages, and time. There's a difference in old things and new. There's a time when all beauty fades. A woman who is pretty is never beautiful. She is pretty only.

In the many letters I have received already, I have been asked if I am beautiful and if I am an authority on beauty. The truth is I am neither one, but I do not believe in calling any one beautiful in make-up. If we should go by that standard, then all the world could be made beautiful. There is nothing that can touch natural beauty. Although we all know that make-up is necessary for the screen, nevertheless, I haven't given up hopes that there is *natural beauty* beneath the grease paint of those whom I have chosen as most beautiful. They are as follows: 1, Marion Davies; 2, Barbara La Marr; 3, Madge Bellamy; 4, Alice Terry; 5, Anna Q. Nilsson.

ELLA NIKISHER.

651 Kenesaw Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

I agree most heartily with you when you say Ella Nikisher is surely hard to please, in the January edition. I am indeed sorry for one with such unloving and material thoughts. I am a devoted fan for every one of the leading men and women I have seen. I cannot think of one of them that has not inspired me many times with their beauty of physique and soul, and made me try the harder to be more loving and kind to every one. And if at times I am not pleased with a picture, I know it is either the fault of myself or it is the story, but *never* the leading lady or leading man.

IDEAL SHAW.

Arcadia Apartment, Everet Street, Portland, Ore.

I'll tell you the five actresses that I consider the most beautiful. First, Betty Compson, for she is the loveliest actress I've ever seen. Second, Elsie Ferguson, for she reminds me so much of my dear Miss Compson. Third, Mary Pickford, for her sweet ways. Fourth, Alice Terry, who looks like a lady, and that is more than you can say about some of the players. Fifth, Claire Windsor, for she looks just as I've always wanted one of my best friends to look.

Corinne Griffith may be pretty, but I don't call her beautiful, as her bobbed hair spoils her. Now, don't think I am against bobbed hair, for my own is bobbed, but I don't think any woman can be beautiful and have bobbed hair.

HELEN PAUL.

940 D Street, Charleston, Ill.

Concerning Daring Costumes.

Last evening at a social gathering I had the opportunity of hearing what some of the fans think about one of the foremost screen stars and one of my greatest favorites, to wit: Mae Murray. Some one introduced the name of Mae Murray, and some benighted ignoramus asked who Mae Murray was, and one of those present replied: "Mae Murray is the little lady who appears in pictures clad in the very smallest amount of clothing that will get by the censors." Now, while I thought the above remark perhaps slightly exaggerated, I had to admit that there were some grounds for it.

I wonder if Mae Murray and the rest of the ladies who appear in pictures showing a large amount of bare back and limbs and hips really think that the majority of the theater-going public enjoy seeing them thus scantily clad? If this is the case, how is it that screen stars like Mary Pickford and Mary Minter—the abbreviation of M. M. M.'s name is the latest fad among her Canadian admirers—have never appeared in a single picture clad in garments with the least suggestion of immodesty, and yet they both continue to draw crowded houses. It is all very well to talk about the female form divine, but there is such a thing as getting satiated with the sight of it.

Mae Murray is one of the most talented screen stars of to-day and she can well afford to disdain the admiration of the very small minority who really enjoy these daring pictures. "NOT-A-PRUDE."

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

From a High-School Girl.

To begin with, I'm only a high-school girl, so—don't expect too much. Anyway, I, too, have my likes and dislikes.

So many people have criticized adorable Miss Swanson. Why do people become so *rash* and say such horrid things about her? It makes me furious! They say she is merely a fashion manikin and all she can do worth while is to wear clothes! But I'm here to say, who can wear them better than she?

Another thing, critics say she can't act. What about her work in "Male and Female," "Under the Lash?" Were these not excellent pictures? All I can say is that I think she is beautiful, a good actress, and I hope she doesn't pay any attention to these foolish people, but will keep right on making the same sort of pictures.

Another person I wish to say a word about is none other than the screen's best lover, Mr. Rudy Valentino!

You will probably think, "Oh, there's another one of those crazy girls that has fallen for 'The Sheik.'"

I'll admit I have, but—I have a few knocks for him, too.

1. I didn't like his outfits in "The Conquering Power."

2. His hair is too "greased-up"—if I may use that expression.

Now I'm finished with what I have to say. Some time I'll write again, and when I do I'll be more dignified, ahem!

A HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL.

St. Louis, Mo.

Continued on page 106

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104

Another Player Writes to Us.

For some time I have been an ardent reader of this department, for it takes up a vitally important subject, the likes and dislikes of that all-important public who make and break stars. Recently I made my debut from the legitimate to the silent stage with a new company that is starting in St. Louis—the Mid-West Productions—and I am surely getting pointers from "What the Fans Think." It was the letter from Miss Helen Ferguson that gave me the courage to write, and I think if a few more of the stars and near stars were to contribute a little word now and then it would bring them closer to the hearts of their fans, and they, in their turn, would not be so ready to hold thumbs down on them when they begin to fall.

PELHAM BOURBON.

5324 North Union Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri.

Some Pointed Personal Opinions.

Three long, loud cheers for Grayce Haynes! Her letter was truth from beginning to end. She said that what appeals to one fan may not necessarily appeal to another. So I am going to make a little list of my own concerning my favorite actors. Those who had not appealed to me I don't mention. Just as G. H. says, "No use hurting their feelings."

The real actors of the screen: Wallace Reid, Ralph Graves, John Barrymore, Lewis Stone, James Kirkwood. There are others whom I recognize as good actors but who just don't happen to appeal to me. What makes me sick is to have Wallace Reid make pictures like "Double Speed," "Excuse My Dust," et cetera. Then he makes a picture like "Peter Ibbetson" and proves that, aside from being the best-looking man on the screen, he is also an actor and an artist. He lets a flock of critics sit on him and goes back to the "speed" affairs.

By the way, what right have the amateur critics to take the laurels from the star and hand them to somebody with a minor part? Now, every one should have credit for his or her work, but in the W. R. pictures that have been produced in the last few months some one else has had the credit. In "The Dictator" it was Walter Long, in "The Ghost Breaker" it was Walter Hiers, and so forth.

Where is Ralph Graves? He acts and tries to save "Dream Street," and now he is playing second fiddle to a string of "has-beens."

My favorite character actors are: Theodore Roberts—without a peer on the screen—and George Fawcett.

Promising: Ramon Navarro—perhaps.

By the way, I'd like to see some more of T. Roy Barnes.

Now for the ladies:

Priscilla Dean—simply wonderful—Mary Pickford—of course—Leatrice Joy, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee—I was surprised at the heights she rose to in "Blood and Sand."

Character: Sylvia Ashton, Edythe Chapman.

Comedians—last but not necessarily least—I think I agree with every one here: Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton.

Now remember, these are just my humble opinions, and so please don't write back and call me names and tell me who I've left out. It isn't necessary—I know.

By the way, in case this will start too

much of a row, I must admit that I like Thomas Meighan very much, but his pictures have been blah ever since the "Miracle Man"—how about it?

That's all for this time.

LESLIE G. MAYER.

1502 South Hobart Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Let's Be More Tolerant.

In reading your January "What the Fans Think"—a most fascinating department, by the way—I was struck by an idea that was rather new to me.

It seemed to me that nearly all the fans' letters were dominated by a certain personal feeling toward the personal characteristics of the various stars, rather than a realization of those stars' respective acting abilities.

An example of what I mean could be taken from R. L.'s comparison of Meighan and Valentino. He places the "natural, sincere," et cetera, acting of Meighan far above the sensational love-making of the young idol, Valentino. (In justification to the latter, I suggest that R. L. see "The Four Horsemen" or "Blood and Sand.")

However, what I'm trying to get at is this: We certainly want individuality among our stars, just as we require it of our fiction, stage drama, and every other art. Certainly we feel the lack of it in our screen stories, the greatest fault of which is the tendency toward standardization, which all critics deplore.

We would be bored stiff if all our actors were dressed in the baggy clothes of Chaplin, or if they all affected the spectacles and carefree manner of Harold Lloyd. And, I ask you, what would the movies be worth if every actress went in for the bizarre, exotic things which the Swanson wears so well, or if all our feminine pulchritude was expressed in the foreign, snaky terms of Nita Naldi?

We have a place in our current literature for the tragic but human little stories of Fannie Hurst, for the sincere portraits of American youth by Tarkington, for the humorous Cape Cod tales of Joe Lincoln, and for the poems of Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, Edgar A. Guest, and so on. Why, then, can't each fan realize that there is a definite need for such contrasts as Valentino and Meighan, Reid and Ray, Chaplin and Lloyd, and for such opposite personalities as La Negri and Lillian Gish, Swanson and Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Corinne Griffith—not to mention the kidlets Barry, Peggy, and Jackie Coogan? They're all good—all real stars, and with all the many other shining lights each has his or her individual appeal.

So let's all get rid of this single-track system of star worship. No matter how great our personal antagonism for a star is, let's try to tolerate him—or her—for our neighbor's sake. And—just because you adore Valentino, O mighty flapper, don't chuck your old and worthy friends.

J. B. HUGHES.

35 Charlotte Street, Falls River, Mass.

"The Picture Pulse of New Zealand."

We have had "Broken Blossoms" showing recently in New Zealand, and this much-looked-forward-to picture proved disappointing to the majority of the Dominion's fans. I viewed it at one of Wellington's leading theaters, and there was a miserable attendance. At its conclusion one lady exclaimed in a loud voice, "Well! That's the most awful picture

I've ever seen!" She didn't mean just that really because it was beautifully acted and produced—although the production was not up to Griffith's standard as he has led us to expect it. What the lady meant, I am sure, was that "Broken Blossoms" awfulness lay in its sordidly depressing story. New Zealanders are essentially of the light, and they turn to the cheeriness of life as a flower turns to the sun. To dance and sing upon every available occasion is an inborn blessed trait with them, perhaps due to theirs being a new land of brilliant sunshine and plenty. We who come from the Old World have more gloom in our composition, a streak of morbidity which doubtless is a heritage drawn from generations of travail through history. To us "Broken Blossoms" is like a plaintive tune well played upon a violin, and we said, "It makes us sad but we love it."

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has had a successful run here, but it didn't grip the people and carry them away as did "Way Down East" or "Over the Hill." It must be that the great public loves a simple, homely story when it is well put on. I asked quite a few fans, and they agreed with me that "The Four Horsemen" was a little jerky and disconnected. One no sooner became interested in a situation than one was switched off elsewhere. We just began to sit up and take notice at Julio kissing the sugar cube e'er placing it in his beauteous lady's cup when off we went to another scene. We just began to warm up for a broad laugh at the German soldiers, dressed up in female lingerie and posing at the head of the stairs as classical dancers, when zip! it went again. The fans notice that few producers realize the pull of holding on to an appealing situation. A good illustration of this appeared in "Way Down East" at the dance in the barn. How the audience laughed at the professor's efforts to master the dance, and the more he whirled in dazed happiness, the more the folks laughed. Griffith held that moment, whereas a less clever producer would have shown us only a flash of it. It is genius in a director to know the high lights of his pictures and to hold them.

"The Sheik" has been running weeks and weeks in Sydney, Australia, and has set up the world's record run.

I can safely say that Griffith and Cecil De Mille are New Zealand's favorite producers. "Saturday Night" was a treat, the humor was fine, and altogether it could not have been improved. We now await "Orphans of the Storm" and "The Old Nest," and many are asking where Alma Rubens and Montagu Love are. We miss the latter's virile, manly performances.

Annette Kellermann is going ahead with her motion-picture studio at Nelson, and Annette should make some wonderful pictures. The scenery here offers great variety, and nature will be a rare acquisition. Also, the brilliant sunshine and clarity of air and water are of the finest in the world—so experts say.

This is the third time I have written in a comparatively short while, and you will soon call me "The Picture Pulse of New Zealand," but since my first letter in your columns so many American fans have written asking me about New Zealand and the movies perhaps this will in some way answer them all. Yours faithfully,

MRS. CLEO. NEALL.

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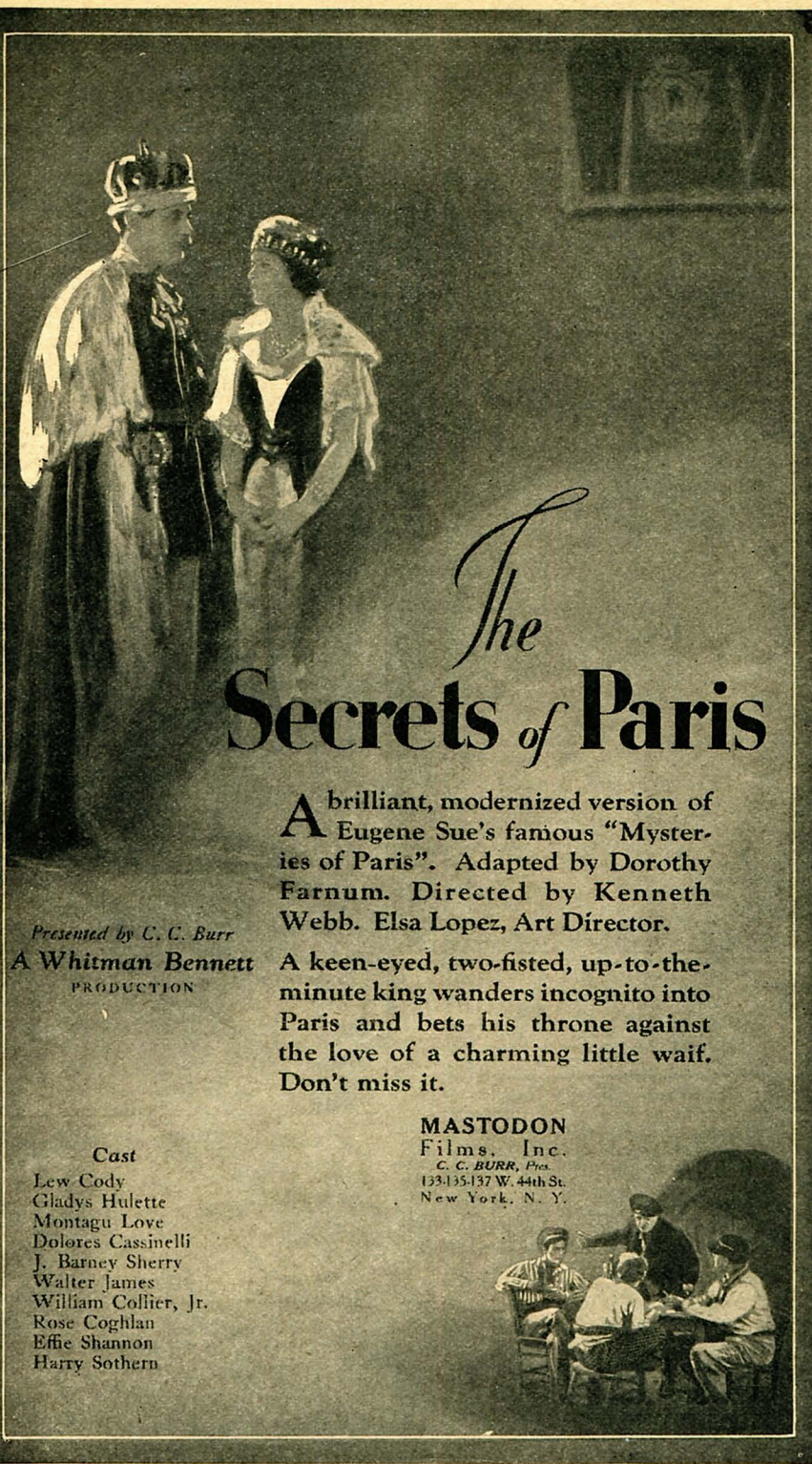
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About Learning How Movies Are Made.

I notice in the Observer of December PICTURE-PLAY a request for opinions on articles like Helen Christine Bennett's in November issue and Edwin Schallert's in October issue.

I enjoyed Mrs. Bennett's article so much I immediately wrote to her and received the loveliest letter in reply.

It seems to me that the people who would want all the mechanical methods of getting unusual effects kept under lock and key and never revealed to the public are narrow-minded and possibly selfish. The motion-picture industry touches the lives of almost every one. It is the one sure topic of conversation when one can find nothing else in common with the other person. Then why shouldn't we be allowed to become well informed about it? Don't we all like to go "behind the scenes" in a big manufacturing plant and see how things are made? Each one of us is interested in the inside workings of other professions than our own.

I would love to go into the studios and see just how it's all done. I just envy every one of the fortunates who have the opportunity of viewing it from the inside. Surely one can enjoy the plot, admire the acting, appreciate mentally the physical workings of the picture without having his illusions shattered!

I may be a little narrow-minded myself, but I really can't understand why any normally intelligent person wouldn't feel the same as I do. As for me, I say thanks to PICTURE-PLAY for having Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Schallert, and others give us, through their articles, a peep into a land we'd all of us like to visit—whether we admit it or not.

VIVI E. SIMMONS.

815 Sixth Street, Alexandria, La.

I am writing this letter to say that I disagree altogether with Mrs. Bennett. I think that if a person knows the different tricks that the directors use in those thrill scenes, the scenes will lose their thrill.

Once I read in the paper that one of our stars had gone to Europe to film a certain picture. On my way home from school the next day I saw this actor, and he and some men were discussing certain scenes. When that picture was released I went to see it. I know I would have thought it wonderful if I had not known it was *not* filmed in Europe. This is not about tricks, but it's the same principle.

BERNA GOODE.

Hollywood, Calif.

The average person who reads a fan magazine is seeking for information on the motion-picture industry. What appears to be mysterious in the screen productions not only serves to increase their interest in the screen, but it also establishes a desire to know how these effects are produced. And so the reader goes to the motion-picture magazine hoping to learn. If he is satisfied with the explanation given and feels that he has really learned something on the subject, his interest in the magazine continues—otherwise he proclaims the literature too light and selects some other magazine.

I have spent a day with Mr. Ingram's company on location, and through it I came to realize, as I had not before, the work the actors really do.

I watched Lila Lee buying a pair of stockings. Evidently from her purchases she is not extravagant.

I have seen Gloria Swanson with her baby daughter. She is like any other young mother—absolutely unconscious of herself and very proud of her baby.

I bumped into Wallace Reid's car and

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bent the rear fender. He only assured me not to worry as he carried accident insurance.

I was royally entertained by Harold Lloyd at his studio, and I will tell you a secret. The only photograph of a woman he had in his rooms was one of Mrs. Sidney Drew.

I sat beside Theodore Roberts at a matinee, and when he laughed he shook the whole row.

I sat in the press box at an opening performance, and the young man who was covering the play for a local newspaper nudged me each time a celebrity came into the theater and I described her gown and wrap for him.

And last, but not least, I traveled half-way across the continent with Rodolph Valentino. He had the section opposite me, and if it had not been for his wonderful hands I never would have noticed him. His hands are very shapely, white like a surgeon's, but so sane looking. They are the true indication of his character.

Nothing but poor pictures can dampen my enthusiasm for the motion-picture industry.

GRACE MURPHY HULST.

1419 Second Avenue, East, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Players Who Represent High Standards.

As a close observer of the silent drama, and particularly of the work of Mr. Thomas Meighan, I cannot refrain from writing a few words of praise of this actor's work in "Manslaughter." The place he holds in the hearts of the public has been won by his finished portrayals and his fine appearance. You cannot imagine him as a man immoral in his private life. Like Eugene O'Brien and Miss Norma Talmadge, he appears to me to stand for the highest standards, both on the screen and off. These players do not seem to suffer from that saddest of all ailments among artistic people: temperament, without which some stars seem to think they cannot reach the proper heights. Neither do they deem it necessary to change their wife or husband with each raise in salary and change of contract.

I hope Mr. Meighan continues his good work and meets with great success; no success could be too great for your sincere reader, JOHN P. SHERIDEN, M. D.

New York City.

An Appreciation of Leah Baird.

Being a constant reader of your publication, I was delighted to find in the latest issue a picture and small mention of Leah Baird, under the heading "Who's the Bernhardt of the Movies?"

Why don't we hear more about this charming artist?

She has always been a great favorite of mine, possessing, as she does, that rare combination of beauty and brains, and a sweetness that makes her "real" to her admirers. She has ability that makes her capable of doing big, worth-while things like Lois Weber, and I know of no one better equipped for Bernhardt interpretations on the screen than this gifted actress.

MINNIE ZUMANN.

461 West 159th Street, New York City.

Marion's Admirers Come to the Rescue.

Every time I pick up a paper or a magazine that deals with the movies, I read some not-very-favorable comment on Marion Davies—Marion Davies, who is one of my favorites, and ever shall be!

It has always puzzled me to notice that practically every one of these adverse criticisms was penned by some "critic."

Now I just read Ernest Graydon's letter, and it has simply made me boil.

From the first time I feasted my eyes on her I have known that she could act. However, after reading about five hundred of these articles, I began to think I was alone in my stand. So I began asking others in all stages and occupations of life what they thought of her. Every one said that she was one of her favorites; that Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, and Norma Talmadge were the three best actresses on the screen; and that Miss Davies was, by all odds, the most beautiful.

After this landslide I watched Miss Davies' work more closely, and I've come to the conclusion that her acting is far too natural for the reviewers, who are evidently filled up on acting that is very obviously acting.

THOMAS CARMODY.

Bronx, New York.

Why does every one pick on poor Marion Davies? I read that she liked to be criticized, but some have gone too far. Now I ask every one, who can surpass her as she appeared in "When Knighthood Was in Flower?" Some one said she tried to imitate Norma Talmadge and Lillian. She couldn't—her acting is entirely different, and I think with such plays as "When Knighthood Was in Flower" she will go far. I hope so. She deserves it.

VIVIENE ALBRIGHT.

Dallas, Texas.

Here's a Challenge!

In the January issue of PICTURE-PLAY there was an article in "What the Fans Think" by K. M. Chauvin, who said that all the stars were suffering from "colon." I want to say a word in defense of the ones who haven't the disease. Here are some of them: Alice Calhoun, May McAvoy, Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Jack Gilbert, Tony Moreno, the Gishes, Douglas MacLean, Elsie Ferguson, Harold Lloyd, Constance Binney, and Dick Barthelmess.

Who is going to stand in defense along with me for these stars, and who is going to persist in knocking them?

B. T. VAIL MORFORD.

Box 435, Warwick, N. Y.

From an Alice Calhoun Admirer.

I wish to protest against some of G. B.'s letter in the January issue.

They claim that Pauline Frederick is one of the truly great actresses of the screen.

She is indeed—that I agree—but to place Corinne Griffith second to Miss Frederick is wrong. To me Miss Griffith is artificial and her array of clothes is not of the Fifth Avenue or Boulevard type. Time and again she has copied Mae Murray and others. The copying is most noticeable. There is nothing original about Miss Griffith. Then G. B. goes on to say that Alice Calhoun can't touch Miss Griffith in acting. I can't imagine any sane person making such a statement. They also mention May McAvoy as being inferior. That's also really impossible.

I will admit that Miss Calhoun has had some very, very poor stories, but has not her beauty, charm, and wonderful gift as an actress upheld her weakest vehicles? Has G. B. seen her beautiful portrayal of Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister?" Or, more recently, her marvelous versatility in "The Little Wild Cat?" In the latter she outshines many of the "old-timers" in the business. Miss Calhoun is far superior to Miss Griffith in acting, beauty, and poise. She is truly one of the most really beautiful girls on the screen. If the Vitagraph Company would only give her a good story once in a while!



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What on earth is wrong with that company, anyway? Can't they see they have one of the finest bets ever in Miss Calhoun, a talented girl without a doubt? Oh, can't all you Alice Calhoun fans imagine what a revelation she'd be were she with Famous Players! They, I am sure, could supply her with the good stories she deserves.

I like Agnes Ayres, too, and the Misses Griffith or Stewart are not any better than she. Miss Ayres is very charming on the screen.

To me, Miss Calhoun is far above them all. I have watched all of her pictures, and no matter how poor they were she made them interesting. That's why I say again she is a real big bet, for how hard it must be on a star to uphold such poor stories; she has been doing it, though. She makes a wonderfully sweet, natural appeal to real folks. She's on a line with Pickford, Gish, and Barthelmess—real honest-to-goodness folks. That's what they are. It indeed is a real treat to watch them.

H. W. BROWNE.

28 Hawthorne Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An Ideal Movie Theater.

I agree, to an extent, with Joy O'Hara. I saw "The Birth of a Nation" in a Boston theater, with much extra elaboration, and enjoyed it. Then I saw it again four or five years later here in Newport, a country town, and enjoyed it, too, though it was somewhat scratched in appearance, and gave evidence of having been censored. "A good screen and comfortable seats on good elevation," to quote J. O'H., a drama with a two-reel comedy—good, clean comedy—or a feature comedy-drama with a news reel—or, occasionally, a six or seven-reel "special"—a capable and sympathetic pianist, and a moderate admission price—oh, and I hasten to add, an audience which does not crunch its peanuts violently, crack its gum, read the titles, expose the action five minutes

ahead, weep audibly with the tearful old mother—or laugh aloud or snicker at her—or whistle off-key the tune the orchestra is rendering, or tell what John said to Mabel last night in tones for the whole section to hear—this would be my idea of a popular picture house for the real picture fans.

Let the cities have their picture palaces, with all the trimmings and fancy prices, but keep *some* places for those, like myself, who cannot afford to pay three or four or more times the amount necessary if we were seeing only the picture.

BETTY BURTT.

North Newport, N. H.

Praise for Pola.

Why is it that people never praise Pola Negri? Surely it doesn't take but one picture to show people how much talent she has. I notice one fan remarked that Pola Negri had had comparatively few poor pictures, but I think she should have said "good" instead. According to my estimation, the only two pictures that she had that were worth while were "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." She does more acting in one scene than the American actresses do in five reels. I know that the German pictures never show an actress to be as pretty as she really is, but Pola Negri has been beautiful even in them. To me she is far better looking and has much more personality than any of our actresses.

MRS. H. A. WIER.

Gholson Hotel, Ranger, Tex.

A Perplexing Question.

If, as is so often stated, Mr. Griffith is really responsible for the wonderful acting of the people who have appeared in his pictures, why hasn't he made Carol Dempster act?

I for one am convinced that the credit for the work of Lillian Gish belongs to Lillian Gish.

SIDNEY BARNARD.

Petaluma, Calif.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

UNA.—Maurice ("Lefty") Flynn has a rôle in "Omar the Tentmaker" with Guy Bates Post, and also plays opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Drums of Destiny." Yes, Lefty is a college man; he was one of the heroes of the Yale football team.

J. L.—At last I am able to tell you that Joseph Schildkraut will make another picture. It is reported that he will appear in "The Dance of Life," which Eye Unsell will produce. This will be his first appearance since "Orphans of the Storm" and only his second experience before the camera. Joseph's father, Rudolph Schildkraut, who is also a well-known stage actor, will have a rôle in this production, too.

A. B. C.—You certainly can't make a scenario out of a published novel and sell it to a producer. Your having worked out the film scenario would not alter the fact that the plot belongs to the author. Before a producer starts filming a story, or even putting it into continuity form, he must first purchase the motion-picture rights from the author. He can then, as a general rule, make any changes that he thinks necessary in the story after the screen rights pass into his hands.

F. A. B. S.—25.—Thanks for your nice letter; though I don't see why you had to wait for a rainy day before writing me. A great many persons seem to write me on rainy days. The first issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE was published

April 10, 1915. At that time it was a weekly and cost five cents a copy. I doubt if you could secure any pictures of Norma Talmadge taken at the time she started film work. Didn't you see Malcolm Oettinger's interview with Norma, called "Beauty and the Bean," in the April, 1922, issue of PICTURE-PLAY? If not, you can get a copy of this number by sending twenty cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The picture in the advertisement you inclosed is not that of Norma Talmadge, nor any other screen actress that I know of. Let's hear from you again.

HI THERE.—"The Young Rajah" is the latest picture that Rodolph Valentino made. At present writing he is not working. He lost his suit against Famous Players but is appealing the case. No matter how it is settled, there probably will be quite a delay between the release of "The Young Rajah" and his next picture, as he has not even started production on it. Forrest Stanley is the actor you refer to in Marion Davies' pictures. Forrest has the leading rôle in "The Pride of Palomar," which Cosmopolitan is making. His address is in this issue, at the end of The Oracle.

DORIS M.—All right, Doris, if I hear of any fans wishing to join a Doris May Correspondence Club I'll tell them about yours.

J. T.—Yes, the Talmadges are back from Europe and working on new productions. "Within the Law" will be Norma's next, and "Madame Pompadour" will serve as a vehicle for Constance. You'll be glad to hear that your favorite actor, Jack Mulhall, will have the leading male rôle opposite Norma in "Within the Law." I can't say when Norma will make "The Garden of Allah"—perhaps after this present production.

ALICE.—So you like those little sketches of the players' careers? I'm glad. Here's one of your favorite actor, Harold Lloyd. Harold was born in Nebraska in April, 1893, and educated in Omaha, Denver, and San Diego. Harold was one of those boys who gave amateur stage performances in his back yard. He went on the stage when twelve years old and played in stock and in road shows. In 1914 he did his first work before the camera, and has been playing steadily in pictures ever since. He was the original *Lonesome Luke* in that series of comedies; this characterization was later taken up by his brother, Gaylord, who resembles him greatly. Harold has been making his comedies under the supervision of Hal Roach ever since he started, and releasing through Pathé. They made one-reelers at first, then two-reelers, a couple of four-reelers, and with "Grandma's Boy" graduated into the regular feature-comedy class. Now Harold will probably stick to the feature length. "Doctor Jack" and "Safety Last" are his latest productions, the latter being one of those hair-raising thrillers. Harold is five feet nine, weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He has never been married, but has been reported engaged at various times to Bebe Daniels and Mildred Davis, both of whom were his former leading ladies. By the way, Jobyna Ralston will take the place opposite Harold from which Mildred has just been graduated.

Joy.—Yes, it is true that Corinne Griffith has finally left Vitagraph. She has been with that company for five years. Corinne's first picture for another company will be "Within the Law," the Robert W. Chambers novel which Selznick is filming. Elliott Dexter and Conway Tearle will share Corinne's melting glances. After this production it is expected that Miss Griffith will have a company of her own.

T. H.—Harrison Ford seems to be joining the order of commuting actors. He made several pictures in California, the last of which was "Vanity Fair," with Mabel Ballin, and at present writing is back in New York playing opposite Marion Davies in "Little Old New York." He might be in Europe by the time you read this, but his permanent mailing address is given at the end of The Oracle. You can surely reach him there.

HOPEFUL WRITER.—I would suggest that you send for our booklet called "Guideposts for Scenario Writers." This gives many valuable hints on writing for the screen, and, what I think is very helpful, a model synopsis showing just how a story should be submitted to a producer and about how long it should run. I would advise you not to take screen writing too seriously as a means of livelihood, but to go into it in the spirit of adventure. You know, the chance for the amateur to sell a screen story now is very slight, and it is growing more so. Producers seem to be concentrating on the well-known professional writers, who do originals, and on published works. While the market is not exactly closed against the amateur, a story by an unknown writer has to be awfully good before it can interest producers nowadays.

LILY F.—Thanks so much for the title of that Louise Huff picture, "The Isle of Destiny," which Robert R. was so anxious to know. You must have a good memory to recognize it from the slight description you had. (Take notice, Robert R., and thank the lady.) There was a fine interview with Monte Blue by Helen Klumph in the April, 1922, issue of PICTURE-PLAY, and you can get a copy by sending twenty cents to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-Seventh Avenue, New York City.

MISS CURIOSITY.—Why, no. I don't think that Milton Sills looks very much like William S. Hart, except for that he-man look of resolution both have sometimes. Mr. Sills was born in Chicago, Illinois, and was educated at the University of Chicago. He is a regular high-brow, and was intended for a professorship in philosophy or something equally awing, but decided to be an actor instead. His birthday is January tenth. He is married to Gladys Wynne and is one of the famed men of Hollywood, having two children. Mr. Sills—you don't call him Milton, somehow—is six feet tall, and has light hair and gray eyes. I enjoyed your letter and I hope you'll write again.

PEGGY W.—Why do you call me "Jazz?" Such a salutation does not befit any one so dignified as an oracle. Can't you have a little respect for my position, Peggy? It's terrible the way I am mistreated, right in my own department. Ah, well, day by day in every way I am growing more used to it. Blanche Sweet's first picture since her return is "Quincy Adams Sawyer," in which John Bowers plays the title rôle opposite her. Blanche is expected to make a picture with her new husband, Marshall Neilan, soon. I'd go far to see that picture, wouldn't you?

ALICE.—Read "Your Chance As a Screen Actor," Alice, and then decide whether it would be wise for you to "pull up stakes" and rush out to Hollywood. You know, for every person out there who does get in there are hundreds wandering around disheartened, wondering where they're going to get the money for their return fare home, or else just working at anything in order to make ends meet. This booklet costs twenty-five cents, and you can get a copy by sending to the Subscription Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

DODO.—No. Mildred Davis and Marion Davies are not the same, nor are they related. Mildred has been appearing with Harold Lloyd in all his recent comedies and will now be starred. Marion is a Cosmopolitan star and plays in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." They are both blond and have blue eyes, but Mildred is only five feet tall and weighs one hundred pounds, while Marion is five feet four and a half and weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS AND MILDRED DAVIS FOREVER.—Thanks for your good wishes. I received them in time to make my holidays that much more pleasant. I hope you had a happy time yourself. Before "A Fight For Millions" William Duncan made "The Fighting Trail," "Wolfville," "The Tenderfoot," "Vengeance and the Woman," and "The Last Man." Carol Holloway played with him in "The Fighting Trail," "The Tenderfoot," and "Vengeance and the Woman."

IAN.—Viola Dana's next production will be "Noise in Newboro." In this Viola has no less than three popular leading men at her command, David Butler, Allan Forrest, and Malcolm MacGregor.

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NIP.—Why are Mae Murray's close-ups always blurred? I suppose because Mae and her director prefer them that way. This soft-focus effect on close-ups is being used quite a lot by directors now, but as a general rule it is only employed here and there through the picture, when the director wishes a particularly soft and artistic effect. Usually scenes are photographed so that they come out sharply and clearly on the screen, but there are all sorts of camera contrivances for securing special effects, such as the hazy close-up, or even long shot, the canvaslike filter which gives the scene the appearance of a painting, and other ingenious methods for dressing up the picture.

T. J.—"Rupert of Hentzau" is being produced by the Selznick Company. This story is the work of Anthony Hope, who wrote "The Prisoner of Zenda," of which it is the sequel. Most of the principal characters represented in the Ingram production will also appear in this story, but the parts will be acted by different players. Elaine Hammerstein will play *Flavia*, which Alice Terry portrayed in "Zenda." Bert Lytell has the *Rudolph Rasendyll* characterization which Lewis Stone presented; Lew Cody will play the title rôle of *Rupert*, and Hobart Bosworth and Marjorie Daw also will have parts in the production.

CLIFFORD H.—Jack Mower played the rôle of the motor policeman in "Man-slaughter." Jack isn't a newcomer to the screen; he has been in pictures for nine years, but it is only in recent months that he seems to have come to the attention of a lot of fans. You are slightly twisted—Betty Bouton was not the name of a character in "No Trespassing;" that was the actress' real name, and the name of the character she played was *Nellie Dean*.

O. F.—There are several husbands and wives who work together in the capacity of star-and-director, and who are apparently making a success of it. Of course, such a combination depends on the individuals for its failure or success—if every married couple in the movies tried to carry their partnership into working on the same pictures, we would see some weird things on the screen. However, there are the Ballins, Mabel and Hugo, who are partners in everything—then there is Mae Murray and her husband, Robert Leonard, who directs all her pictures—Miriam Cooper and her husband, Raoul Walsh, who, whenever possible, uses Miriam in his productions; Shirley Mason and her director-husband, Bernard Durning; and Dorothy Phillips, who usually stars in the productions of her husband, Allen Holubar.

MARIE.—Bebe Daniels at present is in New York City, working on "Glimpses of the Moon," from the novel by Edith

Wharton. This is Bebe's first visit to New York, and of course she is thrilled. She expects to stay here long enough to make at least one more picture, so she probably won't get the letter you sent her at the California studio for some time. If you are terribly anxious, you might write her care of the Paramount New York office, address of which is given at the end of *The Oracle*. In "Glimpses of the Moon" David Powell is leading man and Bebe will share the feminine influence with Nita Naldi. Alan Dwan, who directed "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," has the megaphone, which, added to the story and the cast, promises interesting things for this production.

END.—Baby Peggy is three years old. Her family name is Montgomery. Yes, she is a regular star—in fact, the world's youngest—and plays in two-reel Century comedies. Did you read that story about her by Emma Lindsay-Squier in the December, 1922, issue? If you want a copy of this number you can get it by sending twenty cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Bebe Daniels, Nita Naldi, Elsie Ferguson, Alice Brady, care of Paramount Pictures, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Helene Chadwick, Richard Dix, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Colleen Moore, and Lucille Ricksen at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Percy Marmont, John Barrymore, and Walter McGrail at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and John S. Robertson, care of Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Elaine Hammerstein, Lew Cody, Corinne Griffith, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Conway Tearle, Jack Mulhall, Owen Moore, Jackie Coogan, Dorothy Phillips, Guy Bates Post, Bert Lytell and Niles Welch at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Kenneth Harlan, Marie Prevost, and Monte Blue at Warner Brothers' Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Pola Negri, Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Pauline Garon, Lois Wilson, Jacqueline Logan, Raymond Hutton, Leatrice Joy, Betty Compson, May McAvoy, J. Warren Kerrigan, Lila Lee, Wallace Reid, Theodore Roberts, Theodore Kosloff, Jack Holt, Walter Hiers, Conrad Nagel, and Julia Faye at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Also Cecil De Mille and William Boyd.

Harrison Ford, care of Secretary, Menifee I. Johnston, 206 North Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Barbara La Marr, Billie Dove, Viola Dana, Allan Forrest, Mae Murray, Clara Kimball Young, Lon Chaney, and Malcolm MacGregor at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Marguerite De La Motte, Madge Bellamy, and Maurice Tournier at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

D. W. Griffith, Mae Marsh, and Carol Dempster at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Priscilla Dean, Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Carl Laemmle, Herbert Rawlinson, Louise Lorraine, Baby Peggy, Maude George, Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, Gladys Walton, Mabel Julienne Scott, Richard Talmadge, Art Acord, and Hoot Gibson at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Miriam Cooper, James Rennie, Dorothy Mackaill, care of First National Exhibitors' Circuit, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Mildred June, Mabel Normand, Phyllis Haver, Kathryn McGuire, and Ben Turpin at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Mae Allison and Robert Ellis, care of Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Alice Terry, Rex Ingram, and Ramon Novarro, care of Metro Pictures Corporation, Loew Theater Building, New York City.

Marion Davies and Alma Rubens at International Studios, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Vera Steadman, Bobbie Vernon, George Stewart, Dorothy Devore, and Neil Burns at Christie Studios, 6101 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

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(A)—Oval, artistically engraved with *Bridal Blossoms*. (B)—Heavy Plain Narrow Yellow Gold English Oval Ring. (C)—Diamonds, Square, Engraved *Bridal Wreath* design. Newest and most fashionable Rings. If you order rings A or B you can have your choice of Yellow Gold or the latest White Platinum finish. Unconditional 20-Year Guarantee. Pay postman \$2.49 on arrival. Money back if not satisfied. **Act Quickly!** Limited number at this special price.

ROE & ELDER
332 Plymouth Court Dept. 201 Chicago

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE

175 FIFTH AVENUE
New York

"Aurora"

—the perfect lamp

The League's first public offering

DESIGNED for the League, in collaboration, by three talented artists, unfettered by "commercial" efforts to produce a "popular seller"—aiming only to produce a perfect lamp, in perfect design—and unrestricted as to cost. If you searched the Fifth Avenue shops, the jewelers and galleries, you might find a lamp as beautiful, and as pure in design as this—at \$15 or \$20 (not a high price for an artist's design when only a few copies are sold to share the high fee for designing). But because the League can reach at once its members in all parts of the United States, and can receive \$15 many orders for replicas of this or design quickly—the designing fee \$20 per lamp is comparatively small and the entire cost of the lamp, to members, is only..... **\$3.50**

That is but one of the many advantages of being a member.

THE offer is an excellent example of the principle on which the League works; of the success of its plan (which Art experts thought impossible); and of the low prices and high values made possible by united, and prompt, action among its members. (See Coupon)



If the facts set forth here appeal to something in your own thoughts and instincts, as to the beauty and individuality of your own environment—(we do not of course expect that it will appeal to every reader)—you are invited to become a member of the League.

The League usually writes to its members direct, but as it must complete its plan for the AURORA Lamp within the next few days it has decided to communicate with its members and prospective members among the readers of this magazine by means of an advertisement. A prompt reply is requested.

TO EXTEND the membership of the League to a few suitable members in each community, we offer "Aurora" at the same price as earlier members paid. But orders at this price should reach us almost at once—before a definite limit is placed on the number that can be made this season.

BEFORE you can have any true conception of its subtle charm, its exquisite artistry, the purity of its design and its quality of harmonizing with its surroundings and never wearying the eye—"Aurora" must be seen and used in your own home.

No illustrations or printed description can do it justice. That is why the League sends it on approval; (read the coupon).

Pictures and words cannot tell it

Aurora stands 16 inches high, with shade 10 3/4 inches in diameter. The base and cap are cast in solid Medallium and the shaft is of seamless brass.

You can have a choice of two color-schemes—rich Statuary Bronze with brass bound Parchment shade of a Neutral Brown tone; or Ivory White with Golden Yellow Shade.

The inside of the shade has old rose reflecting surface, casting a light which is comfortable to the eye and giving an indefinable touch of cheerfulness to everything within its rays. The light coming through it is "carved" or cut by Grecian lines in an effect equally charming whether viewed at a distance or near at hand.

"Aurora" is equipped only for electricity; it has a push-button socket, six feet of insulated cord, and two-piece attachment plug. A cleverly designed holder on the shade permits its instant adjustment to any angle.

A perfectly designed lamp, remember, is in reality three objects of beauty and artistic satisfaction: the first when it is viewed by daylight or other light than its own; the second an entirely different effect, when it is lighted and viewed near at hand; the third, when its artfully moulded mass of glowing light is seen at a distance.

"Aurora's" exquisite grace-lines

The artists designing it are dealing not only with material substances; they are carving and moulding Light itself. No other form of art offers the artist such possibilities of new triumphs or gives such a challenge to his genius, his patience, and his will to achieve perfection.

From the top of its shade to its base, the "Aurora" Lamp forms a perfect picture of artistic unity and beauty. The "grace line" from its cap, down the gently swelling shaft, outward to the edge of its base and over to the tiny feet which lift it slightly above the table, with the glow of its own light underneath its own base—is a never-fading delight to any lover of beauty—a ripple, a wave, a suggestion of upward buoyant movement, attained only by that genius which is "infinite pains."

We let it speak for itself

No illustration can reproduce it. So we send the "Aurora" Lamp itself. We make no attempt to "sell" it to you, in the ordinary sense. We simply let it speak for itself, in your own home.

If it does not please you we do not want you to keep it. We take it back immediately.

If you can decide and send at once you can have one of these beautiful lamps for \$3.50. But we do not know how many replicas of the "Aurora" Lamp will be asked for; we do not know for how many there will be materials available when wanted; we do not know how soon the price must be increased.

We have to know quickly

We must make the decision in the next few days. We ask only that you will help us in our plans, by sending your reply at once.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE
175 Fifth Ave., New York City

COUPON

PICTURE-PLAY

APPROVAL: I am a reader of PICTURE-PLAY. Please send me, at the League Members' special price, an exact replica of the "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50, plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory, I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

State finish desired (Ivory or Bronze).....

You may enter my name as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such Membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations.
Signed..... (P. P.)

Address..... City..... State.....

\$100 Brings 9^{FT} x 12^{FT} Congoleum Rug and 3 Small Rugs to Match—

All Four
only
\$15⁹⁵
Less than the
Price of One



The price of the famous Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug is just as well known, absolutely as standard, as sugar, salt or flour used to be.

Go anywhere, look everywhere, in stores, catalogs, magazines and newspapers—and once more refresh your memory of the actual universal standard price of a full size Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug.

Here we bring you not one rug alone, but four—and all four for less than the regular price of one. A full room size, 9 foot x 12 foot, Congoleum Rug and three small companion Congoleum Rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches.

And that's not all! No matter who you are, or where you live—regardless of your circumstances—we'll send all four rugs immediately, without waiting, red tape or bother, for just a dollar pinned to coupon.

30 Days Free Trial. We'll send all four rugs on trial for 30 days.

We want you and urge you to put them down on the floor and use them for a whole month—free of expense and, without promise or obligation of any kind.

We absolutely guarantee that if you would rather return the rugs after making this kind of a trial, just say so and send them back. We will refund to you every solitary penny of transportation charges, both going and coming. We'll refund your dollar and we'll make this complete refund in cash without asking you for any sort of an explanation.

Pay Little by Little Take a Full Year

Still there's another advantage—an advantage that ought to place these Congoleum Rugs in every American home. In spite of the lowest price in existence—in spite of giving three small rugs to match absolutely free—we bring you the opportunity to clinch this *proven bargain* without a tiny bit of worry.

One dollar with the coupon brings all four rugs immediately. And we'll wait a year for the balance of the money. If you keep your rugs after making a 30 day's trial, you can pay little by little, almost as you please, taking a full year. That's the way we sell everything.

We Want to Place a Congoleum Rug in Every American Home

Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are rapidly becoming the national floor covering—universally used in the kitchen, bathroom and dining room in good homes. People of taste and judgment are glad to use Congoleum Rugs in their best rooms. It is the rug with a hundred superior points.

They lay flat from the very first moment without any fastening. They never curl or kick up at the edges or corners. There is no need to tack or fasten them down. Dirt cannot accumulate underneath. They follow perfectly any unevenness of the floor.

No. D4C408 9 ft. x 12 ft. Genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug and **\$15.95** three companion rugs to match, each 18 x 36 inches. Mosaic Tile Pattern in Robins' Egg Blue and Stone Grey. All four rugs on 30 Days Trial.

**Pin One
Dollar to
Coupon
and Mail**

Spiegel, May, Stern Co., 1570 Thirty-Fifth St., Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find \$1.00, for which send me on 30 day's Free Trial your special offer of one 9 foot by 12 foot genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug and three companion rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches, exactly as described in this advertisement. If I keep the rugs, I will pay you \$1.25 monthly. I have 30 days to make up my mind. If I decide to return the rugs within 30 days, you are to refund my dollar deposit and all carrying charges, both ways. The price of all four rugs is \$15.95, which is guaranteed to be less than the regular price of the 9x12 foot rug alone.

Name _____
Street, R. F. D. _____
or Box No. _____
Shipping Point _____
Post Office _____ State _____
Also, send me your Free Book of Ten Thousand other furniture bargains



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This Congoleum Rug bargain is just a sample of the ten thousand other bargains in our great big furniture book. A postcard will bring it to you free for the asking. It shows everything for the home. It is probably the largest book of the kind published. A great many things are shown in their actual colors. You may furnish your home from it completely and at saving prices, on long credit, from cellar to garret.

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So, no matter where you buy furniture and house furnishings now, we would like you to have our book for comparison anyway. Look everywhere else first, if you please, but also give us the opportunity to show you our wonderful display.

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Rugs and carpets in all weaves and patterns and colors. All sorts of odds and ends like wringers, irons, drapes, tools, fixtures, trunks and bags. And great big department of diamonds, watches and jewelry.

Ask for it now. A plain letter or postcard will do.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.

1570 Thirty-Fifth Street - Chicago, Illinois

FICTION

***"The world's a theater, the earth a stage,
Which God and nature do with actors fill."***

When Thomas Heywood made that observation, nearly five hundred years ago, he uttered a truism which finds ready response in every human heart. The world is a theater, the earth is a stage. What is it that enables us to see the characters in the play in all their virtue, with all their vices, to laud or condemn their hopes, their fears, their aspirations, and their failures? Fiction!

Watch closely this play called life; compare it with fiction you have read. Do they differ in essentials? No, you are forced to disagree with the time-famous banality: "Truth is stranger than fiction." You find, after all, that fiction is really truth—word pictures of characters and their emotions which are paralleled in human beings.

In life, some characters are clothed in fine raiment, some in tatters; some give before they take, while others demand payment before it is due. As we wander along the broad highway, we come in contact with both good and bad folks; as we read, we constantly meet the same kinds of people in all their virtue and vice. Assuredly, fiction is but a mirror which faithfully reflects life.

Since fiction may be made to deal with either the good or bad, with the strong or the weak, the moral tone of a fiction magazine is merely a matter of choice, or of character, with the author and publisher. Our old copy book at school did more than teach us to write. It hammered home truths which still guide us in our conduct of life. Whether consciously or not is aside the question. The line in our personal copy book which impressed us most is this: "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and it is just as true to-day as it was then.

Feeling the force of this truth, when it came to making a choice as to whether the fiction published by us would be clean or otherwise, we chose cleanliness because we felt that aside from the moral issue, we could make a financial success of clean reading, just as we might have made much money from fiction of the leprous type which finds so prominent a place in many American periodicals.

Publishing in any form carries with it great responsibility. The printed word gains ready admittance where the spoken word cannot. No home, no office, no sanctuary that you can think of presents a closed door to printed matter. It can be carried anywhere. It is welcome everywhere, and usually with little suspicion. Knowing as we do the tremendous power exerted by fiction upon the morality of a nation, we feel that the publishing of fiction, exclusively, brings with it a responsibility which we do not consider or treat lightly.

This firm was founded in 1855. During the sixty-seven years of its existence, cleanliness in the published word has been its aim, and in the sixty millions of magazines which come from our presses every year the reader can find nothing to offend good taste, nothing to corrupt good manners.

Is our fiction strong in interest? Yes, because fiction of the Street & Smith type clothes its characters in the habiliments and attributes of human beings; places virtue before all else; punishes vice wherever it is found. It makes the man, woman or youthful reader better for having read. It projects rays of light into lives which otherwise would be dark, enabling the reader to transform into pleasant hours, spare time which would have been dull and unprofitable. It invariably helps him to see far beyond his narrow horizon, to escape, as it were, from the shackles of diurnal drudgery into realms of wholesome romance, love, and adventure.

That has been the mission of Street & Smith Corporation fiction for a period of sixty-seven years.

STREET & SMITH CORPORATION,
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